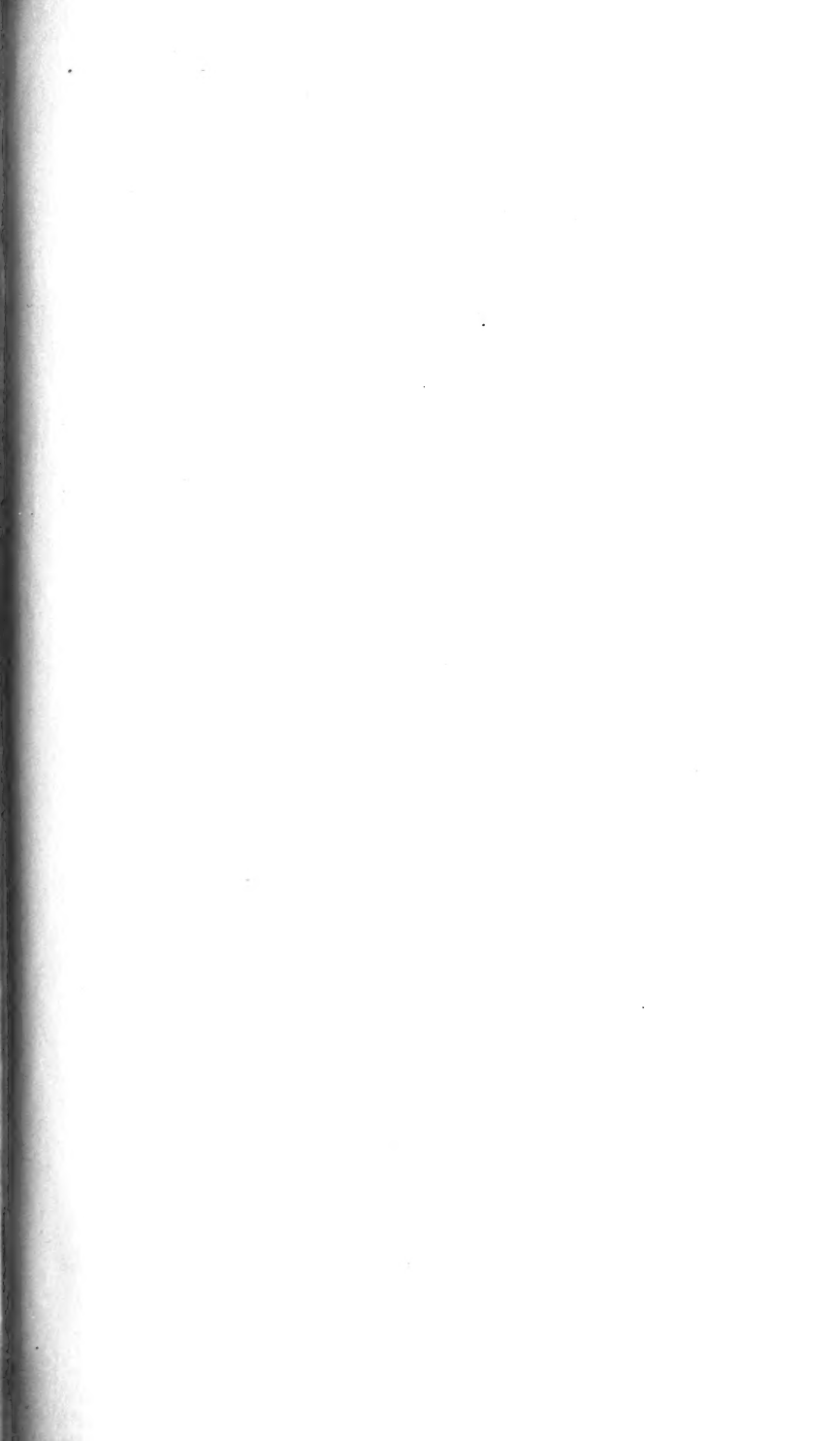
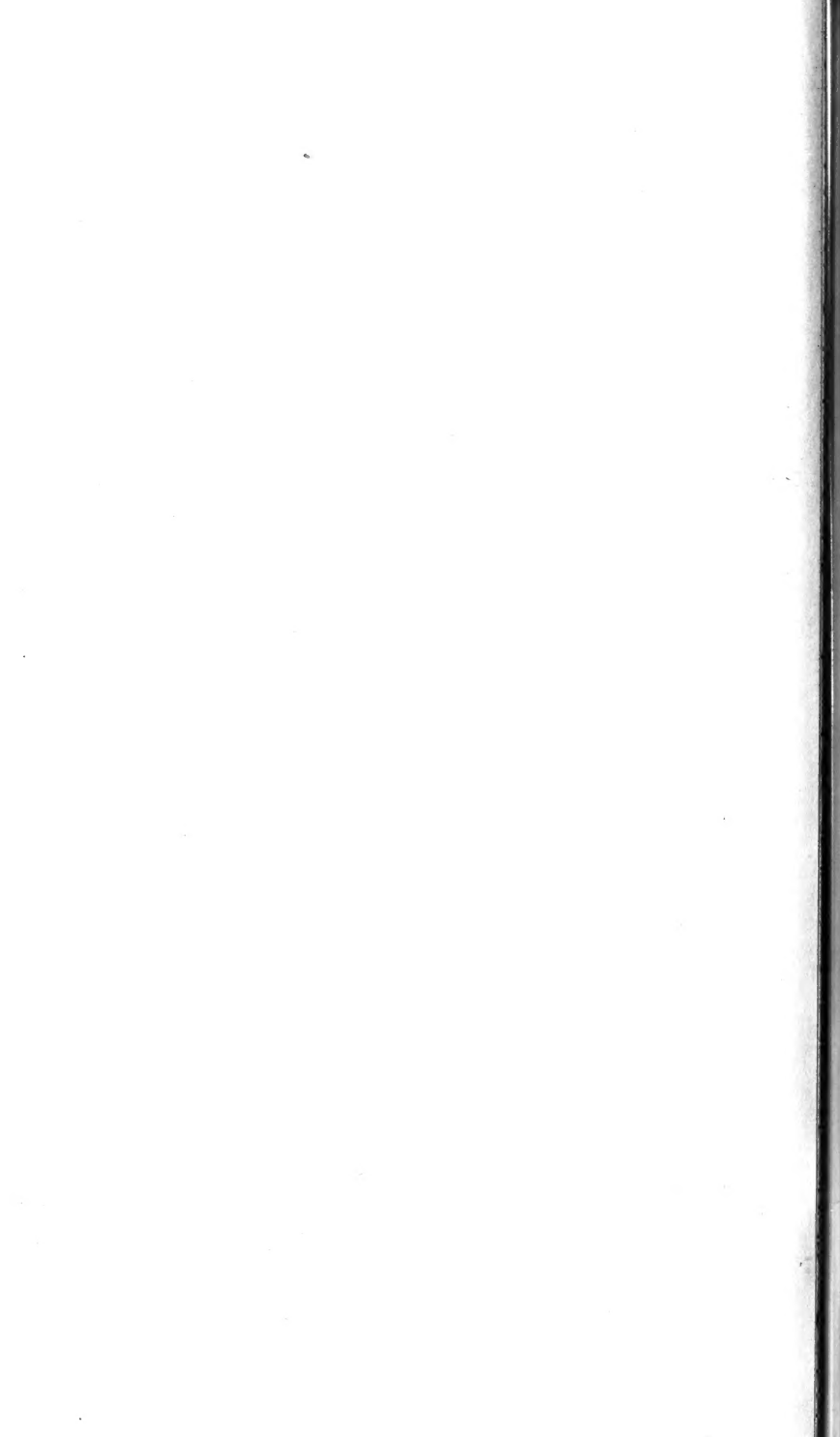




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'MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!'

YORKSHIRE, RUGBY, BALLIOL,
THE BAR, JOURNALISTIC AND
BLOODSTOCK REMINISCENCES

BY

WILLIAM ALLISON

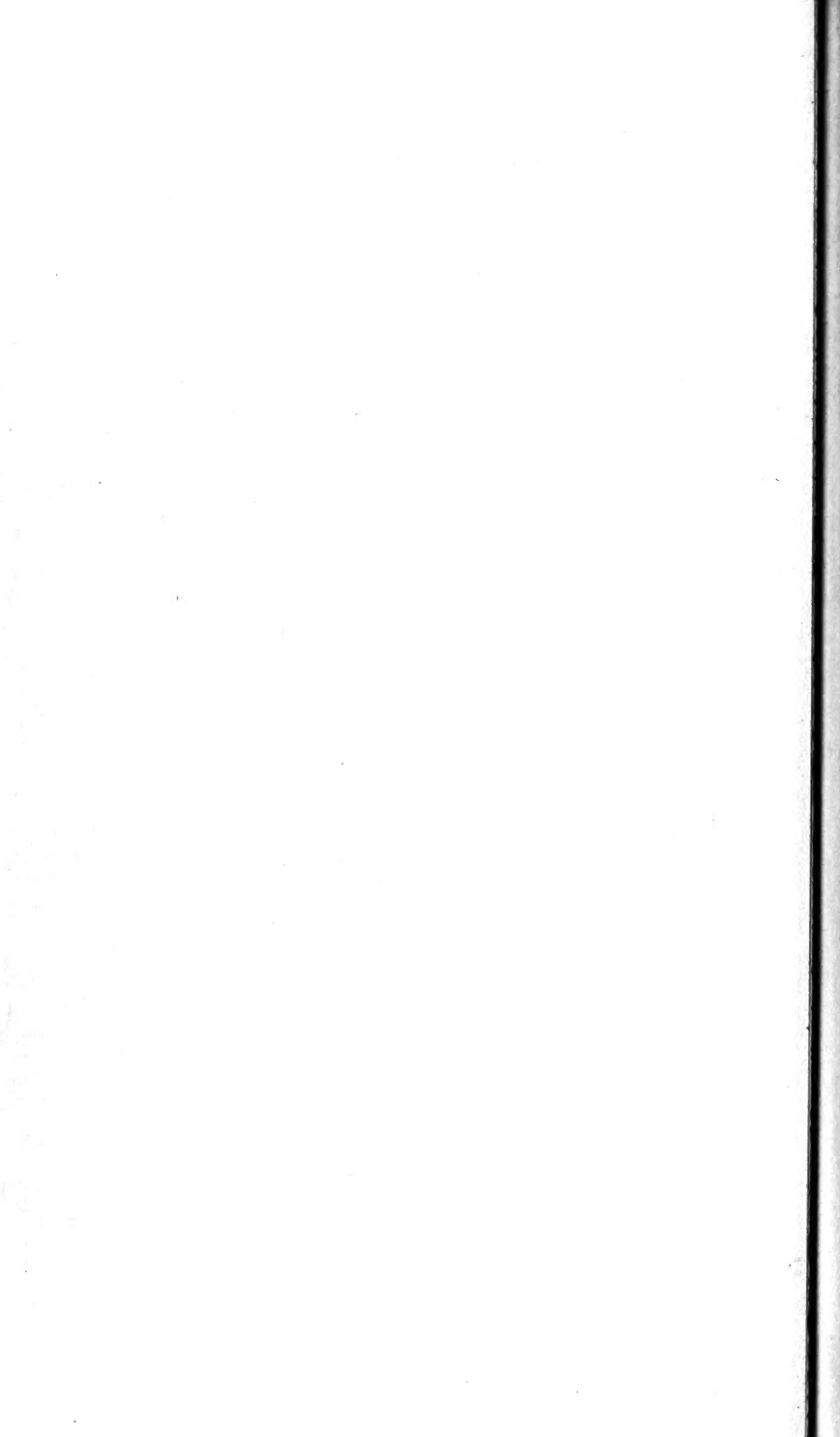
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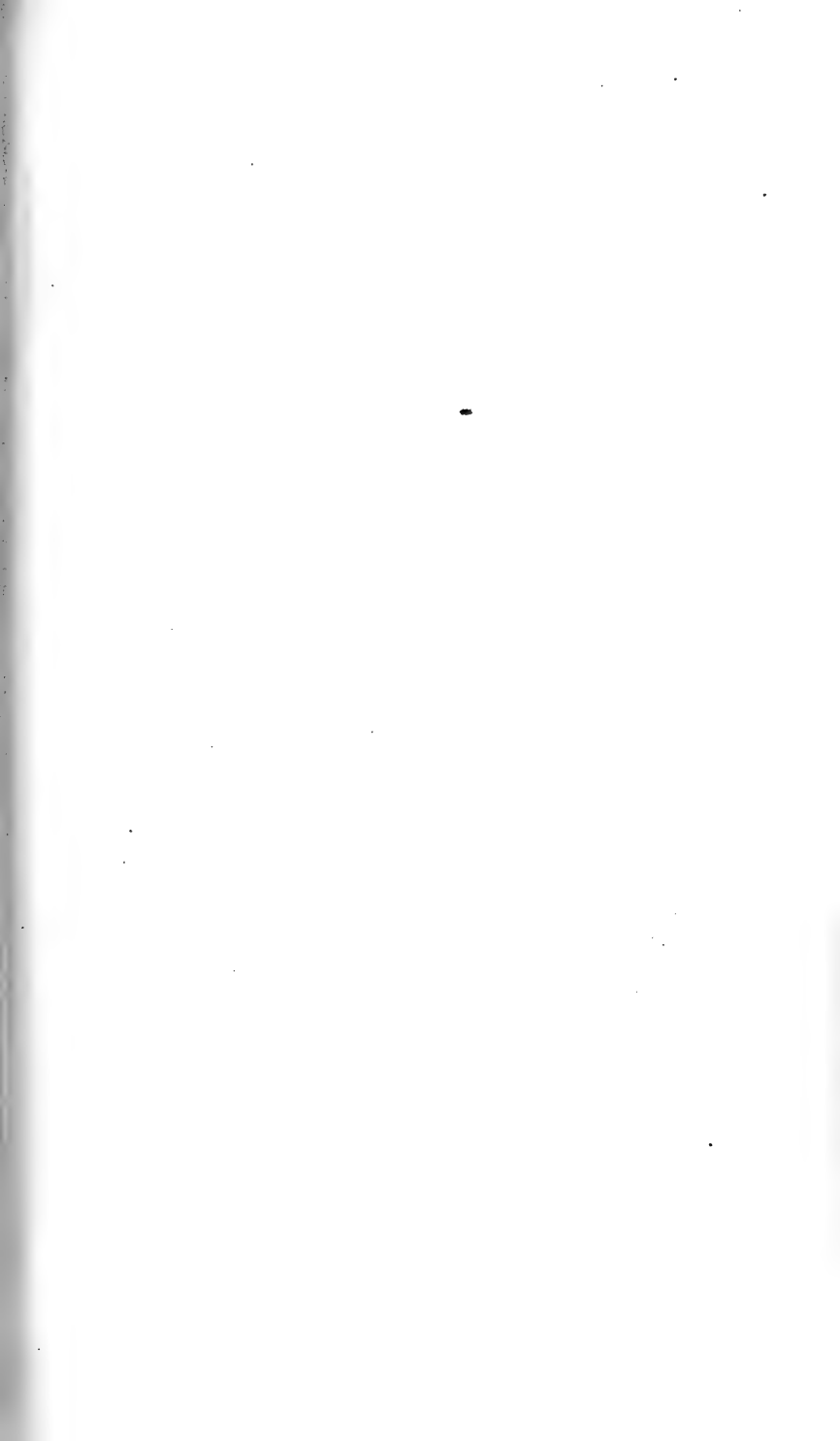
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JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE







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JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

Biog
P.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH
EDWARD MOORHOUSE

AUTHOR OF
"THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF THE DERBY"

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD.
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FOREWORD

IN the autumn of 1913 I was asked if I would help Mr. John Porter to prepare a book in which he wished to tell the story of his career as a trainer of racehorses. Before I could agree to do so it was necessary to persuade myself that the request was of a character that justified the breaking of a resolution to have nothing more to do with the writing of books. I make no pretence that there was a severe tussle with conscience. The temptation was great, and, convinced that the task I was desired to undertake would be of a particularly agreeable kind, I gladly placed my services at Mr. Porter's disposal.

It was in January 1914 we made a beginning. Little did either of us imagine that nearly six years would elapse before the projected book reached the publication stage. There were several causes for the delay, the chief of them being the War. It may be said that the delay

was not altogether a disadvantage, because it made possible more than one careful revision. And I desire here to make grateful acknowledgment of the valuable assistance I received from Mr. Somerville Tattersall when the proofs were being revised. Thanks to his remarkable memory he was able to detect some errors that would otherwise have escaped notice.

One day the manuscript met with a misadventure that might have had awkward consequences : it was accidentally left in a taxi-cab, and for forty-eight hours all trace of it was lost. In the meantime I began to understand the tortures Carlyle must have suffered when he learned that the maid-servant of a friend to whom he had lent the manuscript of his work, *Frederick the Great*, had used the precious sheets for lighting fires ! From the moment of its recovery the " copy " of this Autobiography was jealously guarded. Whether it merited this care is for others to say. A father cannot be accepted as an unprejudiced witness concerning the virtues of his children.

When the preparation of the book began we had to decide whether it should be a biography or an autobiography. The latter form was adopted, because it is more intimate and authorita-

tive. As the collaborator, it is desirable I should state that Mr. Porter is solely responsible for every expression of opinion to be found in this book. So far as possible I have presented a literal transcription of the voluminous notes dictated by Mr. Porter, who, moreover, as already explained, again and again revised all that was written.

It will no doubt be in the recollection of many readers that in 1896 there was published a book entitled *Kingsclere*—now extremely rare—which gave a sketch of the life of Mr. Porter up to that time. In the present work many of the facts and incidents set forth in that former volume are necessarily recapitulated. *Kingsclere* was, however, written at a time when Mr. Porter was to a large extent preoccupied with his duties as a trainer, and therefore unable to give to it the attention really demanded. In the preparation of his Autobiography he has been hampered by no distractions. Not only has he gone over the old ground more thoroughly; he carries the story on to the end of his time at Kingsclere, and so, *inter alia*, deals with the careers of Flying Fox and William the Third. Moreover, he was able to treat his subjects with far more freedom than was possible twenty odd years ago. Those who

are familiar with the pages of *Kingsclere* will find many fresh facts, anecdotes, and illuminating comments in the present work.

From the first Mr. Porter desired that the book now presented to the public should be regarded as an authentic and enduring record of his life's work. A few of us can testify to the earnestness with which he set about a task most men of his age would have shirked, and the anxiety he displayed to ensure accuracy and completeness. To me it will be an abiding pleasure that I was privileged to further the realisation of a laudable ambition, and to be so closely associated with one whose name will always be honoured and respected in Turf circles.

EDWARD MOORHOUSE.

26 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON,
November 1919.

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ERRATA

Page 72, line 6, *for* Blanton *read* Bloss.

„ 146, line 5. Siderolite won six out of his seven races
as a four-year-old, one being the Goodwood Cup.

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

THE Porter family had been settled at Rugeley, in Staffordshire, more than a hundred years when I was born there March 2, 1838. In those days the development of the Cannock Chase coalfield, two or three miles westward of Rugeley, was just beginning. That development has resulted in the district undergoing a great change. When I was a boy the Chase was a wilderness and the haunt of many species of game birds; but it also provided excellent gallops for the racehorses located at Hednesford, locally called "Hedgeford."

My father, John Porter, was friendly with several of the Hednesford trainers, more especially Saunders and Walters. The latter, who had the care of the horses owned by Alderman Copeland, of Copeland china fame, was one of my godfathers, the other being Charles Marlow, the jockey who rode The Flying Dutchman to victory in the Derby of 1849. As a boy I was associated with Tom Ashmall, who won the Two Thousand Guineas on The Wizard in 1861, for he and I were schoolmates at Rugeley. Tom's

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father was a "gentleman" farmer at Fairwell Hall, midway between Rugeley and Lichfield, and during our holidays I spent a good deal of time there. Occasionally we went over to Hednesford to visit Ashmall's uncle, Tom Carr, who had a training stable, and it was no unusual thing for us to stay with him two or three days. During the visits I frequently met my father's friend Saunders, a distant relative of the Ashmalls. These details can have no special interest ; I mention them merely to show that at this impressionable age I became familiar with the "atmosphere" of a racing stable, and acquired a fondness for thoroughbreds which shaped my career in life.

It might all have been very different. I was, I suppose, about ten years old when, for business reasons, my father had to move to London, and his family with him. While there I attended a school in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Our stay in London lasted, however, only two years, and we went back to Rugeley. I have often wondered how Fate would have dealt with me if I had been compelled to remain permanently in London.

When I left school in 1852 my father wished me to go into a lawyer's office, but before any definite arrangement was made I was allowed a holiday, which was spent with Saunders at Hednesford. How long I was expected to stay

there I cannot say, but the days became weeks, and the weeks months. All the while I grew more and more interested in the horses Saunders trained. They included those of Mr. James Merry (who afterwards removed them to Russley) and of William Palmer, a doctor at Rugeley—the Porters were among his patients—who was presently to become notorious as “Palmer the Poisoner.” As my visit to Saunders lengthened I began to loathe the idea of going into an office. The open-air life I was leading appealed strongly to me ; and so, no doubt, did the freedom and independence I enjoyed.

Saunders was somewhat of a “rough diamond” and his ideas were a trifle old-fashioned, even for those days ; still, he was a real good fellow, and he and I got on very well together. One of the animals he trained at this time was Mr. Merry’s Hobbie Noble, who started second favourite for the Derby of 1852, won by Daniel O’Rourke. Hobbie Noble finished fourth, and it has always been understood it was his defeat that placed Palmer in the financial difficulties that resulted in his downfall. Hobbie Noble, I remember, was the subject of much solicitude. There were rumours that he was to be “got at,” and so Tass Parker, the prize fighter, was engaged to guard him at Hednesford during the weeks immediately preceding the Derby.

Another of the trainers at Hednesford was

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Escrett. He went south for a year or two in order to take charge of Mr. Gratwicke's horses at Michel Grove. Sammy Lord was also at Hednesford. When he died his stable was taken over by his head man, Dover, who afterwards went to Ilsley, where he trained Lord Lyon to win the Derby of 1866 for Sir Richard Sutton. It may not be generally known that my old friend Denman, who for so many years trained very successfully for M. Edmond Blanc, is associated with Hednesford. His mother was one of Saunders's sisters.

My irresponsible life on Cannock Chase had continued for about twelve months, when one day there came a parental warning that "something must be done." It was, I believe, the outcome of representations made by my mother. She had, of course, every reason to be dissatisfied with the existing state of things. At this critical moment John Day—"Old John" or "Honest John" he was commonly called—then training at Michel Grove for Mr. Padwick, advertised for a light-weight jockey. I applied for the situation and received a letter asking me to go at once to Michel Grove, which lies high up on the Sussex Downs, five or six miles from Worthing. This was in 1853, so I was fifteen years old. After questioning me, John Day agreed that I should be apprenticed to him for three years. With an assurance that seemed to amuse the old

man, I proceeded to draw up my indentures, and presented them to Day for his signature. The legal formalities completed, I took my allotted place in the Michel Grove stable.

A good deal of Turf history had been made at Michel Grove. Forth trained there. One of his patrons was Mr. W. G. R. Gratwicke, an influential Sussex squire who lived at Ham, near Worthing. Mr. Gratwicke was a liberal supporter of the Goodwood Meeting, and his association therewith is still commemorated by the Gratwicke and Ham Stakes, two of the events in the Goodwood programme. His Derby winners, Frederick and Merry Monarch, were both trained at Michel Grove. After Forth's death Mr. Gratwicke sent his horses to John Kent at Goodwood; and when Kent gave up training, owing to ill-health, they went to Newmarket, where, together with those of the Duke of Bedford, they came under the management of Admiral Rous. A disagreement with the Admiral caused Mr. Gratwicke to return to Michel Grove and engage Escrett as his private trainer. Soon, however, Escrett went back to Hednesford, where he successfully managed an hotel. At Michel Grove he was succeeded by Walter May, but Mr. Gratwicke must have disposed of his racing stud shortly afterwards, because John Day, previously at Danebury, near Stockbridge, had been at Michel Grove some little time when I

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went there in 1853. When Mr. Gratwicke (who died in 1863) finally gave up the stables they were taken by Mr. Padwick, for whom Day was really acting as private trainer, though permitted to accept the horses of one or two other owners.

At the time I became his pupil John Day was getting into years, but was still one of the leading trainers. The name of "Honest John," so often applied to him, was indicative of his reputation in the racing world. The most prominent men on the Turf were among his greatest admirers. It has been said that he did more than any of his contemporaries to raise the trainer's calling to a higher plane than it occupied in the early years of the nineteenth century. I was very fortunate in being brought in contact with this worthy, and fortunate also in that I quickly gained his confidence. Day seemed fond of me and I got on well with him. He lived at Patching, about two miles from Michel Grove. When he went home I used to ride behind him—the two of us on the same horse—and take the hack back to Michel Grove. On Sundays I sat with him in church. He invariably began the responses when every one else had finished, and his voice was not exactly a whisper ! It was an eccentricity of his always to carry a large cotton umbrella, of which his friends made no end of fun.

John Day was a very early riser, and those

he employed had to follow his example. The religious and secular education of his stable lads caused him much concern; indeed, he took a fatherly interest in their welfare generally. He would not tolerate swearing, and the sight of a jockey or stable-boy smoking horrified him. It has been well said that he was "as simple as a child in his tastes and pursuits, but, in his intercourse with society, a perfect man of the world, as respectful to the peer as courteous to the peasant."

As I have explained, I went to Michel Grove as a light-weight jockey. I had one essential qualification, for my weight at that time was only 4 st. 10 lb. There are, however, many things required to make a jockey, and not the least important is opportunity. I had as a rival none other than John Wells, who was at this period of his career attached to the Michel Grove stable. Because of his diminutive stature, he was generally called "Tiny." He could then ride at 6 st., perhaps less, and was already so successful that he obtained, as a matter of course, all the mounts John Day could give him. Maybe I sometimes felt disappointed; perhaps I thought I was not getting the chances I deserved. But before many years had gone by I came to realise that circumstances were all the while trending to my advantage. If only we could throw our vision into the future what vexation of spirit we should often be spared.

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As a jockey I had an excellent tutor in John Day, who had been one of the best riders of his time. Among his employers was the famous Duke of Grafton, for whom, in 1826, he rode *Dervise* and *Problem* to victory in the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas respectively; and for the same nobleman he was successful twice in the Oaks. Day took great pains with me, and I steadily improved in my riding, for I obtained plenty of practice on the Downs. I carefully watched Wells and other jockeys, and picked up many ideas from them.

There is not much to be said about my exploits in the saddle, and I may as well dispose of the subject now. My first experience of race riding was gained at Goodwood in 1854. At that meeting I rode "Mr. Howard's" *Diana* in the Goodwood Stakes. "Mr. Howard" was the assumed name of Mr. Padwick. *Diana's* weight was 5 st. 5 lb. She was a three-year-old filly by *Venison*, and had, at Ascot, the previous time out, won the Great Western Stakes. On the strength of this success she started favourite for the Goodwood Stakes, but I regret to say was not even "placed." I can, however, plead in extenuation of the failure that, with Wells in the saddle, *Diana* did no better two days later, when she competed for the Chesterfield Cup. A fortnight afterwards I was again "up" on *Diana* in the Lewes Handicap, and this time she

finished second, beaten half a length. I rode my first winner the following year at Brighton, where I was successful on Overreach, a two-year-old filly by Birdcatcher out of Virginia, the dam of Virago. She defeated Flageolet by half a length. George Fordham, riding at 5 st., was on one of the unplaced horses, and so was my old school-fellow, Tom Ashmall. At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting that year I had four mounts. One of them finished second in a Selling Handicap (the winner of which was ridden by Flatman), and on Overreach I won a half-mile Sweepstakes, beating the only other runner, who was favourite, by a neck. In 1856 I rode in two races, one at Salisbury and the other at Epsom. Both efforts were unsuccessful.

I did not ride again in a race until the Derby of 1858, won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Beadsman. On that occasion we started three horses—Eclipse (who finished fourth), Sedbury, and Carmel. Fordham and Jim Goater were on Eclipse and Sedbury respectively. My mount, Carmel, was a chestnut colt by Loup-garou. He was an unconsidered outsider, and when making the descent to Tattenham Corner broke down badly. Returning to the stands, long after the race was over, I had to thread my way through the crowd that had surged on to the course. To the best of my recollection this was

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the last time I donned silk. Altogether I had about twenty rides in public.

Long before this, however, I had decided not to pursue my endeavours to gain distinction as a jockey. I can smile now at my presumption. There was I, a lad of sixteen, who had gone to Michel Grove to be trained as a jockey, secretly resolving that a jockey I would not be. Wells and Virago provoked me into making this resolution.

The story of Virago is extremely interesting. I have in my time seen many great fillies, but I regard Virago as perhaps the greatest of them all. Foaled in 1851 and owned by Mr. Padwick, she was a chestnut by Mr. Gully's Derby winner Pyrrhus the First out of Virginia, by Rowton, the St. Leger winner in 1829. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Rowton stood barely 15 hands when he won at Doncaster, but is said to have been a very good horse ; as a six-year-old he ran second for the Ascot Cup. Virago, then, was a two-year-old when I went to Michel Grove, and it fell to my lot to exercise her on the training-ground and ride her in trials—responsibilities that gave me much pride and pleasure. She was no trouble ; one of the most docile mares imaginable, any child could have ridden her. When she was a yearling John Day had bought her privately on behalf of Mr. Padwick for £300. It was arranged, however, that she should pass

through the sale ring at Doncaster, and she was then knocked down to Day at about the same price. William Day describes her as "a beautiful, rich, but rather dark-coloured chestnut, standing about 16 hands, very powerful and lengthy; a small and generous head, with a short, straight neck, but a little upright in her fore legs; very quiet, and having fine temper." He also states that his father, just before he bought Virago, pronounced her to be "the finest yearling in the world," and declared that he should insist upon Mr. Padwick buying her, cost what she might.

As a two-year-old, Virago ran once only. She was matched against Lord Clifden's filly Ossa at the Newmarket First October Meeting, but forfeited that engagement at a cost of £150. The race in which she did compete was the Astley House Stakes at Shrewsbury in November, the conditions of which stipulated that the winner was to be sold for £100, with allowance of weight if for a smaller sum. The filly's participation in this event was a colossal piece of bluff, the purpose of which was to deceive those whose duty it was to frame the big handicaps of the following spring. Day and Mr. Padwick already knew that Virago was exceptionally smart, and they determined to make the most of their knowledge. Their scheme was carefully thought out. To begin with, Virago was entered to be sold for £80, a bit of

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bunkum which entitled her to an allowance of a few pounds. By way of imparting an air of innocence to the procedure, William Goater, Day's head man, accompanied the filly to the starting-post, ostensibly with a view to ensuring her getting well away. Strange to say, however, Goater appeared to be taken by surprise when the starter dropped his flag, and Virago was "left" a long way behind the others. She of course finished "nowhere," as intended.

Until the year 1850 it was the *winner only* of a selling race that could be bought or claimed ; but a new Rule was then passed, to the effect that *any* horse running in such events was liable to be claimed by the owner of any other horse in the race for the price for which it was entered to be sold, plus the amount of the stake, the owner of the second horse to be the first entitled to claim. Curiously enough, both William Day (a son of John Day) and Admiral Rous, who referred to the Virago "affair" in their writings, were under the impression that the claiming rule was revised after, and in consequence of, the Shrewsbury incident. The Admiral—there is but *one* Admiral in the annals of the Turf—made the following caustic comments on the filly's defeat :

She (Virago) was not among the first three, though she could have carried eleven stone and won. She could not have been bought for £5000. The public,

notwithstanding this defeat, took 20 to 1 about her for the Chester Cup *two months before the weights appeared*, and we then heard of a perfect understanding between all parties.

We may, I think, assume that Mr. Padwick and John Day suffered much anxiety concerning Virago until the time within which she might be claimed had expired. It was, as Admiral Rous stated, the Chester Cup, then a big ante-post betting race, that Day and his patron chiefly had in mind. In his entertaining book, *Sixty Years on the Turf*, the late George Hodgman throws some light on the subject. Hodgman knew of most movements "behind the scenes" in those days and for long afterwards; it was part of his business to collect information. So far as the Virago business was concerned he would have no difficulty in arriving at the truth, or at an approximation thereto, because he was a friend and confederate of George Lambert, one of the few men John Day took into his confidence. According to Hodgman, very shortly after Virago's defeat at Shrewsbury, Mr. Padwick took 5000 to 75 from each of two bookmakers about the filly for the following year's Chester Cup, and during the next few weeks any long odds offered against her were eagerly snapped up. Hodgman went out of his way to tell Mr. Topham (who made the handicap for the Chester Cup) that Virago had been backed to win a big sum.

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Though a bad "selling plater" according to the book, the market pointed to her being "something out of the ordinary."

Mr. Topham took the hint and allotted Virago 21 lb. more than Day and Mr. Padwick had expected her to get. The latter was furious when he saw the weights and immediately scratched his filly. That was in January. If Mr. Padwick had been less hasty he would not have sacrificed the fortune he did, for it is practically certain that, with ordinary luck in the race, Virago, despite her weight, would have won the Chester Cup very easily. Hodgman declares that Mr. Padwick never knew how good Virago was, for, while Day gave him a general idea, details were withheld. This statement may be justified, but I have my doubts.

In addition to the Chester Cup, Virago had also been entered for the two big handicaps at the Epsom Spring Meeting—the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan—which in those days were run the same day, the former being the first to be decided. It was resolved that Virago should compete in both. Then, as now, the City and Suburban was a ten-furlong race, and the Great Metropolitan one of two and a quarter miles. Virago's weight in the "City" was 6 st. 4 lb. ; in the longer race it was 5 st. 9 lb. These were not lenient weights, because in those days the scale went down to 4 st. Mr.

Padwick and Day were, however, hopeful if not satisfied. It was provisionally arranged that Wells was to ride the filly in the City and Suburban, and that I was to have the mount in the Metropolitan, because Wells could not go to scale at less than 6 st. or thereabouts.

Meanwhile Virago was tried. There is a conflict of testimony with regard to the trial. William Day (son of John) states in one of his books that the filly was galloped with the five-year-old Little Harry at 10 lb., and beat him easily over two and a quarter miles. He further tells us that he himself rode Little Harry, who that year won the Ascot Stakes carrying 8 st. 7 lb. On the other hand, George Hodgman declares that William Day's version of the trial is inaccurate. He maintains that, apart from John Day, his friend George Lambert was the only man who ever knew the facts, and proceeds to quote a letter Lambert wrote to him in January 1901. It reads :

Virago was tried, when a two-year-old, one mile, and old John Day thought her better than Crucifix. Little Harry tried her for the two Epsom events. The weights I never knew before the Goodwood Cup. She was tried as follows :

Virago, 8 st. 7 lb., 3 years.

Little Harry, 7 st. 7 lb., 5 years.

Little Harry won by a neck. The old man told me this as they started for the Cup. Mr. Padwick never knew it—nor any one else.

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There may, of course, have been two trials. In any case, it is certainly difficult to believe that William Day could ride the trial horse in a test to which so much importance attached and be betrayed by his memory into stating that "Virago won easily" if in fact she was beaten a neck by Little Harry. If his recollection was not at fault, the trial proved the filly to be at least as good as Little Harry; according to Lambert's story she was 12 lb. better than the horse. Anyhow, John Day and Mr. Padwick were satisfied they could back Virago at Epsom with every confidence, and that was really all they wanted to know.

Starting favourite at 7 to 4 in a field of twenty-three runners, Virago won the City and Suburban in a canter by three lengths from Marc Antony, another three-year-old, to whom she was conceding 17 lb. Marc Antony was trained by John Day junior at Danebury, and was regarded a certain winner until "Old John" told his son that in Virago he had a better mare than Crucifix, whom both had trained for Lord George Bentinck.

Virago's performance in the City and Suburban was undoubtedly a very fine one, and resulted in her becoming a pronounced favourite for the Great Metropolitan, notwithstanding the 5 lb. penalty incurred. That penalty raised her weight to 6 st. Wells was, therefore, again available, and I was asked to "stand down."

Having regard to the importance of the race, it was, no doubt, a reasonable request. I, however, felt somewhat aggrieved, and there and then came to the conclusion that the life of a jockey had no charms for me. Virago won the Great Metropolitan comfortably from Mr. Greville's Muscovite and Mr. Parr's Jonathan Martin, who had started equal second favourites. Jonathan Martin, a three-year-old, received 21 lb. from Virago. Mr. Greville, a former patron of John Day, is stated to have come to him before the race and told him that, according to their trial, no three-year-old alive could beat Muscovite. Day, however, assured him that Virago would upset his calculations, and advised him to have £500 on her.

It was hardly surprising that, after Virago had won the "double event," people began to talk about her failure in the selling race at Shrewsbury the previous November. The story goes that Lord Derby went up to Day and asked, "How did you manage to get her in so well, John?" "I will tell you how I did it, my lord," replied Day. "I ran her 'big' at Shrewsbury, and told Wells to pull her up directly she was beaten. Capital, wasn't it?"

Virago had a wonderful record that season, for she raced eleven times and was only beaten once. Her solitary failure was in a five-furlong sprint at York, where, with odds of 2 to 1 laid on

her, she was unplaced. The form was manifestly false, but her defeat enabled the bookmakers to rejoice because they had at last "got something out of Virago." That was at the York Summer Meeting ; in the spring, on the same course, she won the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman's Handicaps. When she reached York that week we heard a rumour that an attempt was to be made to poison Virago. Day was taking no chances. He and Goater sat up all night in a room near her box and I myself slept in the box. Whether there was anything in the report I cannot say ; anyhow, nothing occurred in the poisoning line ; but before we got the filly away from York she was run into by a trap, and one of her hind legs received an injury which prevented her doing any work before she went to Newmarket to run in the One Thousand. She was, however, so thoroughly fit when the mishap occurred that her powers were but slightly impaired by the enforced rest. It may be, indeed, she actually benefited owing to the lack of work on the training-ground. Whether or not, she won the Guineas by a length, with odds of 3 to 1 laid on her. The Goodwood and Doncaster Cups were among the races she won that season. As a four-year-old she began by winning the Port Stakes over two miles at Newmarket, but was beaten in her other three races, finishing fourth for the Royal Hunt Cup, one

mile, carrying top weight, 9 st. 7 lb., third for the Ascot Cup to Fandango and Rataplan, and unplaced in the Craven Handicap at Goodwood—her last race. During the three seasons she was in training she won eleven races and £10,420.

The disparity between Virago's form as a four-year-old and her brilliancy the previous year is accounted for by the fact that she had become a roarer, and a sad pity it was. After her failure at Goodwood she was turned out of training and sold to Lord Stradbroke, the brother of Admiral Rous. As a brood mare she was not a success. Mated with such sires as Orlando, The Flying Dutchman, Stockwell, Kingston, Fandango, and Thormanby, her only produce of any note was her daughter Thalestris (by Kingston), who, as a four-year-old, and carrying only 6 st. 2 lb., won the Cesarewitch. Stradbroke, by Thormanby, born in 1864, was her last foal. She was barren the three following years, slipped her foal in 1868, and died in 1869. Thalestris, the one filly out of Virago, was of no account at the stud. There is, however, a prospering collateral branch of the family, for Sacrifice, half-sister (by Voltaire) to Virago, was the grandam of Devotion, the dam of Thebais (winner of the One Thousand and Oaks), and also of St. Marguerite, the mother of Seabreeze (winner of the Oaks and St. Leger), Tredennis, Le Var, and of Roquebrune, the dam of Rock Sand. I have

always regarded Virago as a wonderful mare, possessing remarkable speed and great powers of endurance. Moreover, she was thoroughly honest and endowed with a delightful temperament.

I have from time to time been asked whether I approve of the low weights carried in handicaps when I was a boy. My opinions on that subject were stated in a letter I wrote to *The Times* in 1900 concerning the rule, just passed by the Jockey Club, permitting apprentices to claim a 5 lb. allowance in handicaps and selling races, provided the weight carried was not less than 6 st.

"I would go further than this," I wrote, "and reduce the *minimum* weight in handicaps from 6 st. to 4 st. 7 lb. If this were done, lads would have gained years of experience in riding before they reached the weight we now start at. To say these little lads cannot ride is all nonsense. Look at little Reiff and the boy Wilde, the latter not more than 4 st.; *they* can ride! Forty-seven years ago, when I first started racing, you could have found twenty jockeys under 6 st. who could ride. The *minimum* then was 4 st. We have gone on raising the weights for the benefit of a few jockeys, until we find ourselves stranded at last, with very little native talent left. Hence the invasion of the Americans. If the Jockey Club would only be persuaded to go back to the 4 st. 7 lb. *minimum* you would soon have an increase of jockeys without having to go out of the country to seek for them."

To the opinions I then expressed I still adhere. The apprentice allowance has been subjected to some restriction since 1900, because it was supposed to spoil the big handicaps. In its modified form the rule is still doing good work, but I maintain that the same ends would be secured more thoroughly and more effectively if the minimum weight in handicaps was much below that of 6 st., now in vogue.

JOHN DAY'S RETIREMENT

THOUGH Virago was far and away the best of the horses trained at Michel Grove at this period, there were others who brought no little grist to the mill. When I went there in 1853 two of the boxes were occupied by Little Harry and Rataplan, both belonging to Mr. Padwick. A son of Epirus, Little Harry gained notoriety in 1852 by starting a hot favourite for the Derby and running unplaced. He was then owned by Mr. J. Arnold and trained at Danebury. It would seem that he passed into Mr. Padwick's possession immediately after his failure at Epsom, because when, a fortnight later, he finished second for the Gold Vase at Ascot, he ran in the name of "Mr. Howard," the *nom de course* of Mr. Padwick. Little Harry, who measured only 15.1, did not win a race that season. His best performance was in the Goodwood Cup, in which he was second to Kingston, and beat Teddington. As a four-year-old he won the Leamington Stakes and two unimportant races at Newmarket ; but it was in the following year that he rewarded his

owner and trainer for their patience by winning the Ascot Stakes. In 1855 Little Harry was beaten a neck in the Ebor Handicap at York. He may be summed up as a good horse for his inches, but an unlucky one.

Rataplan made his appearance on the Turf as a two-year-old in 1852. For a time he was described as "Brother to Stockwell," who was a year older. Carrying the colours of Mr. Thellusson, his only success as a juvenile was in a Sweepstakes at Brighton; he was unplaced in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, and also in a Nursery at Goodwood. It was as a three-year-old, and a three-year-old only, that he ran for Mr. Padwick, for by 1854 he had been passed on to Mr. Tom Parr (whose horses were trained at Ilsley or Wantage), for whom he picked up Queen's Plates all over the country. As a five-year-old Rataplan once more raced as Mr. Thellusson's. It may be, of course, that this gentleman had only leased him to Mr. Padwick and then to Parr. Anyway, Mr. Thellusson adopted Parr's plan, and exploited Rataplan as a Queen's Plate hunter. In the two years following the one he was at Michel Grove he ran 62 times and won 36 prizes. Some years afterwards Parr pursued the same tactics with Fisherman, and with even more satisfactory results.

While at Michel Grove, Rataplan ran fourth to West Australian in the Derby and third in the

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St. Leger. In between he won the Gold Vase at Ascot and a race at Stockbridge. After the St. Leger he won a handicap at Newmarket, and ran unplaced in the Cambridgeshire. I remember him as a heavier and plainer-looking horse than Stockwell, and as also showing less quality than his brother. One morning when I was riding Rataplan along Lee Farm Bottom—a track so winding that you could not see far ahead—we suddenly came upon a flock of sheep. Despite my efforts, Rataplan refused to pull up, galloped right through the flock, and killed two or three of the sheep. The morning of the day he won at Stockbridge he slipped his head collar and muzzle, gorged himself with some hay that was lying in his box, and drank all the water he found in some buckets !

Rataplan's half-brother, King Tom (by Harkaway), was, in his early two-year-old days in 1853, trained for his breeder, Mr. Thellusson, by Wyatt, who lived at Myrtle Grove, Patching, a farm half a mile away from Michel Grove. Mr. Saunders Davies is now living at Myrtle Grove. Wyatt sometimes brought King Tom over to our gallops to be exercised, and on these occasions I used to ride him. He was a big, impressive-looking bay horse, whereas his half-brothers, Stockwell and Rataplan, were both chestnuts. It was during the Doncaster Meeting of 1853 that Baron Rothschild agreed to give

Mr. Thellusson £2000 for King Tom, who, the following year, ran Andover to a length in the Derby—his only race that season.

In 1854 we had at Michel Grove the two-year-olds St. Hubert and Oulston, and the three-year-old Scythian. The last-named was a bay colt by Orlando. When a two-year-old, and the property of General Anson, his only race was the Biennial at Goodwood. Odds were laid on his winning, but he was beaten by Marsyas. Mr. Padwick then bought him, and as a three-year-old he won four races (one being the Dee Stakes at Chester) and finished fourth in the St. Leger. It was, however, the following year that Scythian did his owner the greatest service by winning the Chester Cup, and at the same time gave Parr a heavy blow. The latter had backed his horse Mortimer to win a sum sufficient to enable him to buy an estate he coveted, so he must have suffered intense chagrin when he saw Scythian beat Mortimer a head. Scythian was a horse of nice quality and a thorough stayer. He won a good trial prior to the Chester Cup, and was well backed by the stable.

A bay colt by Melbourne out of Alice Hawthorn, Oulston won for Mr. Padwick three of the four races he ran as a two-year-old. In the first he defeated Saucebox, who, the following season, was to win for Parr the Lincolnshire Handicap and the St. Leger. As a three-year-old Oulston

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won four races off the reel, one being the Vase at Ascot (in which he beat his whilom stable companion Rataplan) and another the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood. He was second to Baroncino in the Goodwood Cup and unplaced in the St. Leger, for which he started second favourite. At the end of that season he retired to Lord John Scott's stud at Cawston Lodge, Rugby, where he had the company of Melbourne, Birdcatcher, and Windhound. Oulston was touched in his wind, or he would no doubt have had a much better racing record, for he was a pretty good horse.

St. Hubert, a colt by Surplice out of Ferina, is an individual of no little importance so far as the fashioning of my career is concerned, though he never won a race. He belonged to Mr. Padwick. As a two-year-old he did not run. The following season he was engaged in the Two Thousand and the Derby. When it was that Day discovered St. Hubert to be a good colt I do not know, but my recollection enables me to say that the horse's preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas was anything but an orthodox one. Under the immediate eye of the trainer, the work he did was of a very superficial character. I can give positive evidence on this point, because it was I who rode St. Hubert at exercise. Unknown to Day, however, William Goater (who was head lad at Michel Grove) was in the habit of

giving the colt some short sharp gallops on the way back to the stable. And so it came to pass that, when formally tried with Little Harry in April, St. Hubert beat the older horse. Day was even more surprised than Mr. Padwick.

Away over at Woodyeates, in Wiltshire, John Day's son, William, was training for Mr. James Merry the colt Lord of the Isles. As a two-year-old this son of Touchstone had won the Lavant Stakes and the Biennial at Goodwood, and was, therefore, known to be smart. It was alleged that the Days, father and son, came to a private arrangement whereby Lord of the Isles was to be allowed "a clear course" in the Two Thousand and St. Hubert be similarly "favoured" in the Derby. Viewed in the light of this understanding, the training to which St. Hubert was subjected is explicable, and one may suppose that John Day was alarmed as well as mystified when he saw St. Hubert win his trial. Whether he ever learned of the gallops Goater had given the colt I cannot say. Mr. Padwick, however, accepted the result of the trial as it stood, and St. Hubert started an odds-on favourite for the Two Thousand, which was his first race. Lord of the Isles, at 5 to 2, was the only competitor backed to beat him, and did beat him by a neck.

Then came a storm. Mr. Padwick, presumably, was told that his trainer had intended sacrificing St. Hubert for the benefit of Lord of

the Isles. I am not saying this allegation was founded on fact, but from what I have written it will be gathered there was circumstantial evidence to support the attitude Mr. Padwick assumed. It would appear, indeed, that his suspicions were aroused some little time before the Two Thousand day, because he is stated to have sent to Findon a Mr. Gannon, celebrated as a pigeon shot, to keep an eye on St. Hubert and his doings. It is further declared that Day became aware of the "spy's" arrival in the village and regarded the stranger as "an outrage on his dignity." I have a recollection of Mr. Gannon being spoken of as a brilliant shot, but do not remember seeing him or hearing of his arrival at Findon.

The end of the business was that John Day and Mr. Padwick separated. So did William Day and Mr. Merry. Mr. Padwick appointed William Goater his private trainer. John Day went to Woodyeates, where he spent his few remaining years. After his quarrel with Mr. Padwick he is reported to have said to one of his friends, "You will be glad to hear that I have taken care of myself. If I had not, I should like to know who would have done so." He died in 1860 of softening of the brain.

John Day was, to the last, held in the greatest respect. As a trainer he erred, if at all, on the side of severity ; but if any comment on this point was made in his hearing he always excused

himself by saying that he liked to know the best and the worst. He preferred to have a horse that could stay long courses rather than a mere sprinter; he had, indeed, a poor opinion of a horse who lacked stamina.

A few months before the rupture between Day and Mr. Padwick we had moved from Michel Grove to Findon, where, on the edge of the Downs, Mr. Padwick built some stabling. This is the establishment now occupied by Mr. Robert Gore, the trainer of Jerry M., Cackler, Covertcoat, and other good steeple-chasers. Since the days of which I am now writing the place has been considerably enlarged and improved. In the valley, immediately in front of the house, lies the village of Findon, with which some of my most delightful memories are associated. There it was I met and married my first wife, Miss Moodie. There, too, I was able to indulge my fondness for gardening—a fondness which became intensified as the years passed. And all the while I was mastering the details of the trainer's art. I had exceptional opportunities for so doing. Not only did I perform the ordinary duties that fall to the lot of an apprentice in a training-stable; I also assisted John Day to keep his books, and gave other clerical aid.

After Day's departure my responsibilities increased. Splendid fellow though William Goater was in many ways, he lacked scholarship.

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It, therefore, fell to my lot to act as secretary—almost, indeed, as manager. And remember I was only seventeen years old. Mr. Padwick must have had great faith in me. Money set apart for running the stable was lodged in the local bank in my name. I paid all bills and wages, and kept the books. I even paid Goater, my master, his wages ! He did not mind in the least. In addition to my secretarial work I acted as head man to Goater, superintended the feeding of the horses, looked after the other boys and their meals, and when the horses needed physic it was I who administered the balls. In short, Goater did nothing beyond the actual training of the horses.

Perhaps I should explain that I was no longer an apprentice, for when Day left Findon my indentures were cancelled. I continued, however, to “do” one of the horses myself. Looking back to that time I can only conclude that I must have had a veritable passion for work. I was not idle a moment. On a wet day, while the other boys were whiling away the time in the saddle-room, I would go to my horse and clean his mane and tail until there was not a spot of dust to be seen. If we were “breaking” yearlings, I would often sit on one of the youngsters in his box and “mouth” him for an hour. No doubt this industry was noticed by patrons of, and visitors to, the stable, and to it I must

attribute largely the advancement that came to me within the next few years.

Mr. Padwick had a house at Findon, which was placed in charge of a caretaker and his wife. I had rooms there, and in return for attendance I paid for the schooling of the caretaker's little boy. Opposite the house there was a garden which I rented, and in it I worked hard and joyously in what little spare time I had. Having no use for most of the fruit and vegetables I grew, I used to distribute the "crops" among the villagers.

Many hard things were said about Mr. Padwick. Because he was a money-lender as well as a solicitor, there were people always ready to fling abuse at him. He was, I should say, as much sinned against as sinning. I always regarded him as a good sportsman; he was certainly a nice man to deal with. He lived at Horsham, and had a town house at No. 2 Hill Street. His racing was conducted on strict business lines, and he expected me to be able to show him, by my books, exactly how he stood.

We have now got to 1855. While spending a holiday at Rugeley that year I was brought for a moment in contact with the crime for which Palmer, the poisoner, was executed. Of a sporting turn of mind, he had for many years horses in training with Saunders at Hednesford, and some of his animals were good enough to win

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big races. Palmer was a great gambler, and when he had not money of his own to bet with did not hesitate to employ the money of other people ; that is to say, he would induce friends and acquaintances to put money on for him. It is believed that some of these men were murdered when Palmer's indebtedness to them became inconvenient. George Hodgman, who in those days made a substantial "book," knew the doctor very well, and had many dealings with him, always had his suspicions about the fellow. "There was an air of undesirable mystery about his proceedings," writes Hodgman. "He cared not so much about the price of a horse he fancied as the substantial character of the bet. It was, my intuition taught me, only desirable to deal with Palmer when he was known to be in funds. Long before he was arrested for the murder that justified his hanging he bore a most sinister reputation."

When, one morning during my holiday, I was passing Palmer's surgery, which was opposite the Shrewsbury Arms, he called me to him. "Are you going out riding this morning?" he asked; "if so, and you go Hednesford way, I wish you would take a note from me to Saunders to tell him that Cook is dead." I said I would deliver the message, and did so. Cook was lying dead in the Shrewsbury Arms. Formerly a solicitor, he abandoned the law when he

inherited a sum of £12,000 or £13,000, went on the Turf, and there made Palmer's acquaintance. At the time of his death Cook was part owner, with Palmer, of some horses trained by Saunders. There had been bill transactions between the two men, and Palmer should have met one for £500 the day Cook died. The poisoning of Cook was begun at Shrewsbury (where he, Palmer, and some other friends celebrated the victory of one of Cook's horses) and was completed at Rugeley.

When I arrived home for breakfast after seeing Palmer, and told the family that Cook was dead, my father remarked that it was very strange so many people associated with Palmer had died suddenly. He proceeded to recall the cases within his knowledge. There were thirteen of them. I never saw Palmer again. The Coroner's inquiry into Cook's death revealed strong evidence against Palmer, who was arrested. Owing to the prejudice against him in Staffordshire he was tried in London, found guilty, and hanged. It came out that Palmer's wife died nine months after her life had been insured by her husband for £13,000 ; that four of his five children died in convulsions within a few weeks of their birth ; and that he had endeavoured to effect heavy insurances on other relations and acquaintances. Palmer's racing stud was sold at Tattersall's in January 1856. Mr. Padwick

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bought two of the yearlings, which in due course came to Findon to be trained by Goater. Neither was of any value for racing.

I have in my possession two letters written by Palmer. One of these indicates the straits in which he sometimes found himself. Palmer wrote :

Will you please go with the bearer to Mr —, and ask him to send me £5 if he has it. If not, ask him please to borrow it. Tell him it is [words illegible] of necessity, as you know. Tell him how I am situated, and also that I will do as much for him in return, the first opportunity I have. I know he can borrow it for me if he will. He shall have it back as soon as I have money for you, which I hope will not be longer than a week ; or else I am sure I must go to jail. God bless you ! Do all you can for me. I must have the £5 somehow or other.

That letter was given to me many years ago as a curiosity. I may say it did not concern any member of my family.

The other letter, which, like the first, is undated, is of a still more poignant character. Written to a solicitor, it reads :

MY DEAR SIR—Why the name of God do you not write me whatever are you doing I am sure I am almost mad and what to do I know not I did think you would have written me when you was aware of the importance of the case I can assure my dear fellow I want advice now very much and if you will not I most certainly must apply elsewhere for you must be aware that I am in sad

trouble I can assure you I have always considered you as a kind friend now God bless you do write me per Return of Post: I do hope and trust you have got me some money by this time what in the world am I to do if you would only write me telling me what answer I ought to send to —— and —— I should be very much obliged to you now I beg you write —— and see what you can do with him now do write me by Return of Post and very much obliged—Ever yours sincerely

WM. PALMER.

Now I most certainly should expect a letter from you per Return of Post without fail—WM. P.

This second letter, with its lack of punctuation, its grammatical errors and its agonised appeals for assistance, reveals a thoroughly distraught mind. Apparently it was written either just before or just after Palmer's arrest—probably just before.

FINDON UNDER GOATER

WE will now get back to Findon, where the mantle of John Day had fallen on the shoulders of William Goater. The annals of the Turf of that day record the doings of three members of the Goater family—the brothers William, Jim, and Harry. All three “graduated” in William Day’s establishment at Woodyeates. Jim and Harry were jockeys—Jim a very good one. William never went in for race riding. Eventually Jim and Harry took the stables at Littleton, near Winchester, formerly occupied by the Dillys, trainers of Mango, Alarm, and Muscovite. Harry acted as trainer, while his brother was jockey to the stable, and also had the cream of the Findon riding. Jim succeeded Alfred Day as first jockey to Lord Palmerston, who had joined the Littleton stable. Harry Goater trained Salpinctes to win the Cesarewitch.

My life at Findon under William Goater was just as happy as it had been with John Day. Goater was a capital trainer and a first-rate stableman. He was, too, a thoroughly conscientious man.

I liked him, and I think I may say that he liked me. I gladly give him credit for having taught me a great deal. We worked well together. Some men would have objected to a stripling being put over them as I was put over him by Mr. Padwick ; but Goater never showed any resentment. Indeed, I think he was greatly relieved by not having my work to do.

One of the horses Goater took over from John Day was Mr. Padwick's Yellow Jack, a chestnut colt by Birdcatcher. A two-year-old in 1855, his only race that season was in a Sweepstakes at Newmarket in October, and he won. Inasmuch as odds of 6 to 1 were laid on him we must have tried him to be pretty smart. The following year Yellow Jack had a record which causes him to be cited to this day as a luckless horse. He ran in six races in 1856, and was invariably placed second ! The events in which he thus failed were the Two Thousand Guineas (won by Fazzoletto), the Chester Cup, the Derby (won by Ellington), the Ascot Derby, the Goodwood Cup, and a Sweepstakes at Doncaster. It was a most tantalising sequence. Some people were inclined to regard him as a shirker when the pinch came, but in the stable we considered him a good, honest horse, dogged by bad luck. He did not race after his three-year-old days.

One of our two-year-olds of 1856 was Chevalier d'Industrie, who, by Orlando, was the

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last produce of the Priam mare Industry, winner of the Oaks in 1838. He showed useful form that season. The first time out he won the Whittlebury Stakes at Northampton. In the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket he first of all dead-heated for first place with Hernandez, but was beaten in the run-off. Afterwards, at Goodwood, Blink Bonny defeated him. The following season Chevalier d'Industrie ran unplaced in the Derby, and finished second for the Epsom Cup the same afternoon—we often ran horses twice a day then ; won the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, was again beaten by Blink Bonny at that meeting, and was allowed to walk-over for the Brighton Cup. This ended his Turf career, which was certainly nothing to boast about. Standing 16 hands, he was a well-made chestnut horse. As a sire, his chief claim to notice lies in the fact that his daughter, Malpractice, was the grandam of Isinglass. Mr. Padwick bought him from his breeder, Mr. Greville.

The best of our juveniles in 1857 were Clydesdale, by Annandale ; Perfection, a daughter of Birdcatcher ; Amsterdam, a colt by The Flying Dutchman ; and Eclipse, by Orlando. There was also Rocket, who won the Cesarewitch as a three-year-old. These animals all belonged to Mr. Padwick. I stated that John Day, although nominally a private trainer, was allowed to have a few horses belonging to other owners ;

the same privilege was extended to Goater, one of whose patrons was Mr. Lambert, who, in 1858, bought from Mr. Padwick the then three-year-olds Rocket and Queenstown, paying £800 for the two. The former was a colt by Chatham, son of The Colonel; the latter a daughter of Annandale. Neither of them won a race as a two-year-old; indeed, they were both maidens when they became Mr. Lambert's property. Lambert disposed of half his share in Rocket to his friend Hodgman, and the latter sold a moiety of his share to Edward Green. Until the summer of his three-year-old days Rocket was regarded, or treated, as a sprinter; but in some way it was discovered that he was really a stayer. The confederates thereupon resolved to put him in the Cesarewitch, and, carrying 6 st. 4 lb., he won that race by a head from Prioress and The Brewer, who dead-heated for second place.

Clydesdale's only race as a two-year-old was a Biennial at Ascot, which he won. The following year he finished third in the Two Thousand Guineas to Sir Joseph Hawley's FitzRoland and Lord Ribblesdale's The Happy Land, beaten a length and a half and four lengths. The three jockeys were Wells, Fordham, and Goater. Clydesdale started an equal first favourite with The Peer. Odds of 16 to 1 were laid against FitzRoland, and Sir Joseph Hawley was as

delighted as he was amazed by the way Wells handled his mount. A few weeks later Wells, we are told, again astonished Sir Joseph by electing to ride Beadsman, instead of Fitz-Roland, in the Derby when given his choice, and justified the selection by again winning. This was the Derby in which I rode Carmel, who broke down. The association between the baronet and Wells, which began about this time, was continued for many years, with, on the whole, very happy results.

Clydesdale, after running twice unplaced as a four-year-old, was sold to Mr. Lambert, for whom he ran second in the Craven Stakes at Goodwood and third in the Cesarewitch. The next year his only success was gained in a handicap at Canterbury, and he passed out of training without fulfilling the promise of his early days. Lambert, who came to be associated with the Findon stable, was of humble origin, but made a good position for himself on the Turf. Though inclined sometimes to be blustering, I always found him a thorough gentleman and absolutely straight.

With Perfection we were also third in the One Thousand of 1858 and with Eclipse, ridden by Fordham, fourth in the Derby. Eclipse was a fine big bay horse by Orlando. In the Newmarket Stakes he ran a dead-heat with Beadsman. So far as the "classic" races of that year were con-

cerned, our luck was distinctly "out." As a two-year-old, Perfection won the Findon Stakes at Goodwood and divided the Sapling Stakes at York. The following season—her last on the Turf—she only ran three times. For the Guineas she started second favourite to Governess, the winner; she ran unplaced in the Oaks, and was beaten in a Sweepstakes at Newmarket on Cambridgeshire day. Mr. Padwick then put her to the stud, and is named as the breeder of her first foal. Eventually Perfection found her way to the Middle Park Stud, but her record as a brood mare was not very grand. She went to Germany in 1872.

Eclipse won the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket. In 1858 he carried off the Sale Stakes, and dead-heated with Sir Joseph Hawley's Beadsman for the Newmarket Stakes. On the strength of these performances he was, naturally, considerably fancied for the Derby, and started second favourite at Epsom to Toxophilite. Beadsman won, Toxophilite finished second, and Eclipse was placed fourth only—a disappointing result for all at Findon. Eclipse was a bay colt out of Gaze, a daughter of Bay Middleton, and was bred by Mr. Greville. Later that year he won a Biennial at Ascot, but was unplaced in the St. Leger and the Cambridgeshire. Then he was sold to go to the United States, where he became a successful sire. The only "classic" race

credited to Mr. Padwick was the one gained by Virago ; but he had a half-share in Andover, who, in Mr. Gully's name, won the Derby of 1854.

Mr. John Gully, an occasional visitor at Michel Grove and Findon, was a remarkable man, and a very prominent figure on the Turf. Born at Bristol in 1783, he went to London when still in his teens, became an inmate of the Debtors' Prison, was "bought out" in order that he might take part, as a principal, in a prize fight, became successively the champion pugilist, a publican in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a bookmaker and commission agent, an owner of racehorses, a big property owner, a colliery proprietor, and Member of Parliament for Pontefract, near to which borough—at Ackworth, where he lies buried—he lived for a time.

Mr. Gully's horses went to Danebury when those of Lord George Bentinck were removed. There the Days won him the Two Thousand with The Ugly Buck, the Derby with Pyrrhus the First, and the Oaks with Mendicant. The two last-named animals were owned jointly by Gully and Day. Mendicant, when a four-year-old, was sold to Sir Joseph Hawley for £3000 or thereabouts, and bred for him the Derby winner Beadsman. As for Pyrrhus the First he begat the brilliant Virago, but his other offspring were not of much account, and eventually he was sold to go to France.

The first time I saw Mr. Gully at Michel Grove I was riding a very lively mare—I think it was Trickstress. She was in a particularly awkward mood that morning, and proved a rare handful. But, despite her strenuous efforts to dislodge me from the saddle, I kept my seat. Mr. Gully was an interested spectator of this tussle, and when it was all over congratulated me on the skill with which I had handled the mare—and gave me half-a-crown ! He was then over seventy years of age, but I remember him as a fine figure of a man, standing very erect. If I had known as much about his history then as I knew afterwards I should, no doubt, have been more interested in him, and perhaps have thought more of his half-crown.

After the season 1858 Mr. Padwick disposed of his horses, but in 1860 he renewed his association with the Turf under the name of " Mr. Henry." The disguise, however, deceived no one, because his colours were the old familiar " black, orange cap." In 1865 they were doubly registered—under his own name as well as that of " Mr. Henry," and this duality was continued until 1869, when the name " Henry " was abandoned, to be replaced in 1872 by that of " Mr. Bruton." As my good friend John Corlett reminded me shortly before his death in 1915, it was as " Mr. Bruton " that Mr. Padwick, in 1873, raced Couronne de Fer, a colt he eventually

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sold to Lord Rosebery. After severing his connection with the Findon stable, Mr. Padwick placed his horses with John Scott and Alfred Day.

Mr. Padwick died in 1879. The Turf writers seem to have thought that the less they said about him the better. He had got himself into bad odour in the middle 'sixties owing to his transactions with the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings — transactions that called forth the famous letter of Admiral Rous to *The Times* in which the stinging phrase "the spider and the fly" occurred. *Baily's* "Van Driver," whose obituary notices of Turf personalities were generally of generous dimensions, dismissed Mr. Padwick with a notice extending to about twenty lines only. He wrote:

The death of Mr Padwick removes from the scene a name for the last thirty years or more intimately associated, for good or evil, with Turf history. A country solicitor in good position and practice, he, on the retirement of Lord George Bentinck, became, with his client Mr. Mostyn, the temporary proprietor of that nobleman's stud. How it was re-sold to Lord Clifden we all know, but from that time Mr. Padwick was a racing man. He was not very fortunate in the horses he bought, but he was extremely happy in their sale. . . . Mr Padwick tried hard to get good horses, and we fear the mania for giving large sums for young stock owes much of its rise and influence to his example. A man of mature age and experience giving four figures for a yearling was an incentive to the young plungers of the day to do likewise,

and during what is called "the Hastings era" the evil was at its height. Mr. Padwick's connection with Lord Hastings, the history of The Earl and Lady Elizabeth, etc., are incidents too fresh to need recalling; nor, indeed, would it be profitable to do so. . . . Those who knew him well esteemed him for a warmth of heart and general kindness of disposition for which the outside world hardly gave him credit.

The tribute paid to Mr. Padwick in the last two or three lines entirely bears out what I said about him earlier. He may not have been all that a man should be in his dealings with others, but so far as my personal experience went I had no occasion to think of him otherwise than as a friend.

After the departure of Mr. Padwick, William Goater, and I with him, remained at Findon. The stable now became a "public" one. I continued to discharge the duties I had undertaken in Mr. Padwick's time, Goater of course now providing the money for expenses. Everything went smoothly, for the successful way in which the stable was conducted after John Day's retirement ensured all the patronage desired. Among the owners who sent us horses were Mr. W. Blake, of Worthing; Mr. W. G. Craven, a nephew of Lord Craven; Mr. Savile; Lord Westmoreland, and the Marquis of Anglesey.

Lord Westmoreland joined the stable in 1861, when he was twenty-six years of age. I have

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the kindest recollections of him, for he was a real good friend to me. The first racehorses he owned were two or three he bought from Mr. Blake. These animals were at the time being trained by Goater, and were allowed to remain. Lord Westmoreland also placed some horses with William Day at Woodyeates, but those he had with us were the more successful. Among them were Merry Hart, a chestnut colt by The Fallow Buck; and Bones, a chestnut colt by Colsterdale. Both were two-year-olds in 1862. The previous year a friend of Goater's, George Bartle, who was a watchmaker at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, sent word that he had two yearling colts for sale. I was packed off to inspect them. When I saw them they had never been in a stable, nor even had a head-collar on. They resembled two Shetland ponies. However, they seemed promising, and I bought the two for less than £100. They were Merry Hart and Bones. Bones won three races as a two-year-old, and one the following year, when owned by John Nightingall, but he was extremely moderate. One of his juvenile successes was gained in a Match over half a mile at the Liverpool Summer Meeting against Mr. W. G. Craven's Elsie Venner. Bones is referred to in the *Calendar* report of the contest as "Lord Westmoreland's." I have reason to believe, however, that he was then temporarily the property of Lord Sefton.

The transfer had taken place the previous day, when Bones ran second for a Sweepstakes. Immediately after the Match he reverted to Lord Westmoreland. Bones was, I think, the only racehorse Lord Sefton ever owned, and he used laughingly to boast to me that he was "still invincible" because no horse of his had ever been beaten!

Merry Hart was in a different class. He ran eighteen times as a two-year-old, and was first past the post on seven occasions. The following year he was one of the leading figures in the Cambridgeshire, at Newmarket, over which there was the bother about the loaded scales. Although long odds were betted against Merry Hart, we thought he had a very good chance of winning. He was beaten a head by William Day's Catch 'em Alive, who started second favourite at 4 to 1. The following extract from the *Calendar* explains what then happened:

When the jockeys returned to weigh after the race, the Clerk of the Scales found that the rider of Catch 'em Alive did not draw the proper weight. He was first weighed without a whip, and a whip was afterwards given to him, which was stated to be the one he rode with; this barely made him weight, and the owner of the second horse objected to the jockey being weighed with anything given to him after he got into the scale. The Clerk of the Scales requested the Stewards to come into the weighing-room, and they decided that a jockey not having brought his whip with him into the scale

could not afterwards weigh with it, and it plainly appeared that the jockey did not draw his proper weight. The rider of Merry Hart had been previously weighed and passed by the Clerk of the Scales, and the Stewards were on the point of giving the race in his favour, when the rider of Summerside (who finished third), was weighed and he also was found short of weight. On this the Stewards directed the scales to be examined, when it was found that they were not correct, and that some lead had been fastened on the bottom of the weight scale. When this was removed, and the scales adjusted, the Stewards felt satisfied that the rider of Catch' em Alive would have drawn his proper weight if the scales had been adjusted before he was weighed, and the Clerk of the Scales, on being questioned, having assured them that he had no doubt on the subject, the Stewards declared that Catch 'em Alive was the winner of the race. A reward of £50 was afterwards offered by the Jockey Club for such information as should lead to the discovery of the person or persons who had fastened the lead to the scales.

The reward was never claimed, but it is said that many years afterwards the son of an employee of the Jockey Club confessed on his deathbed that he was the guilty party, and that he was in league with some men in the betting ring, who had planned to take advantage of the fraud that was attempted.

Aurelian, by Stockwell out of Zenobia, was another pretty good horse I found at Brigg. I happened to see him in a blacksmith's shop when he was a yearling, having his feet pared,

and, taking a fancy to him, bought him. Passed on to "Mr. Hamilton" (a name assumed by Mr. Blake, I think), his first race was the Derby of 1861, and, ridden by Jim Goater, he finished fourth to Kettledrum, Dundee, and Diophantus. He was only beaten a length, a head, and a neck. Well backed for the St. Leger, he again ran unplaced. He won the Oatlands at Newmarket that year, and a Queen's Plate at Lincoln in 1862, while in the latter season he was fourth in the Cambridgeshire. He afterwards became the property of Lord Westmoreland, for whom he won some minor races; but he disappointed us, because at one time he looked like developing into a good horse.

Among the few horses Mr. Savile had in training at Findon was The Ranger, a brown colt by Voltigeur out of Skirmisher's dam. He did not run as a two-year-old, but the following season, 1863, after winning the Biennial at Newmarket, and finishing unplaced in the Derby to Macaroni and Lord Clifden, he gained notoriety by winning the first Grand Prix de Paris. I was in charge of him during that trip. It was my first visit to Paris. Other English horses in the race were Lord Clifden and Saccharometer. Nobody was more delighted than George Fordham when he learned that Lord Clifden (who finished fifth only) had suffered defeat. He had been roundly scolded for "allowing"

Macaroni to beat Lord Clifden (his mount) by a head in the Derby, and was greatly piqued when Chaloner (who had ridden Macaroni) was put up on Lord Clifden in the Grand Prix. So far as he was concerned, Lord Clifden's failure in Paris more or less squared matters.

The favourite for the Grand Prix was the French filly La Toucques, against whom odds of 9 to 4 were laid. Then came Lord Clifden at 5 to 2, Saccharometer at 4 to 1, and The Ranger at 5 to 1. We had been given to understand that Saccharometer (owned by Lord Strathmore), who, like our horse, had been unplaced in the Derby, was strongly fancied. He and The Ranger were quartered in the same stable in Paris. I found that the journey to France had upset Saccharometer, and he was off his feed. Those with him tempted him with sundry delicacies, but to no purpose, and I came to the conclusion that we had little to fear in that quarter. The Ranger was a bad mover in his slow paces, and when Lord Strathmore saw him at exercise the day before the race he said to me, in a somewhat contemptuous way, "Why, the beggar cannot even trot." Rather nettled by his remark, I retorted: "Never mind that, my lord; he can *eat*." And his lordship discovered the following day that The Ranger could also race to good purpose, for, ridden by Jim Goater, he won the Grand Prix, beating La

Toucques by a length. Saccharometer came in third, two lengths away.

The prize was worth £5240, in addition to a Cup given by the Emperor Napoleon. After the race I was presented to the Emperor and Empress. We drank Mr. Savile's health out of the tankard. I must add that Lord St. Vincent had his revenge in the St. Leger, which Lord Clifden won, The Ranger being unplaced.

It was at Findon that I first met George Fordham, then at the beginning of his brilliant career as a jockey. A native of Cambridge, he was apprenticed, when ten years old, to Richard Drewitt, who trained at Lewes. As a boy he could ride at about 4 st. 7 lbs., and very quickly made his mark. We often saw him at Findon, for he used to come over from Lewes to ride in trials, particularly for Mr. Lambert, who was one of his earliest admirers. Mr. Ned Smith ("Mr. Mellish") too was another owner who liked to secure his services.

In later years George and I became close friends, and I may relate here an amusing "adventure" we had one day at Littlehampton, on the coast a few miles west of Worthing. A race meeting was held on the sands there, and Fordham took a little hunting mare of his named Levy to run in one of the events for ponies. Mr. Mannington, the Brighton "vet," a great friend of Fordham's, was one of our party.

Professional jockeys were barred, and the youth who rode Levity won a heat on her by boring his opponent into the sea! Before the final heat was run the question was raised whether Levity was the right height. The measurement standard was accordingly produced, and the "test" took place on the sands. With the assistance of sundry taps of Fordham's whip on her shoulder, the mare was finally passed. Then, however, one of the stewards, inspired by a flash of common sense, suddenly realised that to take the measurement on the sands was farcical. It was thereupon agreed that Levity should be measured again standing on the flagstones in front of the steward's house. The whole party proceeded thither, and, probably invited to have drinks, went indoors. Impelled by his love of a joke, Fordham gravely followed the others into the house, *still leading his pony*. He was just about to take her into the dining-room when he was discovered. When in one of his funny moods he was irrepressible. Levity in due course ran in the final heat, and was beaten by an animal ridden by a butcher boy. A local tout called Lowry, with a view to showing his friendliness towards Fordham, waited until the critical moment, and then tipped over the sentry-box which accommodated the judge! We had a great day. I may say that when serious business was toward Fordham's conduct was always exemplary. He had beautiful hands, and

horses that stronger men could do nothing with went kindly enough for him.

Those were days when good jockeys were plentiful. Of course a few riders stood out by reason of their superlative abilities, but the general average of excellence was unquestionably higher than it has been of late years. It is really deplorable that during the last two decades we have had to go to America and Australia for our best jockeys. I remember the time when, if I had a horse good enough to run for the Derby I could find twenty jockeys good enough to ride him. Why was that? It was because jockeys had then had years of experience before they arrived at the weight at which we now start.

In my opinion apprentices do not get the encouragement they should receive. Owners ought to back up the efforts of their trainers in "schooling" boys. There is no lack of boys who can ride well; it is the opportunity they require. We fiddle too much on two or three strings. The advantage derived from utilising the services of apprentices attached to the stable is too frequently overlooked. It should not be forgotten that these youths are under the personal supervision of the trainer, that they are riding the horses daily, and are thus gaining a knowledge of their peculiarities. It is most essential to "know" a horse in order to get the best out

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of him, for horses, like human beings, differ in temperament and disposition.

Pursuing this question of jockeyship into a somewhat different vein, I may say that I have seen three jockeys so gifted that they may be described as geniuses. They represented three distinct styles of riding. The first of them was George Fordham. He rode with a medium stirrup just short enough to clear the pommel of the saddle with a little to spare. Taking tight hold of his horse's head, he leaned slightly forward, with his hands resting on the horse's withers, thus throwing the weight on to the shoulders. The position enabled him to drop into the saddle and control a horse when in difficulties, and drive him straight home at the finish of the race.

Then came Archer, with his long legs and short body, riding with a long stirrup and a long rein. He had many imitators, but "they were not made that way." Archer was not a finished horseman like Tom Cannon and others that I could name. It was his indomitable energy, his wonderful nerve, his power of embracing opportunities during a race, that made him so superior to others. He was always ready to ride your trials, he was generally the first to weigh out for a race and the first at the starting-post; in fact, his whole soul was in the business.

The next to appear, and to set a very different

style, was Sloan. From the long stirrup and long rein, he passed to the other extreme—the short stirrup and short rein. Here again we found a genius, who not only set a new fashion in riding races, but showed us a new way in running them. Instead of the slow, muddling way of waiting, we had races run through as they should be. In this Sloan showed his superiority by his knowledge of pace. He did not ride from pillar to post as others are apt to do, but at a pace that would give his horse a chance to carry him to the end of a race.

Between Archer and Sloan, I think, Fordham showed the happy medium, and his is the style of riding that should be taught and encouraged. I do not think either the extremes of Archer or Sloan can give the power and control over a horse that are so needful.

We had some fine training gallops on good Down land at Michel Grove and Findon. Some of them afforded first-rate going in all weathers. In early spring the best ground was however, at Findon, nearest to the stables. Our principal gallops were on the Munthum side of the village. The land there belonged to the Dowager Marchioness of Bath, who lived at Munthum Court. Black Patch, which we used in very dry weather, is now part of the Downs on which Mr. Saunders Davies trains his horses. A good deal of the land we galloped over has of late years been

cultivated. Towards the close of 1913 I visited Michel Grove and Findon for the first time for forty years. The Michel Grove stables have been extended ; but otherwise I saw few changes. The old stables looked very familiar, and brought back many interesting memories.

I had, it will have been gathered, a wonderful time at Findon, considering I was only a boy. There was not a house in the place at which I was not a welcome visitor, and all the gentry in the neighbourhood were extremely kind to me. The vicar was Dr. Cholmondeley, a fine old man. He it was who prepared me for Confirmation and afterwards " married " me.

I am sometimes asked what differences there are between stable life in the present day and in the days of my youth. Perhaps we were rather more regular in our habits fifty years ago. In the summer we were always on the Downs by five o'clock in the morning, and in the winter were out as soon as it was light. I am bound to say, however, that I do not think there was any great virtue in keeping those excessively early hours, especially in winter. But, of course, if you have a lot of horses to exercise, and have to deal with them in batches, a more or less early start is necessary.

MY START AS A TRAINER

TOWARDS the end of 1862, or early in 1863, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Savile, of Rufford, wished to engage a private trainer. Here, I thought, was my chance. As a patron of the Findon Stable, Mr. Savile knew me, and I had reason to suppose he would consider me capable of taking charge of his horses. Having recently married, I was particularly anxious to improve my position, and had no doubt that, thanks to the experience I had gained while under John Day and William Goater, I was qualified to assume the control of a training-stable. But before taking any decisive step I consulted Lord Westmoreland, who had, in many ways, shown an interest in my welfare ; and I may say that other patrons of the stable were also very kind to me. I firmly believe it was my close application to work, and my readiness to do more than mere routine duties, that caused these noblemen and gentlemen to favour me as they did.

Somewhat to my surprise, Lord Westmore-

land urged me not to apply for the post of private trainer to Mr. Savile. "I shall," he said, "be able to find you a berth presently." I was content to abide by his advice, and within a very short time discovered that I had done wisely. George Manning, who had been training for Sir Joseph Hawley at Cannon Heath, near Kingsclere, died in 1863, after a long illness. Lord Westmoreland had this pending event in mind when he told me to wait. It was the month of July, and I had to pass through London with the horses we were running at Liverpool. Lord Westmoreland gave me a letter of recommendation to Sir Joseph, and told me to present it to him at his town house, 34 Eaton Place. I called at that address, and was taken to Sir Joseph. After he had read the letter I handed to him he looked at me and said, in a tone that implied incredulity :

"You are not the John Porter mentioned here, are you?" "Yes, sir, I am," I replied. "But you are only a boy!" "Give me a chance, Sir Joseph. I think I can manage the horses." "Call and see me on your way back from Liverpool," said Sir Joseph, as he dismissed me.

And away I went, feeling that what Lord Westmoreland had written in his letter had carried considerable weight. Only a boy! Yes, that was what my appearance suggested. I looked about eighteen, but was, in fact, twenty-

five, and a married man! Returning from Liverpool, I called again at Sir Joseph's house, and, to my great joy, found he had practically decided to "give me a chance." He took me to Cannon Heath to show me the stables. Their condition horrified me. Every nook and corner was filled with cobwebs; the stable-yards were overgrown with weeds, and wherever one looked there were signs of untidiness and neglect.

"Come back in a fortnight, Sir Joseph, and I will show you a difference," I said, when we had completed the inspection.

The head lad at Cannon Heath was much older than I, and it was a bitter disappointment to him when he realised that I had been put over him. He was, indeed, inclined to be very nasty. The first three mornings he went out with me when the horses were exercised. I required his aid until I had learned the geography of my surroundings. The fourth morning I said to him, "I shan't want you out to-day; you can stay at home." "Why?" he asked, indignantly. "Because I want all the cobwebs swept away, and the stable-yard cleared of weeds. You can see to that."

He looked sulky and said he did not think he would suit me. "If," I said, "you think cobwebs and weeds are all right in a racing stable you certainly won't suit. But if you are ready to work with me, I don't see why we should not

get on well together. Understand, however, there's going to be only one master here, and that's not you."

This lecture had the desired effect. The fellow became a good servant. A few days later Sir Joseph came to see how we were getting on. He noted the changes I had already made. "All right," he said, "you will do."

And so my association with the Findon Stable ended, and I found myself launched on a more or less independent career; at any rate a career that carried with it increased responsibilities.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that, but for a good-natured action on his part, Sir Joseph Hawley would, when I joined him, have been training at Newmarket. At the sale of the Duke of Bedford's stud in 1861 Sir Joseph and William Butler, the trainer, were the bidders for the house and stables. Naturally, the baronet was able to, and did, outbid his rival. Then, learning that Butler had set his heart on buying the place, Sir Joseph offered to let him have it. "You need not decide now; sleep over it," he said. The following morning Butler thankfully accepted the offer, and Sir Joseph remained on at Cannon Heath.

Sir Joseph Hawley, who now becomes the central figure in my story, was born in 1814, and was the third holder of the baronetcy created in

1795. For a brief period he served in the army as a cavalry officer, but, finding the life was not to his liking, he retired and went yachting in the Mediterranean. Then for a time he settled in Italy. It was at Florence that he acquired his love for racing. He and Mr. J. M. Stanley (afterwards Sir Massey Stanley-Errington) became confederates, imported some platers from England, and ran them with a fair measure of success. In 1844 Sir Joseph was back in England, and that year his name appeared for the first time in the *Racing Calendar*. The few horses he owned at that period were trained for him by Beresford at Newmarket. A notable success came to him early, for in 1847 his filly Miami, whom he had bought from Isaac Saddler, won the Oaks—a triumph foreshadowed when, the previous year, she defeated The Cossack in the July Stakes. The Cossack, trained at Danebury for Mr. Pedley, won the Derby.

Thus encouraged, Sir Joseph gave Mr. Gully £3000 for the filly Mendicant, who had run St. Lawrence to a head for the Chester Cup. It was confidently hoped that Mendicant would win the Ascot Cup, but no sooner had she become the property of Sir Joseph than she went amiss, and her effort at Ascot was a dire failure. For the moment Mendicant looked a bad bargain; in reality she was a treasure. Beadsman was one of her produce, and when that colt scored

in the Derby Sir Joseph Hawley won something like £80,000. In 1849 Fernhill, bought from Mr. Parr, won the Great Metropolitan and the Northamptonshire Stakes, and Vatican was successful in the Newmarket Stakes. Aphrodite, in 1850, carried Sir Joseph's colours—"cherry, black cap"—to victory in the Chesterfield Stakes, and dead-heated with Grecian in the July Stakes, achievements she followed up the next year by carrying off the One Thousand Guineas.

Then came the victory of Teddington in the Derby of 1851. By this time the partnership with Mr. J. M. Stanley had been renewed, and the confederacy horses placed under the care of Alec Taylor at Fyfield, near Marlborough. It was Mr. Stanley who brought Teddington into the service of "the firm," but the colours he carried in the Derby were Sir Joseph's. The partners, "and all the gentlemen," won hugely over the race. Davis, the biggest bookmaker of the day, is said to have paid out £100,000, "and took no more notice of it than he was wont to do of his washing-bill." Job Marson, the successful jockey, received from Teddington's owners a present of £2000, and another £1000 from other sources. This excessive liberality was an evil engendered by the heavy betting then prevalent. I have always held the opinion that racing has suffered owing to the tendency

to bestow upon jockeys extravagant emoluments. It has been the ruin of many of them.

At the end of the season 1851 the public heard with astonishment that Sir Joseph Hawley had decided to quit the Turf. His reason for retiring was the annoyance occasioned him by criticism regarding the running of a filly called Breba in the Oaks and the Cambridgeshire, and by an allegation that the sale by him of Vatican to Mr. Morris was not a legitimate one. There was a great rumpus over this Vatican business. The race it arose from was the Doncaster Cup, for which Sir Joseph had entered two horses—Vatican and The Ban. He sold the former to Morris before the race. Both horses ran, and The Ban won. At that time there was a Rule of Racing which decreed “that no person can run, either in his own name or in the name of any other person, two horses of which he is wholly or in part the owner, for any plate.” After the race Mr. Saxon, the owner of The Beach Doctor, who finished second to The Ban, objected to the winner on the ground that Sir Joseph Hawley had run two horses in the race. The matter was referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club—Lord Glasgow, General Peel, and Captain H. Lowther. They decided that there was a *bona fide* sale of Vatican, but expressed the opinion that the Doncaster Stewards ought not to have allowed the horse to run, because, having been

entered in Sir Joseph Hawley's name, he would not have been entitled to the cup if he had come in first. Inasmuch, however, as Vatican had been allowed to start as Mr. Morris's property, the objection to The Ban could not be sustained.

Though Sir Joseph's good name was thus cleared, his feelings were sadly ruffled. He sold the greater part of his stud under the hammer, but reserved Cowl, The Confessor (who had run second in the Two Thousand, and won the Great Yorkshire Handicap), Mendicant (who did not make her reserve of 500 guineas), and half a dozen fillies, who were added to the breeding stud at Leybourne Grange, Sir Joseph's home, near Maidstone.

Not many months had elapsed before Sir Joseph's disgust was overpowered by the magnetism of the Turf. He sadly missed the interest and excitement his racehorses had afforded him; and so within a year he was back on the Turf. He now became a patron of John Day at Danebury. The venture was, however, attended with ill-luck, and two years later he decided to have a stable of his own. Engaging George Manning (who had been head lad to Percy, at Pimperne) as his private trainer, he installed him at Cannon Heath. Among the yearlings he sent to Manning were Beadsman and FitzRoland. The former he had bred himself; the latter he bought for 410 guineas at the Hampton Court sale.

They were both so unpromising as youngsters that Sir Joseph offered to give them to anybody who would take over their engagements. Fortunately for him, the racing world had by this time come to regard his judgment with so much respect that his offer was not accepted. Horses that he looked upon with so much contempt were not, it was argued, likely to prove profitable to other people. That offer must have rankled in many a man's mind after FitzRoland had won the Two Thousand, and Beadsman the Derby! The following year Musjid (bought at the Tickhill sale, after others had rejected him) won for Sir Joseph another Derby, and a tremendous sum in bets.

When, therefore, I became his trainer Sir Joseph Hawley had already accomplished much more on the Turf than is achieved in a lifetime by most men who thereon woo the goddess Fortune. At first he struck me as a man of somewhat stern manners, and one I might have some difficulty in pleasing. But I soon altered my opinion. The closer I came in contact with him the more I liked him. He was a fine fellow, Sir Joseph.

There were twelve horses at Cannon Heath when I assumed control of the stable at the end of July 1863. One was Asteroid, a five-year-old son of Stockwell. He had won the Chester Cup that year, but when he came under my care

he had a "leg." I only ran him once—in a handicap at Newmarket the following spring—and he then failed.

Sir Joseph Hawley was now, and had been for some years, breeding all or nearly all the horses he raced. His stud was at Leybourne, where he kept about twelve brood mares. I made a practice of going there every year to see the foals and yearlings. The stud groom, a man named Tweed, was an extremely capable and very superior servant. There were several beautiful paddocks, and the establishment as a whole was maintained in first-class order. The Derby winners, Beadsman and Musjid, were both standing there as stallions. After Sir Joseph's death Leybourne Grange was occupied for some years by Mr. T. Phillips, a hop grower and merchant. He had as one of his stallions the Two Thousand winner Galliard. So far as I can remember I never in any one season received more than six yearlings bred by Sir Joseph, and after I joined him he bought very few horses.

The first race meeting I attended as a trainer was that at Doncaster in September, and there I won a couple of races with the three-year-old filly Columbia, and the two-year-old Washington. They were by an American-bred stallion named Charleston, whom Sir Joseph had bought. The races they won were those immediately preceding the St. Leger, in which Lord Clifden was

successful. Wells rode Washington. He was retained by Sir Joseph at a salary of £100 per annum. That figure also represented my own salary ; but I must add that Sir Joseph was very liberal in the way of presents. Neither Wells nor I had any cause to complain. I was glad to have the services of Wells at my disposal. We were old friends and I could rely upon him implicitly.

St. Alexis, by Stockwell out of Mendicant, was another horse I won a race with that year—the Great Eastern Railway Handicap at Newmarket, at the end of September. He was then a gelding. I had been using him as a hack, because he was supposed to be too roguish to have any further value as a racehorse. I humoured him as much as possible, allowing him to stand about on the training ground and watch the other horses doing their work. In the end he became perfectly quiet, and Sir Joseph was delighted when I got a race out of him. We then sold him, and he won three races the following year. One morning during the time I was using St. Alexis as a hack, I waited behind, after the horses had gone away to the exercise ground, to get my letters. When these arrived I set off for the Downs. Forgetting the character of the animal I was riding, I let the reins fall slack and began to read one of my letters. St. Alexis suddenly bucked, and I was thrown into the

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hedge at the roadside. St. Alexis then trotted off home, well content with his morning's work.

It happened, somewhat unfortunately, that I had gone to Sir Joseph at a time when his Turf fortunes were at a low ebb. The three winners I saddled in 1863 brought in £2180 ; while in 1864 and the two following years the totals were £2485, £3360, and £1425. Every stable has its lean years, and at this period we had to contend with the moderate character of the output from the Leybourne Grange Stud. Sir Joseph was, however, very patient, and when at last the Fates again bestowed their favours he reaped a substantial reward.

In 1863 Lord Annesley bought, for 880 guineas, a bay colt by Newminster out of Secret, by Melbourne. A half share in the youngster was offered to, and accepted by, Sir Joseph Hawley. He was named Bedminster. A smallish horse, he had an inclination to turn his toes out. As a two-year-old he showed considerable promise, and greatly disappointed us when, the first time out, he ran unplaced in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, for which he started second favourite to Gardevisure, who was beaten a neck by Mr. Merry's Zambezi. I had tried Bedminster for that race to be 10 lb. and a neck behind the three-year-old Washington. At the Newmarket Second October Meeting Bedminster, on successive days, won a Sweepstakes

and the Prendergast Stakes. In the latter event he beat the Duke of Beaufort's Siberia (already a winner of three races), and Gladiateur (giving 6 lb.), who, earlier in the week, had made a successful debut in the Clearwell Stakes. We now believed that Bedminster had a fairly good chance of gaining classic honours; and that belief was considerably strengthened the following spring, for on April 27 we tried him thus :

One Mile

Bedminster, 3 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb. . . .	Wells 1
Merry Wife, 4 yrs., 7 st. . . .	Morgan 2
Argonaut, 6 yrs., 10 st. 6 lb. . . .	Payter 3

Won by two lengths; the same distance between second and third.

Both Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Annesley witnessed the gallop, and we were all perfectly satisfied. Bedminster appeared to us in the light of a "good thing" for the Two Thousand Guineas, run on May 2. He started favourite for that race at 7 to 2, his most-fancied opponents being Mr. Chaplin's Breadalbane and Mr. Merry's Liddington, equal second favourites at 4 to 1; the Marquis of Hastings' Kangaroo (just purchased from Mr. Padwick) and Count de Lagrange's Gladiateur. I should explain, with regard to our trial, that Argonaut had two days previously won the City and Suburban, carrying no less than 8 st. 11 lb.; and that the day before the Guineas he strengthened our

faith in Bedminster by winning the Prince of Wales's Handicap over the Rowley Mile with 9 st. in the saddle and twenty-four opponents behind him. It certainly looked as though Bedminster was a sound betting proposition. He, however, proved to be nothing of the sort, for he ran "nowhere." One critic suggested that when our trial took place we ought to have put Wells on Argonaut instead of Bedminster. It is, of course, conceivable that had we done so we should have had less cause for being so extremely sanguine.

Our faith in Bedminster did not entirely evaporate however ; we hoped he would make amends in the Derby, which was to be his next race. For this we decided that he should be tried again, and one glorious morning Sir Joseph and Lord Annesley arrived at Cannon Heath to see the colt tested. As we went on to the Downs Lord Annesley waxed enthusiastic about the invigorating air and the beauty of the scenery. We were all, indeed, in high spirits. Then, by way of an anti-climax, we endured the mortification of seeing Bedminster break down during the trial. As we returned to the stables Sir Joseph, with a mischievous look in his eyes, turned to his partner and said, " Well, Annesley, and what do you think of the scenery now ? "

I patched Bedminster up as well as I could, and it was decided he should take his chance at

Epsom. On Derby Day Sir Joseph and his brother, on their way to the course, called at Tadworth Cottage, where I was staying. They had their lunch with them in a basket and ate it in the stable, sitting the while on a truss of hay.

"And how's the horse?" inquired Sir Joseph, glancing towards Bedminster. The colt was standing with his legs in a bucket of iced water. That was a sufficient answer.

"Where is Wells?" was the next question. "He's in bed with hot towels on his stomach." "Is that so!" exclaimed Sir Joseph. "Then all I can say is that my chance of winning the Derby never looked brighter! My horse has his legs in a pail, and my jockey is doctoring his stomach."

It only remains to be said that odds of 50 to 1 were laid against Bedminster's winning the Derby, and that he broke down irretrievably in the race. So long as he remained sound he was a real good horse, though his constitution was a delicate one—a characteristic of many of the Newminsters.

This was the Derby won by that remarkable French-bred horse Gladiateur, whom so many alleged, without a shadow of proof, to be a four-year-old. He and Mr. Chaplin's Breadalbane were the first and second favourites. The failure of Breadalbane resulted in Mr. Chaplin removing his horses from the care of William I'Anson at

Malton and placing them with William Goater. But they only remained at Findon a few months, for, when Captain Machell was appointed manager of Mr. Chaplin's racing stud, the horses went to Newmarket to be trained by Blanton. If Hermit was at Findon, as "tradition" says, it would be when a yearling only.

One of my recollections of that year concerns Tom Dawson, who was training at Middleham. The day General Peel won the Two Thousand Guineas he invited me to dine with him. He was staying with my old school-fellow, Ashmall, just behind Heath House. That evening Dawson had a little bother with Lord Glasgow, the owner of General Peel. His lordship turned up late to see his horses in their stables, and old Tom had objected to showing him round. Bearing in mind Lord Glasgow's irascible temper, one can imagine the scene was a breezy one, and Tom had not quite got over it when I arrived. After dinner we had a game of whist. Before we had been playing very long the temperature of the room became uncomfortably warm, so Dawson discarded his coat and went on playing in his shirt sleeves. Presently he also took off his waistcoat, and his next move was to roll up his shirt sleeves. That led to his boasting about the wealth of muscle in his arms, and he asked me to feel it. I began to suspect there was danger ahead, so, excusing

myself, I bade the company "good night" and departed. The following morning I learnt, not to my surprise, that, after I had gone, Dawson and Ashmall indulged in a scrap. I must say, however, that Tom Dawson was a thoroughly kind-hearted man, though apt to be a little troublesome "in his cups."

Coming again to the year 1865, there was Argonaut's victory in the City and Suburban at Epsom, to which a reference has already been made. This was the first important race Sir Joseph won after I became his trainer, so I naturally look back upon it with special pleasure. Now six years old, Argonaut had begun to race when three. Though he had a few prizes to his credit when I saddled him for the City and Suburban, his record was nothing to brag about. As a five-year-old he was out ten times without once getting his head in front. When, therefore, he went to the post at Epsom we had no confidence in him. That his owner allowed him to "run loose," or practically so, may be gauged from the fact that he was a 25 to 1 chance. However, he managed, with Wells in the saddle, to beat the Marquis of Hastings' well-backed candidate, The Grinder, by a head. It may be, as some urged at the time, that Wells "stole" the race; anyway, Grimshaw, who rode The Grinder, was roundly blamed for failing to carry out his orders and "come along all the way."

There is nothing more to be said about our horses so far as that season is concerned. Unfortunately when the autumn came round they passed out of my control for the time being. While attending the Doncaster meeting in September, I was laid low by a severe attack of typhoid fever. At Doncaster I had to remain for many weeks, tenderly nursed by my wife, and aided towards a complete recovery by the skill of my doctor, a cheery soul named Schofield. For several days I was very ill indeed. Before he left Doncaster Sir Joseph Hawley came to see me. I was apparently asleep ; in reality I was conscious of all that was going on around me, but unable to move or speak. I heard Sir Joseph mutter to himself, " I wonder if he has any money with him ? " Then I saw him take his note-case out of his pocket, and lay the contents on the bed. Realising that he would require some money to get home with he picked up one of the notes, and then slipped quietly out of the room. It was a generous, thoughtful action, done by stealth.

When my illness began, my wife was at home. Sir Joseph wrote assuring her that, in the doctor's opinion, I was in no danger, that there was no occasion for anxiety, and that I was in comfortable lodgings and being looked after by a particularly nice and attentive woman. He added that I was in the hands of a very clever doctor, and

that she was not to fret about me. When Wells reached Cannon Heath he would explain the arrangements that had been made about the horses.

In answer to a letter my wife must have sent him a day or two after she reached Doncaster, Sir Joseph wrote :

I am very sorry to hear that your husband still continues so ill, but the doctor always told me it must be tedious. I had a letter from the doctor to-day in which he gives me a favourable account. I hope Porter will not worry about the horses, as they will do well. The only ones that are of the slightest consequence, as you know, are sent to Dover, so I have no fear but all will go on well. Write to me constantly, and let me know how your husband is going on.

My wife obeyed these instructions, and before long was able to report a decided improvement in my condition. She received, in reply, the following:

I am truly delighted to hear that your husband's illness has at last taken a favourable turn. . . . I strongly recommend you, as soon as he is well enough, to move him to the seaside for a few days, as he could gain more in strength there in that time than he would in a month at home. . . . I told you in my first letter that he had a most attentive, kind nurse, and I am glad to hear your corroboration. Write soon.

When I was able to write to Sir Joseph myself I did so. He replied :

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I am delighted to see your handwriting again, as that proves to me how much better you are. I am going to Dover's to-morrow, and to Cannon Heath on Friday. I saw from the first your illness must be tedious, and that made me send some of the horses to Dover, as I thought it would be too much of a charge for Harry. . . . I shall write again on Saturday. Do not fret about the horses; and I shall do nothing to the back-yard till you return. Now, take my advice—the moment you can move from Doncaster, go to the seaside somewhere. You will regain your strength there ten times as quickly as you would at Cannon Heath. Ask the doctor if I am not right. Write to me if you want money, and tell me where you are going.

My purpose in reproducing these letters is to emphasise all I have written about Sir Joseph Hawley's good-heartedness. They are characteristic of the man, revealing as they do the traits which appealed so strongly to those who had the privilege of being in his service.

Before my illness began Sir Joseph had decided to build stables at Kingsclere, a mile or two from those we were occupying at Cannon Heath. The land had already been bought when I broke down, but the plans had still to be prepared. It was desirable that no time should be lost. I was very anxious the architect should embody in his designs the ideas I had formed regarding the requirements of a racing stable; so when I was convalescent I obtained a drawing-board, T-square, pencil and paper, and set to work to

prepare some plans. My doctor became greatly interested in the scheme, and every time he paid me a visit wanted to know how it was progressing. There was only one thing that bothered me, and that was the drainage system connected with the pig-sties ! This worried me so much that at last the doctor ordered me to leave the sties out until I returned home. I may say here that the Kingsclere stables were eventually built pretty much in accordance with my plans, and the pig-sty difficulty was triumphantly surmounted. They constituted a striking contrast with the buildings at Cannon Heath, where the stables were merely converted barns, the place having formerly been a farmhouse, with the usual appurtenances. Nevertheless, the Derby winners Musjid and Beadsman were quartered there. Fine stables do not make fine horses.

Adopting the advice of Sir Joseph Hawley, I went to the seaside when at last I was well enough to leave Doncaster, and it was Christmas when I got back to Cannon Heath, to find it denuded of horses. Jim Dover still had them at Ilsley, and they remained with him until I felt thoroughly fit. Altogether, I was "out of harness" about six months.

Among the two-year-olds that came to me from Dover's in January 1866 were the Salamanca filly (by Beadsman, and afterwards named Ara-peile), The Palmer (a bay colt by Beadsman out

of Madame Eglentine), and Red Shoes, a bay colt by a Derby winner out of an Oaks winner, for his parents were Beadsman and Miami. These were contributors to our season's modest total of £1425. The Salamanca filly, as she was known that year, brought in £1050 by winning the Bretby Stakes at Newmarket in the autumn. That was a narrow squeak, for it was by a head only she beat Mr. Savile's Ravioli. It was, moreover, the only success that stands to her credit in the *Calendar*. She would have won two other races, one as a two-year-old, and the other the following season, but for having the misfortune to be opposed by the brilliant mare Achievement, to whom she ran second in the New Stakes and the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. After the latter race Arapeile went to the stud. She was the first produce of Salamanca, whose third foal was Pero Gomez (brother to Arapeile), about whom I shall have a good deal to say in due course. Arapeile's first two foals were Alava (by Asteroid) and Ragusa (by FitzRoland), both of whom I trained to win races. Another of her produce was Concha, brother to Alava, who became the sire of Cinnamon, dam of the Grand National winner Covertcoat. In 1874 Arapeile went to Australia, but her record there was not, I believe, an impressive one.

The Palmer was a decidedly useful and a very honest horse—a better one than his record makes

him appear. He was powerfully built on long and low lines, standing 15.3. A fine-tempered horse, he was very sound and had a hardy constitution. As a racehorse he improved steadily as he grew older. He won the first time out as a two-year-old, but ran unplaced in each of his three other races that season. That we had reason to believe him a good colt may be inferred from the fact that Sir Joseph Hawley had a big bet with Mr. Chaplin that The Palmer would beat Hermit in the Derby, one to win. Eventually Sir Joseph hedged a portion of his bet, but he had, of course, to pay the balance.¹ And yet how good the wager looked before the race, for, at 7 to 1, The Palmer was second favourite to Vauban, whereas Hermit was quoted at 66 to 1. I dare say The Palmer could not have beaten Hermit under any circumstances, but our horse ought not to have finished so far behind the winner as he did. It was not altogether his fault, for he got badly knocked about during the race.

I have always looked upon Hermit as a good Derby winner, but he might have failed had not Captain Machell been compelled to give him an easy time for ten days or so owing to the breaking of the blood-vessel. Hermit was a delicate horse, and did not require much work. This was the case with most of Newminster's sons and

¹ It is alleged that the bet was one of £50,000, and that Sir Joseph Hawley had to find £30,000.

daughters. It used to be the fashion in those days, and not without reason, to impose Newminster blood on that of Stockwell, or *vice versa*. The Birdcatchers often had curby hocks; descendants of Touchstone very seldom had a curb. On the other hand, many of the Touchstones had straight shoulders and not the best of forelegs, defects which the Birdcatchers rarely displayed. The offspring of Stockwell were much hardier than those of Newminster. As a rule, a mare by Stockwell was a far better mother than a mare by Newminster. The former always had a great supply of milk. This is a characteristic which Bend Or, a grandson of Stockwell, transmitted to his daughters, and a very valuable one it is.

If we turn to the report of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting of 1868 in the *Racing Calendar*, it is to find that "Sir J. Hawley's The Palmer, 8 st. 13 lb., received forfeit from Mr. Chaplin's Hermit, 8 st. 10 lb., both four years old, Across the Flat ($1\frac{1}{4}$ m.). £500, half forfeit." It would be interesting to know the inner history of that Match. Perhaps the Derby bet between the two owners came up for discussion some time or other, and Sir Joseph, desiring to emphasise his opinion that Hermit was lucky to win, audaciously backed The Palmer to give Mr. Chaplin's horse 3 lb. Though Hermit paid forfeit, it cannot have been because he was not fit, for the following day he was well backed to win the Houghton

Handicap. He was, however, beaten in this, as in all the other races in which he ran that season. These two horses were also "matched" in the spring. Then, however, Hermit was to have given The Palmer 13 lb., but his owner was content to pay the £250 forfeit.

Matches were very much the vogue in those days, especially at Newmarket. Sir George Chetwynd, in his *Racing Reminiscences*, gives us a description of the way in which they were generally arranged. When the cloth had been removed after dinner at the Jockey Club Rooms, and the snuff-box, made out of Eclipse's foot, had gone round, those present willing to make Matches wrote on slips of paper the names of the horses they wished to run. Admiral Rous would examine the slips, consult the owners of two of the horses, refer to his well-thumbed handicap book, and then, addressing the owners, say: "Gentlemen, put your hands in your pockets. You shall run the last five furlongs of the Abingdon Mile for 100 sovs., 50 forfeit. The Blank colt shall carry 8 st. 10 lb. and the other 8 st. 2 lb." The owners then withdrew their hands from their pockets. If it was found that both held money the Match was made, and the half-crowns went to the Admiral; if only one held money, the non-content paid him; if neither held money, there was no Match and no exchange of coin.

These Matches kept trainers on tenterhooks. They were frequently made without the trainer being consulted. Horses visiting Newmarket could at that period remain there for several weeks without becoming liable for the Heath Tax. At the beginning of the series of spring and autumn meetings I used to take with me to Newmarket all the horses in our stable in a condition to race, whether they were or were not engaged. While a meeting was in progress, Sir Joseph would, during the evening, send for me and say : " I have just made a Match to run so-and-so against Thingumy. Have my horse ready to run to-morrow." The plan of having the horses on the spot led, indeed, to a lot of good sport we should not otherwise have seen. Both in the spring and autumn I used to be at Newmarket five weeks without going home. The change from this procedure, which followed the revision, in 1872, of the regulations with regard to the payment of the Heath Tax by visiting horses, was in some measure responsible for the disappearance of Matches from the Newmarket programme.

Before making this digression we were discussing The Palmer. As a three-year-old he won three of his eight races—the Ascot Derby and the Royal Stakes and Free Handicap at Newmarket. In the last-named event he had, however, to divide honours with the Duke of

Newcastle's Julius, who, a fortnight previously, gained fame by carrying 8 st. to victory in the Cesarewitch, a remarkably fine achievement for a three-year-old. In the Free Handicap Julius was giving The Palmer 6 lb. The following year, in the autumn, The Palmer won a couple of Plates at Newmarket, and then, at Liverpool, carried off the Autumn Cup—a big betting race. Captain Machell had hoped to win the prize with Knight of the Garter, but The Palmer beat him half a length. This victory greatly pleased Sir Joseph Hawley, because, in a way, it avenged his loss over Hermit in the previous year's Derby. As a five-year-old The Palmer's only race was for the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. He was unplaced, the winner being Sir Charles Legard's Vespasian, who, with 10 st. 4 lb. in the saddle (the bottom weight being 5 st. 7 lb.), gave a fine performance. After this The Palmer retired from the Turf, and began his stud life at Mr. Cookson's place, Neasham Hall, near Darlington, where also The Earl was located. The Earl was anything but a fertile stallion, and this failing is often revealed in pedigrees, horses or mares by "The Earl or The Palmer" being frequently met with. One such was Lord Lonsdale's filly, Pilgrimage, winner of the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas in 1878. The Palmer was also the sire of Jenny Howlet, who won the Oaks for Mr. Perkins in 1880. It can, therefore, be said

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of the son of Beadsman that he gained greater renown after he left the Turf than he did on it.

Madame Eglentine, the dam of The Palmer, was a mare with a very peculiar temperament, which, fortunately, she did not transmit to her "children." When in training she was always extremely obstinate at the start of a race, and at the stud invariably foaled under a tree in one of the paddocks at Leybourne. Had she been confined to a box on these occasions she most certainly would have killed her foal.

We now come to Red Shoes, the colt by Beadsman out of Miami. The part he plays in our story is that of a species of "super." As a racehorse he was a nonentity, and we are concerned with him only as a juvenile in 1866. After five abortive efforts, he did manage to win a £50 Plate at Newmarket. The following day he failed in a similar race, and two days after that ran second in a Sweepstakes, "the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded." The winner was Mr. Chaplin's chestnut colt Satyr, by Mar-syas. After the race Sir Joseph Hawley "demanded" Satyr, much to the annoyance of Mr. Chaplin and his friends, one of whom was Lord Westmoreland, whose Rose Leaf had finished third. The Satyr party had, I was afterwards told, won £7000 over their colt, on whom odds of 5 to 2 were finally laid. Naturally, they did not want to lose a horse who had done them so

good a turn, and who might do them another in the future. But Sir Joseph was deaf to all entreaties. To "get even" with him, Lord Westmoreland claimed Red Shoes for Mr. Chaplin. He could not have done us a greater kindness; we were delighted to be relieved of the colt. Speaking generally, if ever we ran a horse in a selling race, it was because we wanted to get rid of it. Two days later, carrying Mr. Chaplin's colours, Red Shoes ran third in a "Seller," but he never saw a racecourse afterwards.

And what of Satyr? His story is a somewhat remarkable one. We could only run him twice as a three-year-old: at Northampton, in the spring, he ran third in the Earl Spencer Plate, and at Ascot won a small handicap. He was then put on one side with a view to the Cambridgeshire. All through the summer he seemed to improve, and as he was well handicapped, we were extremely hopeful of seeing him win. But our expectations were suddenly turned to lamentations. While Satyr was being tried he fell when about half-way through the gallop. Quickly regaining his feet, he dashed off over the Downs, crossing roads, sheep-tracks, and all sorts of rough ground. When at last we caught him, we found, to our dismay, that he had sprung both suspensory ligaments. So lame was he that it took us a long time to get him home, and of course there was no more racing for him that year.

I told Sir Joseph that if we treated Satyr with care, and had him lightly fired, we might be able to win the Royal Hunt Cup with him the following year, for, as I pointed out, he would, at Ascot, be running uphill, and on a course over which he had already won. I was told to do what I thought best, and, much to our satisfaction, the horse got over his troubles nicely. As soon as there was betting on the Royal Hunt Cup, Sir Joseph backed Satyr to win him £18,000, but as he wanted to know the full strength of the position, we arranged for a trial about a week before Ascot. In that gallop the ligaments "went" again. The situation looked hopeless, and we regarded it in that light.

I had several horses running at Ascot that year, including some two-year-olds, and wanted an older horse to walk on to the course with them when they went to do their morning's work. Sir Joseph told me to use Satyr for that purpose. "If," he said, "they see him on the course, I may be able to hedge some of my bets." So to Ascot Satyr went, and the first morning Jem Adams rode him a gentle canter. For a week he had never been out of a walk—he was sound enough for that exercise—and while in his box had spent most of his time soaking his legs in a pail, *à la* Bedminster. After the canter Adams rode the horse up to where I was standing, and, with an aggrieved tone in his voice, said: "This

is a nice sort of horse to put me on. He will break my neck. I thought every moment he was going to fall down."

Presently, up came Sir Joseph to see his two-year-olds at work. I told him we had just given Satyr a canter. "Do you think," he asked, "it will do him any harm if he runs for the Hunt Cup to-morrow?" I replied that it was practically a certainty he would break down, but as he was virtually a broken-down horse already, we might as well let him take his chance. "No doubt," I added, "the race will bring his racing career to an end, for it will be idle to attempt to patch him up again." "Then we will start him," said Sir Joseph. Start him we did, and to our utter astonishment, he won pretty easily. Sir Joseph had not been able to lay off any of his bets, and so won £18,000.

In view of the facts I have here set down, it is rather amusing to read in a contemporary publication that "the Royal Hunt Cup was a triumph of the British public over the judgment of Sir Joseph Hawley, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Mr. Gerard Sturt—a nice 'job lot' to take against the field—for the former body would stick to Satyr against Eastley, who was tried to be nearly, if not quite, a stone better than Freemason (a winner at Chester that year), and who, if ridden by Butler with a whip, would doubtless have landed the good thing cleverly."

Eastley was a three-year-old colt by Trumpeter, owned by Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Sturt (afterwards Lord Alington), trained by Harry Goater at Winchester, and, at 5 to 4, one of the hottest favourites ever known for the Royal Hunt Cup. That he must have been tried very highly goes without the saying ; but he never won a race. It may be that Sir Joseph Hawley endeavoured to "save" some of the money he had laid out on Satyr (who started a third favourite at 10 to 1) by backing Eastley, but if so he did not tell me about it. Anyhow, by beating the presumed certainty, we put the cat among the pigeons properly ! We ran Satyr thrice more that season—twice at Goodwood, where he was beaten a neck only for the Chichester Stakes. Then, deciding that it was not worth our while to persevere with him, we gave him to Mannington, the Brighton "vet," who, after much patience, managed to win a race or two with him in 1871. The horse afterwards became the property of a Mr. Snap, and in a £100 Plate, at Ascot, defeated Sir Joseph's candidate, Green Riband, who finished second !

A GREAT REVIVAL

IN the course of the racing season of 1867 the Cannon Heath stable once more became the abode of horses capable of holding their own with the best in the land. The series of lean years had terminated ; the " cherry, black cap " were again prominent on the Turf. Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve had " arrived " and were to make stirring history before they disappeared from the public's ken. For two seasons these three treasures, all bred by Sir Joseph Hawley, and all by Beadsman, were very closely associated. Two of them often ran in the same race, while on one memorable occasion the three came together under the starter's orders.

Blue Gown was the first to run. He was out of Bas Bleu, a mare by Stockwell from Vexation, daughter of Touchstone. Bas Bleu herself received forfeit in a couple of Matches, but did not otherwise contribute to her keep, for she was beaten in all the six races she ran. In those days a spring meeting was held at

Ascot, and there, in May, Blue Gown made his first appearance in public. It was a successful outing, for he won the Sunning Hill Stakes over half a mile. Among the horses he defeated was Mr. S. Thellusson's colt Lictor, already a winner, and presently to become an inmate of the Kingsclere Stable. The fact that on this occasion Blue Gown started an odds-on favourite shows that we were not unaware of his merits. His next race was at Bath. There he was again favourite, but beaten by the Marquis of Hastings' filly, Lady Elizabeth (about whom so much was to be heard in the course of the next few months) and by Mr. Pryor's Grimston. So far as Grimston was concerned, the form was not correct; when they met again, at Ascot in June, in the Fernhill Stakes, Blue Gown got the better of him.

That same Ascot week Rosicrucian was "produced" to good purpose, for he won a Maiden Plate from twenty-one opponents, starting an equal favourite with Sir Frederick Johnstone's Banditto. Rosicrucian's dam was Madame Eglentine, so he was brother to The Palmer. Madame Eglentine was a mare by Cowl, out of Diversion, by Defence, and was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley. Her racing career began and ended during her two-year-old days. She won six of the eleven events in which she ran, the value of the stakes to her credit at

the end of the season being £1610. It is quite likely she would have done even more than this but for her wayward temperament. Her wilfulness was generally displayed in its most aggravated form at the starting-post. On one occasion, when an attendant took hold of the bridle, she threw herself on the ground in a fit of rage. I often saw her at the Leybourne Grange Stud when there to inspect the yearlings. Sir Joseph had some Russian sheep, and one day I saw two of them standing on Madame Eglentine's hocks nibbling at her tail ! There was evidently a sharply defined line between her likes and dislikes. The Palmer was her third foal and Rosicrucian her fourth. After his success at Ascot, Rosicrucian ran no more until the autumn, nor was it till then that Green Sleeve made a somewhat sensational debut. In the meantime the name of Blue Gown, and that of John Wells also, had come prominently before the public.

It was at Doncaster that Blue Gown ran his next race. Since Ascot he had steadily improved, and we expected he would take a lot of beating for the Champagne Stakes, then, as in later days, one of the most important two-year-old events of the season. The race was run on the Tuesday, and we arrived at Doncaster the previous day. Wells was now, for a jockey, physically a big man, "walking"

about 10 st. in the winter months. During the racing season he therefore found it necessary to do a little "wasting" each day in order to keep his weight within reasonable limits. On the Monday afternoon he walked about four miles out of Doncaster, to a village where some friends of his lived. Instead of returning at once to Doncaster, as he had intended to do, he was persuaded to stay the night, and sat up into the small hours of the morning playing cards. He walked back next day, reaching the course just in time to weigh out, at 9 st. 6 lb., for a horse named Xi, whom I saddled for the first race. His mount ran "nowhere." Wells finished without his irons, and I wondered what was the matter. I was not, however, able to make inquiries, because at that very moment a terrific thunderstorm burst over the course. I had given orders which would have resulted in Blue Gown being brought from his stable in the town to the paddock within the next few minutes, and, wishing him to miss the heavy rain, I borrowed a hack and hurried away to stop the colt until the storm was over. It did not last long, but when I returned to the course with Blue Gown I learned that Wells had already weighed out. He had to "do" 8 st. 10 lb., and I asked Mr. Manning, the Clerk of the Scales, if everything was in order. He assured me it was. I had no reason to doubt it. Wells

had been riding for me for some years, and I felt I could trust him implicitly.

The race was duly run, and Blue Gown won, beating the filly Virtue half a length. So far so good ; we were all very pleased. But our joy was short-lived. "At the weighing-in," reports the *Calendar*, "Wells was more than 2 lb. overweight ; and Blue Gown was disqualified." This catastrophe was caused by wilful stupidity on the part of our jockey. It was the climax to a private quarrel between Wells and the jockey John Doyle. The latter had been nursing a grievance more than twelve months. At the Ascot Spring Meeting, the previous year, Doyle won the Sunning Hill Stakes on Mr. Savile's D'Estournel. Baron Rothschild's Hippias, ridden by Morris, finished second, beaten a head, and Sir Joseph Hawley's Fakir, Wells up, was third. Morris objected to D'Estournel for bumping, and Wells was called before the Stewards as a witness. Doyle, rightly or wrongly, gained the impression that Wells's evidence induced the Stewards to disqualify D'Estournel. Anyway, Doyle, though specifically exonerated from blame, was furious with Wells, and, having roundly abused him, brought the scene to an end by declaring he would "get even" some day.

Doyle saw Wells weigh out for Blue Gown at Doncaster, and noticed that he touched the

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ground with the tip of his toe to prevent the weights rising, and then jumped quickly off the scale. This was a trick commonly practised by jockeys who were overweight, and, as Clerks of the Scale were not so particular in those days as they are now, it generally served its purpose. Doyle's chance of "getting even" had now arrived. After the race he followed Wells into the weighing room, and saw him drop a small cloth on the floor. Waiting until Wells had got into the scale, Doyle approached with the missing cloth in his hand, and said: "Here! You weighed out with this, so you must weigh in with it." When he had received the cloth Wells was unmistakably overweight, and was still so when the 2 lb. allowed was put in against him.

I at once sent for Sir Joseph Hawley. When he arrived the weighing process was gone through again, with the same result. Admiral Rous was now summoned. He ordered the 2 lb. to be once more placed in the scale, and saw Wells easily pull the extra weight. One of the bystanders suggested that another 2 lb. should be put on, but the Admiral forbade this being done. "No, certainly not," he said; "it would not be fair to Sir Joseph Hawley to show what weight the horse really carried." Then the Admiral, who was furious, cuffed Wells on the back of the head, and shouted at him: "Get

out ! I'm ashamed of you." I have always been certain in my own mind that if 6 lb. more than the proper weight had been placed in the scales Wells would still have pulled it. He made a great mistake when he spent the previous night in convivial fashion, and a much greater one when he tried to cover up his foolishness by a piece of sharp practice.

When we got outside the weighing room, I said to Wells: "This is a very sad business. You had better see Sir Joseph at once and have it out with him." Adopting my suggestion, Wells sought an interview. Sir Joseph, who had lost £4000 by the disqualification of Blue Gown, refused, however, to talk to him then. He ordered the crestfallen jockey to call upon him the following morning, at the same time telling him his services would not be required again that week. After Wells had seen Sir Joseph the next day, he said to me: "I got more weight off during the twenty minutes I was in that room than I did in the course of any walk I ever took." And I can quite believe it. Wells did not wear Sir Joseph's colours again until October, when, at Newmarket, he rode Xi to beat The Earl in a Match—a performance in which he excelled himself. He was now forgiven his senseless behaviour at Doncaster, and his relations with Sir Joseph were ever afterwards all that those between a servant and his

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master should be. Wells never forgot the lesson he received, and so richly deserved.

This, however, was not the first time he had been in trouble. In 1863, my first year at Cannon Heath, he jumped to the conclusion that Sir Joseph would not have a runner in the St. Leger, and, without consulting me or any one else, undertook to ride Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha. Presently this arrangement was announced in the newspapers. We had Woldga entered in the St. Leger, and I received a telegram from Sir Joseph instructing me to take the horse to Doncaster with the others we were running at the meeting. The message mystified me, because I knew Sir Joseph did not intend running Woldga in the St. Leger, and he was not in any other race at Doncaster. A letter which followed the telegram explained matters.

After I reached Doncaster, Wells called to see the horses I had brought for him to ride. When he found Woldga there he asked, "What's he in?" "The Leger," I replied. "But," said Wells, thoroughly alarmed, "he's not going to run, is he?" "What do you suppose he's come for?" was my rejoinder. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the jockey. "What am I to do? I have promised to ride Queen Bertha." "In that case," said I, "you had better go and hear what Sir Joseph has to say."

Away Wells went, in a very disturbed state

of mind. I afterwards learned that Sir Joseph asked him what he supposed he received a retainer for. Did he not think it was his duty to ask his employer, or his employer's trainer, what horses the stable was running before entering into engagements to ride other people's horses? At that interview Wells got no release; indeed, he was kept in a state of suspense until the morning of St. Leger day. Then he was told that Woldga would not run and that he might ride Queen Bertha. "It will," said Sir Joseph to me, "teach him not to take these liberties." Wells profited by this uncomfortable experience; never again did he engage himself to ride horses belonging to other owners without first obtaining leave. As a master, Sir Joseph was kindness itself, but he would stand no nonsense.

Wells was a most capable jockey, and as "straight as a die." The Blue Gown incident at Doncaster is, so far as I know, the only black mark against his name. There was not sufficient money in the Bank of England to bribe him to ride a crooked race. In the matter of dress, he was most eccentric. Custance has something to say about this in his *Recollections*.

You would one day see him in a tall hat very much turned up at the sides, and next day he would be wearing a cream-coloured one, with a deep black band. On one occasion, when he was riding Pero Gomez at exercise on the course at Doncaster on the Tuesday morning,

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before Sir Joseph Hawley's horse won the St. Leger, Wells appeared in an Alpine hat with several feathers, a suit of clothes made from a Gordon plaid, and a pair of red morocco slippers ! When he arrived on the course, about seven o'clock in the morning, every one roared with laughter. Wells, however, didn't mind a bit.

I think Custance is wrong in stating that Wells appeared in this extraordinary garb at Doncaster. He was so dressed, looking like a harlequin, one day at Newmarket, when he "rode" a walk-over for Sir Joseph. Some one suggested that Wells was offending the proprieties. "Oh," replied Sir Joseph, "I don't care how he dresses; he's a good enough jockey for me."

One Sunday afternoon at Newmarket Mr. George Payne and Admiral Rous came round to have a look at our horses. Wells was there, tremendously dressed. Mr. Payne, after eyeing him up and down, said, "You *do* look a swell." Whereupon came the rejoinder from the jockey, delivered in quite a superior tone: "My tailor makes my clothes for nothing. It is not often he comes across a figure like mine to fit them on. I am a walking advertisement for him."

Wells had grown very tall. He lived freely when not required to keep his weight down, and the two things together caused him to have to waste hard during the racing season. This, no doubt, shortened his life. He died July 17, 1873. Custance writes :

I think Wells was the tallest and biggest man I ever saw ride 8 st. 7 lb. He was an extraordinarily good pedestrian, and would bet that he walked eleven miles in two hours with four suits of sweaters on. . . . Wells was a very strong man on a horse, and used to lap his long legs round them at the finish. He always sat well back in his saddle, kept fast hold of the horse's head, and was a very resolute finisher. Take him altogether, he was a good jockey.

This description is correct. In 1859, Wells, his brother-in-law Ashmall (they married daughters of Tom Taylor, of Bretby), and John Osborne, were involved in a frightful spill at Chester, and were in hospital for some time. It was the general opinion that after that accident Wells was not quite the intrepid rider he had been. Nevertheless, it was admitted that he rode a marvellous finish on Musjid in the Derby that same year. As one authority declared, "not one jockey out of fifty who cared a straw for his life, would have dashed through the mob of horses that shut him in as he did." Known in the early years of his professional life as "Tiny" Wells, because of his diminutive stature, he was in later life nicknamed "Brusher." More careful with the money he earned than jockeys generally are, he invested some of his savings in a steel pen factory at Birmingham, and he also made liberal provision for his parents.

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THE horse Xi, to whom reference was made in the previous chapter, was an individual of considerable consequence. His value will not be ascertained by examining the record of his performances on the race track. He won several races, but it was the service he rendered as a "schoolmaster," and trial horse, that caused me to regard him with special affection. He was anything but fashionably bred, for his sire was General Williams (a son of Womersley) and his dam a mare named Lambda, by Umbriel, son of Touchstone. Foaled in 1863, he was bought as a yearling by John Osborne senior, and at north-country meetings won six of the seven races he ran as a two-year-old. John Osborne died that year, and in September his horses were sold by auction. Xi was the only lot that ran into four figures. Sir Joseph Hawley gave 2100 guineas for him, and allowed Sir Frederick Johnstone to have a half-share. Speed was his forte, six furlongs being his best distance. As a three-year-old (1866) he ran second for the

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Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and second in the Houghton Handicap at Newmarket ; in 1867 he won five races, including the Chichester Stakes at Goodwood and a Match for £500 against The Earl, the third day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. The Earl came from the powerful Danebury stable, where also Lady Elizabeth was trained. Xi had to give The Earl 23 lb., and beat him a head over six furlongs. The information we thus gleaned was invaluable.

Sir Joseph used to let Wells and me "stand in" with him over some of his Matches. I remember when the one for £500 between Blue Gown and Friponnier was about to be decided he asked me how much of the Stake I would like to have, and I said £25. "You had better have a hundred," said Sir Joseph. "It's a good thing, you know." I agreed to take £100. Then he turned to Wells and said, "What do you want?" With characteristic audacity Wells replied: "The remainder, please!" "And what am I to have?" asked Sir Joseph. "Oh!" said the jockey, "the honour and glory will be yours, sir." Sir Joseph took this badinage in good part and, I believe, allowed Wells also to have a £100 share in the Match.

Before going to the Newmarket Second October Meeting that year (1867) we tried our

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best two-year-olds with Xi, and the following was the result:

Six Furlongs

Rosicrucian, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	. . .	1
Green Sleeve, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	. . .	2
Blue Gown, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	. . .	3
Xi, 4 yrs., 9 st. 8 lb.	. . .	4

Won by a length; five lengths between second and third, a length between third and fourth.

We had not had a runner at the First October Meeting, but mapped out a campaign for the Second October and Houghton weeks, taking with us eight horses. Five of them won nine races worth £10,985. The record may thus be summarised :

Green Sleeve, 2 yrs., won Middle Park Plate (£4410) and the Prendergast Stakes (£1025).

Rosicrucian, 2 yrs., won Criterion Stakes (£1240) and the Troy Stakes (£1050).

Blue Gown, 2 yrs., won the Clearwell Stakes (£910).

Adosinda, 2 yrs., 3rd Maiden Plate and 3rd Bretby Stakes.

Cotytto, 2 yrs., unplaced £100 Plate.

The Palmer, 3 yrs., won Free Handicap Sweepstakes (£1150); won Royal Stakes (£600); received forfeit (£100) in a Match; 2nd in £100 Handicap—beaten a head.

Wolsey, 4 yrs., beaten a neck in a deciding heat for the Cambridgeshire, after dead-heating with Lozenge; 2nd in a Free Handicap Sweepstakes.

Xi, 4 yrs., 3rd in Handicap Sweepstakes; beat The Earl in a Match (£500); beaten in a Match by Frippnier.

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This series of achievements was one of which we had every reason to be proud. It caused quite a sensation.

On our way to Newmarket for the Second October Meeting an exciting incident occurred. We were taking not only the horses due to run that week but also Wolsey, who was engaged in the Cambridgeshire. Having three such valuable youngsters as Rosicrucian, Green Sleeve, and Blue Gown in his team, Sir Joseph Hawley was very anxious about their journey from Cannon Heath to Newmarket. I must explain that the Great Eastern London terminus was then at Bishopsgate Street, and there was no railway line connecting that system with Paddington or Waterloo. We usually travelled to Waterloo, and then walked the horses across London to Bishopsgate Street.

On this occasion Sir Joseph headed our procession through the City streets, in his brougham, while I, riding my hack, was at the tail-end of the "string." We reached Bishopsgate Street without anything untoward happening, and went to the loading-platform. This was close to the Parcels Office ; vans and cabs were constantly passing, and there was very little space in which to manœuvre. Just as Sir Joseph was congratulating himself on the fact that our arrangements had worked without a hitch, a "growler" came by and touched Wolsey

on one of his quarters. The next moment Wolsey, who had reared up and fallen backwards, was practically sitting in the cab! We got him on his legs again, and, greatly to our relief, found that only the cab had suffered. The cabman was furious, and threatened an action to recover damages. I retaliated by making a counter threat, and probably frightened him by saying that inasmuch as our horse was worth £3000 or £4000, our claim would inconvenience, if it did not ruin, his master. This bluff answered its purpose, for we heard nothing more about the affair. I was really rather glad the accident had happened, because it opened Sir Joseph's eyes to the risks that had to be run when we were "travelling" the horses.

Of the races we won that week the Middle Park Plate was far and away the most important, as well as the most valuable. It was only the second year of this event. I saddled both Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian. The latter had to carry 8 lb. more than the filly, but, as he had given her 6 lb. in our trial and beaten her a length, we naturally expected him to finish in front again. This expectation was reflected by the betting, for whereas odds of 7 to 1 were laid against Rosicrucian, backers of Green Sleeve could obtain 100 to 8. Sir Joseph Hawley, however, made no declaration in favour of either of his candidates; they were to run on

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their merits, and many speculators guarded themselves by backing the two coupled at 4 to 1. Sir Joseph himself adopted this plan.

But our two youngsters were not the only "peas in the pod." The Danebury people thought they had a particularly good one in Lady Elizabeth, bearer of the Marquis of Hastings' colours. The public shared their views. A bay filly by Trumpeter out of Miss Bowzer, by Hesperus (son of Bay Middleton), Lady Elizabeth had, up to this time, run in eleven races and won them all. John Day (son of my old master) deemed her as good as, if not better than, Crucifix and Virago; in fact, she was considered a veritable marvel. And so, although penalised 7 lb. because of her previous successes, she started a hot favourite at 11 to 10. Her owner was having one of his plunges. The result read:

Sir J. Hawley's b.f. Green Sleeve, 8 st. 3 lb.	Kenyon	1
Sir J. Hawley's b.c. Rosicrucian, 8 st. 9 lb.	Huxtable	2
Mr. M. Dawson's ch.f. Lady Coventry, 8 st. 3 lb.	Grimshaw	3
Mr. G. Jones's ch.f. Formosa, 8 st. 13 lb.	Heartfield	4
M. of Hastings' b.f. Lady Elizabeth, 8 st. 13 lb.	Fordham	5
(Eleven others ran.)		

Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian finished on opposite sides of the wide course. The filly was close to the judge's box, which was then on

the farther side of the track. Rosicrucian almost scraped the blackboard opposite. In the early stages of the race the latter ran with the main body, but afterwards bore away to the left. How the judge could tell what had happened I really don't know. Sitting on my hack, I watched the race from a point opposite the winning-post on the farther side of the course, and I thought Rosicrucian had won easily, just as Huxtable, who rode him, did. I cantered away to meet Huxtable as he was returning to the paddock. "Well," I said to him, "how did he carry you?" "Oh!" he replied jauntily, "I won in a canter by about six lengths." "Did you indeed!" was my rejoinder; "then you'll be surprised to learn that the judge says Green Sleeve beat you a head." Huxtable was so taken aback that he nearly fell off his horse. He was neither the first nor the last jockey to be deceived when riding at Newmarket. There can be little doubt that Rosicrucian ought to have won, for, on Huxtable's own admission, he was by no means "all out." However, it did not matter much, seeing that Sir Joseph's bet was safe if either of his candidates was first past the post. There was, of course, much "weeping and wailing" in the Danebury camp, the more so because Lady Elizabeth had handicapped herself by making a slow beginning. She and Formosa were close behind Lady Coventry at

the finish. "It is," wrote a contemporary chronicler, "years since Danebury sustained so decisive a blow as was inflicted on its fortunes by the defeat of the slashing daughter of Trumpeter. John Day, who had remained at home to the last moment, was flabbergasted when he saw Lady Elizabeth beaten, although he must have heard enough of the merits of Sir Joseph Hawley's lot to convince him there were 'rocks ahead' of which his animal must steer clear. Still, when we consider how often Lady Elizabeth has been called upon during the season, her having to lower her colours cannot create much wonderment. If, however, the Marquis of Hastings lost his money, he did not lose his appetite, and, cheery as a lark, in pugilistic language, he came up smiling, only to receive more punishment in the next round." Two days later Lady Elizabeth re-established her fame by giving the three-year-old Julius (the winner, that week, of the Cesarewitch with 8 st. on his back) a short-head beating over six furlongs in a Match for £1000. The filly was receiving 9 lb. in this "duel," and her victory convinced Fordham that she would have won the Middle Park Plate but for the misfortune that overtook her at the beginning of the race.

There is no need to dwell on the other successes we scored at Newmarket that autumn. As the summary previously given shows, we also

won good races with Rosicrucian and Blue Gown, and the whole "atmosphere" of the two meetings appeared to us to be charged with happy auguries. A word or two may be added concerning the Cambridgeshire. We entertained no big ideas about Wolsey's chance; he and Lozenge were both quoted in the betting at 22 to 1. They ran two thrilling races. In the deciding heat slight odds were laid on our horse, but he was beaten a neck.

On Saturday, October 26, we left Newmarket and went direct to Kingsclere, having now definitely vacated the stables at Cannon Heath. The plans with which I was so busy while recovering from my illness at Doncaster had been translated into bricks and mortar. Park House had come into being, and it was to be my home so long as I remained in active service as a trainer—until, that is to say, 1905. The house and stables that exist to-day are, however, a considerably enlarged edition of the establishment built by Sir Joseph Hawley. His requirements were small, for he never had many horses in training at any one time. The house provided for myself and family was a mere cottage, and the boxes for the horses numbered only fourteen. The land acquired extended to ten acres. It was situated on the outskirts of the village, and almost at the foot of the Downs which furnished our training gallops. When Sir Joseph died I

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was informed that a clause in his will gave me the option of buying the property for £4000, which was about half what it had cost. I, of course, exercised the option, and as the stable developed I had to build and build, until eventually I had spent £20,000 on improvements.

Kingsclere has a recorded history dating back more than a thousand years. In the pre-Norman days it was known simply as Clere. King Alfred, by his will, bestowed it on his daughter Ethelgiva, Abbess of Shaftesbury. Domesday Book shows that in the time of Edward the Confessor Edwin the huntsman held two hides of the King's demesne in Clere, which the King gave him. Richard I. is known to have visited Clere, while John established his hunting-seat at Freemantle Park, near by. King John it was who changed the name to Kingsclere. The greater part of the parish belonged to the Crown until Charles II. gave it to his son, the Duke of Bolton, whose descendants are still the chief landowners in the locality. The Church of St. Mary's, which stands in the centre of the village, bears evidences of its Saxon origin, and has many attractions for the antiquary. To me it enshrines many precious and hallowed memories. It has been my privilege to help my good friend the Vicar to add to the church some suitable embellishments, including stained-glass windows in the north transept.

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But the charm of this House of God lies mainly in its simplicity. For a country church it is unusually large, and has a most imposing tower, from the top of which a magnificent view is obtained. Among the tombstones to be seen in the churchyard is that over the grave of John Wells, the jockey, who, partly on account of his wife's health, left Newmarket to live near Kingsclere, and who died there.

BLUE GOWN'S DERBY

WE were in rather too great a hurry to leave Cannon Heath. During the winter of 1867-1868 Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve, together with several of the other horses, suffered from a species of influenza which reduced them to a very low condition. The illness was, in all probability, caused by the dampness of the new boxes, the walls of which sweated a good deal. Luckily, Blue Gown, whose box was between those occupied by Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve, escaped the malady. He had an extraordinary constitution and seemed incapable of catching any disease. In the early weeks of 1868 Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve, suffering from persistent coughs and colds, were treated by Mannington, of Brighton, who inserted setons in their throats, and these were not removed until about three weeks before the Two Thousand Guineas, in which both ran. Blue Gown was also engaged in that race, but did not run because of a misunderstanding. Mr. George Herring, who at this period worked Sir Joseph's commissions,

had misinterpreted some statement made to him, and laid heavily against Blue Gown for the Guineas. The horse was, therefore, withdrawn from the race, because Sir Joseph did not want to place his agent in an awkward predicament. We sometimes saw Mr. Herring at Kingsclere. He was godfather to my second daughter. In later life he became a very wealthy man, but he made most of his fortune in the City, where he was associated with Baron Hirsch. He was naturally an astute and clever man, and a very shrewd Turf "Commissioner."

During the winter Lady Elizabeth was favourite for the Derby at 6 to 1. Against Rosicrucian odds of 13 to 2 were laid; Green Sleeve was backed at 100 to 8, The Earl at 100 to 6, and Blue Gown at 25 to 1. Against "Sir Joseph Hawley's lot" odds of 500 to 150 were offered. Sir Joseph backed each of his three candidates to win him something like £80,000, but before we realised that if we were to win the Derby it would have to be with Blue Gown he had hedged his bets about that colt. Later on it became common knowledge that Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve had wintered badly, nevertheless the public made the filly favourite for the Two Thousand at 5 to 2. Formosa, who, it will be remembered, had finished not far behind her in the Middle Park Plate, was heavily backed at 3 to 1, and Rosicrucian was third favourite at 8 to 1.

We did not, of course, fancy either of our candidates. Formosa and Moslem ran a dead-heat for first place ; Mr. Chaplin's St. Ronan was a " bad third," and then came Green Sleeve, who did quite as well as we expected. At the Craven Meeting a fortnight earlier Blue Gown, who was a trifle lame at the time because his plates had been put on too tightly, ran The Earl to a neck in the Biennial. The public " jumped to conclusions " after that performance, because there was a general impression that both Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian were better than Blue Gown. So, indeed, they were according to our trial the previous autumn. What would have happened in the Two Thousand if our two runners had fared well during the winter can only be conjectured.

The weather had now become warmer, and we hoped Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve would quickly throw off the effects of their illness. As the days went by there was, however, scarcely any noticeable improvement. A fortnight having passed, it was decided that Rosicrucian and Blue Gown should be formally tried together. Although every effort was made to keep our intentions secret, the local touts learned in some mysterious way that there was to be a gallop. When visiting Kingsclere, Sir Joseph Hawley generally travelled either to Newbury or Overton, and the roads from these stations to the stables were carefully

watched by the reporters. I therefore arranged with Sir Joseph that he should on this occasion alight at Whitchurch. He happened to be the only passenger who got out of the train there, and when he gave up his ticket at the exit, was approached by the driver of a pony trap. "Can I have the honour of taking you, Sir Joseph?" asked the man, who had been a postboy at the Stockbridge Inn, and so knew by sight many of the magnates of the Turf. Sir Joseph was, of course, afraid our plans to ensure secrecy had been unmasked; but his alarm was needless. The driver of the trap was not in league with the touts. On reaching the Downs he was dismissed, and Sir Joseph walked to the rendezvous.

In the meantime we at Kingsclere had been compelled to resort to desperate measures in order to defeat the pertinacious touts, who had learned that the trial was to take place on the morning of May 12. The previous evening they took possession of an old toll-house on the Overton road, about half a mile from the stables. We usually went along this road when going to the Downs in the morning, and the touts expected to catch us, no matter how early we were astir. They had a liberal supply of refreshment and a pack of cards wherewith to while away the hours of waiting. Unknown to them, one of my servants had watched their movements, and told

me all he had seen. We discussed what was best to be done. My man solved the difficulty. "I think we can keep them where they are, sir," he said. "There's a chain and staple outside the toll-house, and with a padlock we can fasten them in." This scheme was adopted, and without disturbing our victims.

Early the following morning I took our horses to the Downs by a bridle path across the fields, and so did not go near the toll-house. Sir Joseph was waiting for me, and the trial was run unobserved by a single tout. When all was over we returned to Park House by way of the toll-house. Just as we got to it, the imprisoned touts were busy removing one of the windows. When they saw us, and realised they were well beaten, their anger was intense, and they assailed us with a volley of oaths. In a general way Sir Joseph did not object to touts; he used to say, indeed, that it was a bad sign when there were none interested in our horses. But on this occasion he greatly enjoyed the joke played at their expense.

We did not put Green Sleeve in the gallop; Blue Gown and Rosicrucian were tried with The Palmer, and the result was as follows :

One Mile and a Quarter

Rosicrucian, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	1
Blue Gown, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	2
The Palmer, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	.	.	.	3

Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

In "Two Thousand" week The Palmer, in a mile handicap, had given Vespasian a year and 9 lb., and run him to a length and a half. A fortnight before that Vespasian won a handicap over the Ditch Mile. We knew, therefore, The Palmer was in good racing trim. I cannot remember exactly what our impressions were when we saw Rosicrucian, still more or less an invalid, finish in front of Blue Gown. I imagine, however, that we must have been astonished. On the other hand, taking the result simply as it stood, it revealed Blue Gown as a colt who had "come on" since the two-year-old trial, in which "Rosi" gave him 6 lb. and beat him six lengths. After we had discussed the situation, Sir Joseph said to me: "I shall start my three in the Derby (Green Sleeve being the third), and if Blue Gown is the best on the day he will win if he can. I shall, however, declare to win with either of the other two." This meant that Blue Gown was to start to give the public a run for their money, because, as I have already explained, Sir Joseph, still standing to win £80,000 over either Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve, had laid off the bets he had made about Blue Gown.

A word or two concerning the individual characteristics of these three horses may not be out of place here. Rosicrucian was the most beautiful thoroughbred I have ever seen. Standing about 15.2, there was not a fault to be found

in his conformation; he was as near perfection as a horse can be. He had a rich dark brown coat. I have always regarded him as a very great horse; with the exception of Ormonde, I doubt if we have ever seen a better. This sweeping statement may cause surprise. Why do I praise him so highly? Well, over the Bretby Stakes Course of six furlongs he could, as a four-year-old, beat any horse in England. Vespasian was supposed to be a tremendous miler, and at Goodwood, as we have already seen, won the Chesterfield Cup of 1869 with 10 st. 4 lb. on his back. At Goodwood the following year Rosicrucian, at level weights, made a hack of Vespasian over the Craven Course of a mile and a quarter. As a six-year-old Rosicrucian carried 9 st. in the Ascot Stakes (then $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) and "walked" past the winning-post, having beaten his opponents a long way from home. In the Alexandra Plate (three miles), the same week, he met Musket, supposed to be the best stayer we had ever seen, gave him 7 lb., and beat him three-quarters of a length. It did not matter to Rosicrucian what the course was; whether it was four furlongs or four miles, you could not find one to beat him when he was at the top of his form. But for his illness in the winter of 1867-68 he would undoubtedly have won the Derby, for he was at least 10 lb. better than Blue Gown. He did not come to himself again until the autumn of 1869.

Nevertheless, Blue Gown was a good horse. He stood about 15.2½, and was greatly favoured by his vigorous constitution. He required little work and kept his condition well. Jockeys never had any trouble with him, for he was a kind, free horse to ride. His best distance was, I should say, a mile. True, he won the Ascot Cup, but in that race he was opposed merely by the horses he had accounted for in the Derby, and they could stay no better than he did. When Blue Gown met a real stayer—as in the following year when Brigantine beat him in the Ascot Cup—his lack of stamina was apparent.

Green Sleeve was the biggest of the three, for she measured 16 hands. Her coat was dark brown, almost black. She was too big for her limbs, for she was light of bone and very difficult to train. When, however, I had her right she was better than Blue Gown.

A day or two after our Derby trial we found that the gallop had, for the time being, taken out of Rosicrucian what little strength there was in him; he was not ready to run, nor anything like it. As Green Sleeve was also far below par, we were forced to rely chiefly on Blue Gown in the Derby. The declaration Sir Joseph made in favour of Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve was merely a precautionary measure, and so understood by the public; for whereas Blue Gown started second favourite at 7 to 2, odds of 25 to

1 and 30 to 1, respectively, were tendered against Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian. By adopting the course he did, Sir Joseph merely provided for the unlikely contingency of either of his other two candidates running as well as Blue Gown. In that event the latter could have been "pulled" to allow his stable companion to win. Wells had ridden all our Derby candidates in their exercise gallops, and when given his choice of mounts, selected Blue Gown without hesitation. I should have thought him a poor judge had he done otherwise. Blue Gown was then ready to run for his life; the other two most certainly were not.

The sporting public were greatly interested in our three horses, and their merits were freely discussed. I had an amusing experience one day when travelling to Overton from Waterloo. A military-looking gentleman and I had a compartment to ourselves. The former, after reading a sporting paper for some time, endeavoured to open a conversation by saying to me: "My friend Hawley has three horses engaged in the Derby. Sir Joseph tells me, and so does John Porter, that Rosicrucian is the best; but Wells, their jockey, whom I also know, fancies Blue Gown." I made no response, though I must have had some difficulty in holding my tongue. At Woking, our first stop, the guard came up and handed me a parcel of books from Smith's

library, which I ought to have received at Waterloo. The wrapping bore my name in large letters, and I displayed it in such a way that my fellow-traveller could see who I was. Furtively watching him, I secretly enjoyed his discomfiture when he realised he had made a *faux pas*. The instant the train drew up at Farnborough he bolted from the compartment. I was still smiling over the incident when he returned, and, addressing me through the open door, exclaimed: "Don't you think I am the biggest fool you ever met in your life!" I made some soothing rejoinder, and then away he went.

Before relating what actually happened in the Derby that year it is necessary, in order that the reader may have a full grasp of the situation, to refer to the unhappy plight in which the Danebury party found themselves on the eve of the race. While we at Kingsclere, the previous autumn, were gloating over our splendid trio, John Day and the Marquis of Hastings were equally wrapped up in Lady Elizabeth and The Earl. It would, perhaps, be more correct to name Lady Elizabeth alone, for, as a two-year-old, she was much superior to the colt. Indeed, so great was the confidence of the Danebury people in the filly's abilities that, while backing her to win them a big stake in the Derby, they, it was alleged, laid heavily against The Earl. This daring procedure landed them in a terrible mess.

Lady Elizabeth "went to pieces" during the winter, her set-back being the result of the tremendous effort made when she beat Julius in the Match immediately after the Cesarewitch. She became nervous and irritable and a delicate feeder. As the weeks flew by the hopes of the Marquis of Hastings descended to zero. His finances were in a desperate state. Most of his horses had, it was understood, been assigned to Mr. Padwick as security for a loan advanced to enable him to meet pressing debts. None knew better than John Day that Lady Elizabeth's success was almost past praying for, but he was afraid to learn the worst. The filly was not tried; she was not even given a stripped gallop. And yet the public, ignorant of the real state of affairs, were eagerly taking 5 to 4 about Lady Elizabeth. So far as the stable was concerned, the situation was the more galling because, in The Earl, it sheltered a colt believed to be capable of beating Blue Gown. Owing, however, to the money that had been laid against him, it was impossible to allow The Earl to start for the race with winning orders. The night before the Derby he was scratched. A week or two later The Earl won the Grand Prix de Paris. On Derby Day the odds against Lady Elizabeth expanded to 7 to 4, as well they might, but the public were still infatuated with her chance. Blue Gown was second favourite at 7 to 2.

There were eighteen runners. Lady Elizabeth, who had been saddled at The Warren—the Royal Hunting Box in the days of Charles II.—was fractious at the starting-post, and lost a few lengths when the flag fell. Entering the straight, half a mile from home, Blue Gown was lying second to Baron Rothschild's King Alfred, who was one of the "outsiders." Immediately behind were Speculum, St. Ronan, and Rosicrucian. While traversing the last two furlongs, King Alfred and Blue Gown had the issue between them, and until close home the former looked a certain winner; but Wells, riding with grim determination, drove Blue Gown along to draw level with King Alfred six strides from the goal, and then, with a final effort, landed him first past the post, the winner of an exciting contest by half a length. Speculum finished third, St. Ronan fourth, and Rosicrucian fifth. Lady Elizabeth was at the tail-end of the field, outpaced all the way. Two days later she was backed to win the Oaks, but again cut an ignominious figure, the prize going to Formosa. *Apropos* of our "declaration," it happened, curiously enough, that Baron Rothschild, starting Suffolk as well as King Alfred, declared to win with the former, who was fourth favourite at 10 to 1, whereas odds of 50 to 1 were laid against King Alfred.

Though Sir Joseph Hawley had lost his bets, he was very delighted over the victory of Blue

Gown. As for myself, I was transported into the "seventh heaven," for this was my first "classic" triumph. Everybody was generous with congratulations, and altogether it was a great day for Kingsclere.

The Danebury people, on the other hand, were in sore trouble. As if the bursting of the Lady Elizabeth bubble was not a sufficient punishment, Admiral Rous, boiling with indignation because of the belated scratching of The Earl, wrote a letter to *The Times*, in which he plainly indicated his belief that the Marquis of Hastings had been made the dupe of Mr. Padwick and John Day. At the end of the letter were the sentences: "In justice to the Marquis of Hastings, I state that he stood to win £35,000 by The Earl, and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will ask, 'Why did he scratch him?' What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped?"

The Marquis and Mr. Padwick at once sent rejoinders to *The Times*. The former described the Admiral's letter "as a tissue of misrepresentation from first to last. There is no single circumstance mentioned as regards my two horses, Lady Elizabeth and The Earl, correctly stated. . . . The Earl was scratched by my express desire and authority, and no one either prompted me or suggested to me to adopt that course." This was fairly explicit, but Mr. Padwick went further.

He stated that, at the instance of the Duke of Beaufort, he tried to dissuade the Marquis from scratching The Earl; and, moreover, declared that he himself had not wagered a shilling either on or against the colt. As for John Day, he at once sought the aid of the law, and instituted proceedings against the Admiral. Just as the public were developing a keen appetite for the disclosures the trial of the case was expected to produce, the matter was more or less amicably settled by the Admiral's formal withdrawal of his original letter. In taking that course he stated that the day he wrote his accusation he addressed a second letter to the editor of *The Times* asking him not to publish the one which caused offence.

It only remains to be added that the Marquis of Hastings, a victim of phthisis, died the following November. His brief and inglorious career formed the subject of many a homily on the evils of gambling and the iniquities of the Turf. He was undoubtedly one of the heaviest bettors during a period when plungers abounded; but those in a position to know averred that he was not a loser by his gambling on horses. It was, they said, his losses over cards and his extravagance in many directions that placed him in financial difficulties. At Doncaster that year the Marquis asked me if I would take Lady Elizabeth and The Earl and train them for him. I could not,

of course, give him an answer until I had consulted Sir Joseph Hawley. The latter said he preferred that I should not train for the Marquis, and that was the end of the matter.

Those were, indeed, exciting times for all associated with racing. There would then be as much money at stake over a £100 Plate as there is nowadays over the Derby itself. A succession of young and wealthy members of the aristocracy came on the Turf at that period, and each seemed determined to outdo his fellows by indulgence in reckless gambling. Several of them were ruined, for a time at least, and went abroad to live quietly while experts took their affairs in hand. It was anything but a healthy state of affairs, and we may be thankful that the Turf is now surrounded by a much calmer "atmosphere." I have never countenanced gambling. Betting in moderation is not necessarily objectionable, but I do not hold with those who maintain that racing cannot be enjoyed unless it is accompanied by betting. Some of the finest men I have known on the Turf never made a bet. Racing is a means to an end, and that end is not personal aggrandisement. It is what the French term the *amelioration* of the thoroughbred. Remove the racecourse test and the noblest of the equine species must inevitably deteriorate, and very rapidly too. Heavy betting always has been, and always will be, responsible for chicanery

and malpractices calculated to bring the Turf into disrepute.

Blue Gown's next race after the Derby was the Ascot Cup, and this he won very easily from Speculum and King Alfred. I have already explained that this achievement did not prove him to be endowed with stamina ; it simply showed that his opponents were not real stayers. At Doncaster he won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, beating six opponents, including Vespasian. He then competed in the Cesarewitch. Carrying 8 st. 11 lb. he started third favourite at 11 to 1, but was unplaced. A fortnight later, in the Cambridgeshire, he gave one of his finest performances. Handicapped at 9 st. he conceded 12 lb. to See-Saw, to whom he finished second, beaten a length and a half only. Blue Gown's chance, with so much weight on his back, was sadly prejudiced by a long delay at the post and several false starts, in all of which he came some distance. One critic writing of the race declared that "Blue Gown's running makes him out the best horse we have seen for a great number of years." Sir Joseph was one of the first to adopt the idea that horses at the top of a handicap had a good chance of winning. He used to say: "Give me a good horse and never mind the weight." He was about right.

We often hear growls about the iniquities of the starting gate, but it would be ridiculous to

revert to the old flag system. At the same time, I think better use could be made of the "gate." I cannot understand why a fair trial is not given to the walk-up start. How can a big horse be expected to get quickly into his stride from a standing start? He is still floundering about when his smaller and more active opponents have gone away from him and are winning the race. This starting business has a great deal to do with the in-and-out running about which we hear so much. The little horse is off and away, while the big one is "all abroad."

Two days after the Cambridgeshire, again carrying 9 st., Blue Gown won the Free Handicap, giving from 20 lb. to 32 lb. to his opponents. Yes, he was a good horse, but not so good as Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve. The latter, after the Derby, was put aside with a special view to the Cambridgeshire. Unfortunately, when we tried her for that race she broke down and never ran again. But for the mishap she could not have lost the Cambridgeshire, for which she was nicely handicapped. If I remember rightly, her weight was about 7 st. 2 lb. Luckily Sir Joseph had not backed her, because we were all along doubtful whether she would stand training up to the day of the race. Green Sleeve retired to the paddocks at Leybourne Grange, where, in 1870 and 1871, she produced fillies to Thor-manby and Asteroid. Her first foal, Evergreen,

won a handicap at Newmarket as a three-year-old when the property of Mr. Ellam. In 1873 Green Sleeve was sold and went to France. There, mated with Dutch Skater, she bred Insulaire, winner of the French Derby, and second, three days later, to Sefton in the Derby at Epsom.

As a four-year-old Blue Gown won seven of his eleven races, including a walk-over. In the Ascot Cup he was beaten by that year's Oaks winner, Brigantine, the first animal owned in partnership by Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Gerard Sturt (afterwards Lord Alington), with whom we shall come into close contact later on. As I said previously, Blue Gown was no match over a long course for a real stayer, which Brigantine undoubtedly was. At the end of that season Blue Gown was sold for £5000. The buyer was Monsieur André, acting, it was understood, on behalf of a French syndicate, who hoped, before sending him to the stud, to win with him big races at Deauville and Baden Baden. He does not appear to have run at either of those places, but in June 1870 he competed for the Grand Prix de la Ville of £1050 at Lyons. Ridden by Daley, he was unplaced. Shortly afterwards he was sold to Prince Pless, who ran him five times in England in the autumn. His only success was gained in a £50 handicap, decided over the Cambridgeshire course. During the ensuing winter Blue Gown was sent to

Austria, and remained there until 1877. He then came back to England and for four seasons was at the Cobham Stud. In 1881 he was shipped to the United States (having been bought by Mr. J. R. Keene), but died on the voyage across the Atlantic. The stock he got during his four years in England won sixty races, worth £11,122. The best of them were Sir George Chetwynd's Magician and Mr. T. E. Walker's Tyndrum. In Austria-Hungary his offspring raced well enough to place him second in the Sires' list in 1878 and at the head of it in 1879. During the three seasons Blue Gown was in my hands he won eighteen races, worth £13,057.

Rosicrucian did not run as a three-year-old after the Derby; it was obvious he needed a long rest to enable him to throw off the effects of his illness. We were well rewarded for our patience. After running unplaced in the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, the Great Eastern Railway Handicap and the Cambridgeshire, Rosicrucian, as a four-year-old, won the All-Aged Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating Formosa a neck. This performance showed he had at last recovered his form. The following season he won six races out of thirteen, and was only three times unplaced; while as a six-year-old, after running unplaced in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Epsom and in the Chester Cup, he won the Ascot Stakes (2½ miles) carry-

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ing 9 st., and also the Alexandra Plate (3 miles), beating Musket three-quarters of a length. Sir Joseph Hawley then sold him to Mr. (now Viscount) Chaplin and Lord Granville, who sent him to the stud in 1872. For a time he was at the Middle Park Stud, but afterwards at Sandgate, Pulborough, the stud of Mr. Carew-Gibson. The best of his sons was Beauclerc, who, however, failed to carry on the line in tail-male. Rosicrucian sired a number of high-class brood mares, distinguished for their superb quality. The most noteworthy was Lord Stamford's Oaks winner Geheimniss, whom I had the pleasure of training at Kingsclere. Another was Hauteur, who carried off the One Thousand Guineas in 1883. The dams of Volodyovski, Doricles, and Vedas, winners of the Derby, St. Leger, and Two Thousand Guineas, were all daughters of Rosicrucian, who died in 1891.

PERO GOMEZ

THE rich vein that yielded us Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve produced other valuable "nuggets" in Pero Gomez and Morna, two-year-olds in 1868. A brown colt by Beadsman out of Salamanca, and therefore brother to Arapeile, one of our winners in 1866, Pero Gomez did not make his first public appearance until the autumn of his juvenile days, so I will deal first of all with Morna, a bay, and sister to The Palmer and Rosicrucian. She ran her first race in the summer at Epsom, where she finished second in the Two Year Old Stakes to Chanoinesse, sister to Hermit and a winner that season of nine races. Morna's next outing was at Goodwood, where she was unplaced for the Lavant Stakes, won by Mr. Brayley's Duke of Beaufort, by Trumpeter. At Doncaster she was in the Champagne Stakes, and for that race we tried her on September 1 with the following result:

Six Furlongs

Morna, 2 yrs., 7 st. 4 lb.	1
Pero Gomez, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	2
Xi, 4 yrs., 10 st. 4 lb.	3

Won by two lengths; the same between second and third.

The weights carried by the two-year-olds in that gallop show we already had a very high opinion of Pero Gomez. If he had been formally tried previously, I have no record of it. At Ascot that year Xi—"Hexeye" as some of the bookmakers persisted in calling him—had successfully given 3 st. all but a pound to the Duke of Newcastle's two-year-old Abstinence. At Stockbridge this filly won the Hamilton Stakes; at Newmarket ran Ryshworth to a neck in the July Stakes, and Chatelherault to a head in the Chesterfield Stakes; while in the autumn she won the Hopeful Stakes. We were, therefore, justified in asking Xi to give Morna 3 st. in the trial, and the result gave us a good idea of her chance at Doncaster. One of the horses we had to beat in the Champagne was Mr. Merry's colt Belladrum, who had won five of his six races, including the Woodcote at Epsom, the New Stakes at Ascot, and the Ham and Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood. His one defeat was suffered in the Troy Stakes at Stockbridge, in which he failed by a head to give 3 lb. to Ryshworth. Speculators at Doncaster were asked to lay odds of 5 to 1 on Belladrum, and many put their money down cheerfully, thinking they were presented with a fine opportunity of making their week's expenses. Their opinion was not shared by Sir Joseph Hawley. I have stated that at Newmarket, in July, Abstinence

ran Ryshworth to a neck. Taking a line through Xi, Abstinence, and Ryshworth, Sir Joseph came to the conclusion that Belladrum was by no means certain to beat Morna in the "Champagne." And he was right, for after a terrific struggle, our filly defeated Belladrum a head. There were some long faces seen that afternoon. Belladrum, it may be mentioned in passing, was already favourite for the following year's Derby.

Morna ran in four more races that season, picked up a £100 Plate at Newmarket, and won a Match against Mr. Chaplin's Acaster. The following year she was very unlucky, for she ran second to Scottish Queen in the One Thousand Guineas, second to Brigantine in the Oaks (starting favourite for both races), and second to Thorwaldsen in the Gold Vase at Ascot. The Oaks that year was associated with one of the most violent thunderstorms I ever saw. We drove from Ashstead to the course in a cab. My brother-in-law was with the driver on the box; inside with me were my wife and sister. One flash of lightning seemed to strike the umbrella my brother-in-law was holding. Another moment we thought something had exploded inside the cab. The noise made by the thunder was appalling, and we were all nearly scared to death. I believe some people were killed on the Downs.

Morna could not quite stay the Oaks course, and the heavy going after the storm did not improve her chance. Brigantine, who beat her that day, was a light, shelly sort of mare, with beautiful action. As previously stated, she beat Blue Gown in the Ascot Cup the following year.

At Goodwood Morna won the Nassau Stakes, giving Scottish Queen, who finished a bad third, 7 lb.; and at Doncaster won the Don Stakes. In the Brighton Cup she was placed second to Restitution. The latter belonged to Baron Rothschild, who was said to have made a wager before the race that the cup would be on his dinner-table that night. Immediately after racing was over he drove away with the Cup under his arm, and chartering a special train to London, won his bet. We ran Morna as a four-year-old in the Ascot, Goodwood, and Stewards' Cups. She was unplaced each time. Then she went to the stud, and in 1872 produced to Asteroid a filly named Zitella, who won a race at Epsom for Mr. Chaplin as a two-year-old. Barren in 1873, Morna was sold to go to France. Her record as a brood mare was a very indifferent one.

Pero Gomez made his first appearance in public in the Middle Park Plate of 1868. A few days previously we tried him with Morna and The Palmer, with the appended result :

Six Furlongs

Pero Gomez, 2 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Morna, 2 yrs., 9 st.	2
The Palmer, 4 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb.	3

Won by a neck ; the same between second and third.

According to the official weight-for-age scale a four-year-old should, at that time of the year, give a two-year-old 26 lb. Pero Gomez was, therefore, opposing The Palmer at a disadvantage of 12 lb. Moreover, the proof we now had that he was 8 lb. better than Morna was, to say the least, encouraging, and we looked forward to his winning the Middle Park Plate with every confidence. The favourite, at 45 to 20, was the Duke of Hamilton's colt, Wild Oats, who was also making his first appearance, and reported to have been tried 12 lb. better than the four-year-old Silenus, a winner of four races that season. Pero Gomez was backed at 3 to 1, and King Cophetua (by Asteroid-Mendicant) was third favourite at 6 to 1. King Cophetua also belonged to Sir Joseph. His only previous outing was at Ascot, where he was backed to win the New Stakes, but ran unplaced. It seems strange to read now that Sir Joseph actually declared to win the Middle Park Plate with King Cophetua in preference to Pero Gomez. His reason for so doing was to save Pero from a penalty if his two colts approached the winning-post with the race

between them. I am bound to say that, so far as my recollection of King Cophetua helps me, the chance was an exceedingly remote one. He did manage to win a handicap at Newmarket the following spring, but that was the full measure of his contribution to the stable's earnings.

Pero Gomez, ridden by Jim Adams, won the Middle Park Plate by half a length from Scottish Queen, with Pretender third, three lengths away. Wild Oats, to the dismay of Matt Dawson, was hopelessly beaten a long way from home. A day or two after the race Matt tried Wild Oats again, and satisfied himself that the Middle Park Plate form was, so far as he was concerned, all wrong. The truth of the matter probably was that the colt—a raw, overgrown youngster—ran green. "Pero," wrote a contemporary chronicler, "is not a taking horse; he is upright in his pasterns, goose-rumped, with short quarters." But the same authority pertinently added that the man who owned a better two-year-old might consider himself a fortunate individual. And that, indeed, was so. It should be explained that Pretender was giving Pero Gomez 7 lb. His performance was, therefore, a fairly satisfactory one from the point of view of his owners, Mr. John Johnstone and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Jardine, especially as his trainer, Tom Dawson of Middleham, declared that he had not yet got the colt thoroughly wound up. Pretender was

by Adventurer out of the Venison mare Ferina, who was twenty-two years old when this son of hers was born. Adventurer "got" him the first season he was at the Sheffield Lane Stud. Messrs. Johnstone and Jardine bought Pretender as a yearling from his breeder, Mr. Sadler of Doncaster. Before competing for the Middle Park Plate he had run three times. After two failures, he won at York the North of England Biennial, and so earned the penalty he carried in the Middle Park Plate.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Matt Dawson had the satisfaction of seeing his faith in Wild Oats justified, for the son of Wild Dayrell dead-heated for first place in the Criterion Stakes with Pero Gomez at level weights. The stakes were divided, and Pero went back to Kingsclere to take things easily until the following spring. Belladrum, who, after his defeat by Morna at Doncaster, had won five more races, was, at 5 to 1, the winter favourite for the Derby. Pero Gomez was second in the list, followed by Wild Oats and Pretender. There was no getting away from the chance possessed by Pero Gomez; at the same time, I did not look upon him as being within many pounds of Rosicrucian at the same stage of his career.

During the winter all went well, and Pero Gomez was fairly fit by the time the Newmarket Craven Meeting came round in April. He

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was not engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, so I trained him with the Derby specially in view. However, with odds of 2 to 1 laid on him, Pero Gomez won the Newmarket Biennial, beating Mr. Brayley's Duke of Beaufort a neck. On the strength of this performance Duke of Beaufort started an equal favourite with Pretender for the Two Thousand Guineas. But the equality ended at that, for Pretender won the race cleverly by half a length from Belladrum, and Duke of Beaufort finished in the ruck. Before this Belladrum had lost caste as a candidate for Derby honours, and Mr. Merry had hedged his money. The discovery had been made that the colt could not stay owing to wind infirmity. Indeed, those who knew most about him were astounded when they saw how resolutely he stuck to Pretender on the Rowley Mile.

Our customary Derby trial took place on May 20. The record in my book reads:

One Mile and a Half

Lictor, 4 yrs., 7 st. 1 lb.	. . .	—	1
Morna, 3 yrs., 7 st. 8 lb.	. . .	—	2
Blue Gown, 4 yrs., 9 st. 11 lb.	. . .	Wells	3
Pero Gomez, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	. . .	Adams	4

Won by two lengths; ten lengths between second and third; four lengths between third and fourth.

This was a facer! We were completely mystified. Adams and Wells could offer no

satisfactory explanation. It might be that these two jockeys were so busy watching each other that they let the others "slip" them. On the other hand it was possible that Pero Gomez was that morning in no humour for racing. We could only hope he would show us very different form in the Derby. Lictor, who is thus introduced to the reader, was a colt by Lambton out of Parasol. Running in the name of the trainer Drewitt, he won a selling race (winner to be sold for £500) two days after Pero Gomez carried off the Middle Park Plate. He was not sold then, but Sir Joseph Hawley bought him shortly after, and a very useful servant he was to us at Kingsclere. I almost rank him with Xi as a reliable trial horse. But, as we shall see presently, he was the innocent means of bringing a number of people into serious trouble.

We did not win the Derby, but Pero Gomez was beaten a head only by Pretender, who started favourite at 11 to 8. Pero Gomez at 11 to 2, and Belladrum at 6 to 1, were the only two of the winner's twenty-one opponents seriously backed to beat him. It was an unsatisfactory race in more ways than one. Approaching Tattenham Corner there was a scrimmage, due to Thorwaldsen swerving in front of Duke of Beaufort and nearly bringing him down. Wells afterwards told me that Pero Gomez, thrown

suddenly out of his stride, stumbled so that his head touched the ground, and it is a fact that the colt had some dirt on his nose when he returned to the unsaddling enclosure. I am bound to say, however, that Wells did not shine that day. To begin with, he got badly away, and then rode carelessly. He had seen Pero Gomez badly beaten in his trial, and so underrated his powers.

Towards the finish of the race Pero Gomez and Pretender, at the head of the field, were running practically level. It was a most thrilling duel, and there was tremendous excitement when the judge signalled his verdict in favour of Pretender. As he passed the post Wells was under the impression he had won, and was taken aback when he learned that the judge did not agree with him. While nursing our disappointment, we gave an occasional thought to the trial on May 20, and had greater cause than ever to wonder what could have been the matter with Pero Gomez that day. His defeat at Epsom made a big difference to Sir Joseph, who stood to win a big sum. With ordinary luck, we should certainly have won that Derby.

The following Monday Sir Joseph Hawley threw a "bomb" in the midst of the company assembled at Tattersall's for the purpose of settling the betting accounts for the previous week. The startling news came that Messrs.

Weatherby had received a communication reading :

Having heard a rumour that Mr. Sadler, the nominator of Pretender for the Derby, died before the race was run, I give notice to you not to pay over the stakes till the matter is cleared up.

(Signed) JOSEPH HAWLEY.

Who had set this rumour afloat, and how it came to the ears of Sir Joseph, I never heard. It had no foundation in fact. Mr. Sadler was actually at Epsom, and saw Pretender win the Derby. By his unfortunate action, "Pero's" owner brought upon himself no little odium.

Pero Gomez, a fortnight later, won the Ascot Derby, but the same week was beaten a length and a half by Lord Calthorpe's Martyrdom in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. We then put him by for the St. Leger. In this event he again met Pretender. The northern champion was, however, no longer the horse he had shown himself in the spring. Years afterwards Tom Dawson's head man, Hannam, declared that Pretender steadily deteriorated after his severe race in the Two Thousand. His performance in the St. Leger bears out that statement, for he made a poor show. John Osborne, who rode the colt both at Epsom and Doncaster, explains the difference in the form by pointing out that while the Derby was run on hard going, the St.

Leger was decided on soft turf. Anyway, Pero Gomez won the St. Leger, beating Martyrdom a neck. This was the first and only occasion on which Sir Joseph Hawley's colours were borne to victory in the Doncaster "classic." Two days later Pero and Pretender had another "go" at each other in the Doncaster Stakes, over a mile and a half. Pretender was beaten half a length only. This form is explained by the fact that Pero Gomez was a lazy horse; he would not win by more than he could help. I do not mean to say he required a lot of driving; he was very good-natured, but not one of the free-going sort. The explanation offered by John Osborne regarding Pretender reminds me that Sir Joseph never thought much of horses for whom excuses had to be made, either before or after a race. Sometimes I had to tell him that *this* horse wanted firm going or *that* preferred the ground soft. He always replied: "They won't make the conditions to suit you. Just take them as they come."

A walk-over for both the Duke Michael and Royal Stakes, and an unsuccessful effort in the Free Handicap—all Newmarket races—brought the career of Pero Gomez on the Turf to a close. In the Free Handicap he carried 9 st., and finished third to Cardinal York (who received 30 lb.), and Border Knight, in receipt of 26 lb. These were two good horses to whom he was

trying to concede an impossible amount of weight. In November 1871, Sir Joseph Hawley sold some of his horses and brood mares at Tattersall's. Pero Gomez was included in the draft and made 3000 guineas. He began his stud life in 1872 at the Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, at a fee of 20 guineas, afterwards raised to 50 guineas. He sired a number of winners, but the only one of any note was Peregrine, who won the Two Thousand Guineas for the Hon. R. Grosvenor in 1881, and ran second to Iroquois in the Derby. "Pero" stood 16 hands and was a game, honest horse with a splendid constitution. Unfortunately his forelegs were very straight, and he was, in consequence, difficult to train.

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY AND HIS TRADUCERS

ONE of our winners in 1868 was Fakir, then a four-year-old gelding. By a Derby winner out of an Oaks winner, his parents being Musjid and Mendicant, he ought to have been a useful member of the Kingsclere team, but he was a duffer, and a vicious one. As a two- and three-year-old colt he raced a few times to no purpose. Then we had him cut, and as a four-year-old he managed to win a £50 Plate at Goodwood. One morning on the Downs he seized the leg of the boy who was riding him, pulled the youth out of the saddle, knelt on his chest, and began to worry him. Fortunately the hood he was wearing slipped down over his eyes, and so the boy got his chance of rolling away, scrambling to his feet, and running out of danger. Fakir was castrated that day. As he was a hopeless racing proposition, he was given to Tom Cannon to use as a hack. Tom sold him to the Stockbridge postman, and the latter turned him over to a man who drove a trap for hire. Two or

three years afterwards I went to Stockbridge races. When I entered the station-yard the only vehicle available was a small wagonette. I got up beside the driver, to whom I said presently: "I seem to know this horse you are driving. I am sure I have seen him before. Where did you get him?" "From the postman here," replied the driver, "and he bought him from Tom Cannon." "Ah!" said I, "so this is my old friend Fakir. Do you know you are driving a horse whose father won the Derby, and whose mother won the Oaks?" "Never!" exclaimed the man. "Yes," I replied, "it's a fact. This horse of yours has in his veins the most aristocratic equine blood in England." Making further inquiries, I learned that Fakir had always been perfectly well behaved in harness, and he duly landed me safely at the racecourse.

One of the two-year-olds at Kingsclere in 1868 was Siderolite, a colt by Asteroid out of Aphrodite. He was a much overgrown juvenile, and I never expected him to win a race that season. Nor did he, though we ran him five times in the autumn. The following year, however, he developed useful form, winning the Gratwicke and Racing Stakes at Goodwood, and a Match at Newmarket against Baron Rothschild's Midsummer. The Match arose out of the race for the Gratwicke Stakes, in which

Siderolite gave Midsummer 3 lb. and beat him a neck. They met on the same terms in the Match, and with odds of 6 to 4 laid on him Siderolite won in a canter. As a four-year-old he was successful in five of the seven races in which he took part—the Gold Vase at Ascot, and four Queen's Plates. Many people would have turned Siderolite out of training as a two-year-old, assuming him to be useless; but we had an idea he might develop into a stayer, and he did. The older he got the better he became.

It was about this time that *The Sporting Times* made its savage attack on Sir Joseph Hawley. We had three horses entered for the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 1869—Blue Gown, Siderolite, and Lictor. It was a race on which there was then a considerable amount of ante-post betting. When the weights appeared, the public, encouraged by some of the sporting papers, backed Blue Gown and Siderolite in preference to Lictor. In the meantime Sir Joseph held his own counsel; but on the Monday of Liverpool week, four days before the race, he decided, after hearing my report about the condition of his horses, to rely upon Lictor. The other two were at once scratched. Starting second favourite at 6 to 1—Sir Joseph had about £500 on—Lictor won the Cup, beating Lord Westmoreland's Cocoa Nut by a length, with the favourite, Lopez third, a head behind.

Shortly afterwards *The Sporting Times*, the editor and proprietor of which was Dr. Short-house, published an article the virulence of which staggered the racing community. Throughout the libellous attack my employer was referred to as "Sir Joseph Scratchhawley." He was declared to be "the spoilt darling of the Turf," who tried all he could "to bespatter his ancient name before, in the course of nature, he is compelled to resign his seat in the Jockey Club and his place in the Stewards' Stand to a better man."

"Matters," wrote the libellers, "prospered well at 'Lame 'un Grange,' the breeding establishment of the wealthy baronet. Derby winners begat Derby winners. . . . Who can tell what demon cast his evil eye on the place, and cursed Sir Joseph to become *ennuyé* with so much success? Yet so it would appear to be; and so every one judged to be the case who saw his wretched, discontented, scowling face, as he leaned with his chin on his stick in the Stewards' Stand, and almost cursed his good horse Blackleg (Blue Gown) as he cantered home a Derby winner, because, forsooth, he had made a mistake, and had backed the stable companions, while he had given 'the office' to lay against the best horse of the present century. . . . But for his own ignorance he might have won a fortune on the horse; and this was the last straw that broke the camel's back—otherwise Sir Joseph's patience. Shall we say that in his conscience he felt such epithets bestowed on him by the Sporting Press as 'fine sportsman,' 'straightforward,' etc., so

totally undeserved, that he henceforth took the resolution to prevent, if possible, any such misplaced approbation.

"Since that time, whenever any of his horses have been fairly handicapped, the public have been allowed to get well on them, and they have been scratched. . . . It is reserved till the Liverpool Cup to place the coping stone to this edifice of coping proceedings."

There was more to the same effect. Never, probably, in the history of British journalism has a libel been published comparable with the foregoing effort. The late Sir George Chetwynd offered an explanation of the way in which the article came to be written. He stated that the staff of *The Sporting Times* used to meet at a weekly dinner and discuss the forthcoming issue of the paper. At one of these gatherings the question arose as to how the circulation could best be increased. It was finally decided that a series of attacks on well-known and honoured owners of racehorses would serve the purpose well. Sir Joseph Hawley, General Peel, and Lord Derby were the selected victims, and Sir George suggested that it was probably settled by lot that Sir Joseph Hawley should be the first subject attacked. A young man in the employ of Mr. Tod Heatley, the wine merchant, either volunteered, or was deputed, to write the scurrilous article. It was anticipated that civil proceedings for libel would be instituted against the paper, and that damages would have to be

paid, but the increased circulation would, it was supposed, leave a balance on the right side. The possibility that Sir Joseph would appeal to the criminal courts did not enter into the calculation of the conspirators, and great was their consternation when, on the advice of Mr. George Lewis, criminal proceedings were instituted against Dr. Shorthouse and his printer.

In the issue of *The Sporting Times* published a week after the one containing the libel, Dr. Shorthouse pleaded that the writing and publication of the article "reflecting in the most unwarrantable manner upon the character and conduct of Sir Joseph Hawley" were entirely without his knowledge, and that he read it with surprise and disgust. He explained that he was ill when the paper containing it was prepared for the press, and declared that he was sure the calumny had caused more pain and annoyance to him than it had done to Sir Joseph.

Dr. Shorthouse was sentenced to a term of three months' imprisonment and fined £50. The writer of the libel was believed to be one Alfred Geary, who for a time acted as private secretary to General Peel, but drifted into journalism *via* the wine trade. It was said that he pressed Dr. Shorthouse to allow him to take sole responsibility for the attack on Sir Joseph, but that the Doctor refused to relieve himself of the consequences.

Shortly after his release from prison, Dr. Shorthouse attended an Epsom meeting. He came up to me in the little unsaddling enclosure. "Is Sir Joseph here?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "I want to see him very particularly." At that moment Sir Joseph, who had been standing at the top of the stairway leading down from the Jockey Club Stand, began to descend the steps. Dr. Shorthouse went to meet Sir Joseph and raised his hat as he approached with a marked display of politeness. I expected there would be a row, but there was nothing of the kind. The Doctor, I afterwards learned, told Sir Joseph that he admired him as a man, declared that few would have had the courage to take the proceedings he did in defence of his good name, and so on. Everybody in the enclosure was watching the pair, and there was general astonishment and satisfaction when they were seen to shake hands. Henceforward they were the best of friends. So ended an episode that was a disgrace to journalism, but which served to reveal in a striking way the strength of character of the two men chiefly concerned. Sir Joseph did not want Dr. Shorthouse to suffer imprisonment, and tried his utmost to secure the defendant's release after the trial. He personally appealed to the Home Secretary to quash the sentence, but without avail.

Sir Joseph always held very decided views

concerning the rights and the responsibilities of owners. He greatly resented the interference of other people with his racing projects. I will cite a case in point. In the spring of 1869 we tried Vagabond good enough, as we thought, to win the City and Suburban at Epsom. The entry in the Trial Book reads:

One Mile and a Quarter

Vagabond, 3 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	1
The Palmer, 5 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Blue Gown, 4 yrs., 9 st. 13 lb.	3
King Cophetua, 3 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	4

Won by a length; a neck between second and third; four lengths between third and fourth.

A tout named Walters, whose mother kept the Swan Inn at Kingsclere, and who ran a betting scheme in connection with which he published *The Kingsclere Racing Circular*, had the result of the trial conveyed to the telegraph office at Newbury by a relay of horses, for there was no telegraph office at Kingsclere in those days. When, later in the day, Sir Joseph wanted to back Vagabond he was intensely annoyed on finding that the horse was favourite. To punish those who had forestalled him he struck Vagabond out of the City and Suburban, and ran him in the Great Metropolitan instead. Two miles and a quarter was, however, far too long a distance for Vagabond, and he was unplaced.

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In the three years 1867-8-9, the horses I trained for Sir Joseph Hawley won stakes to the value of £52,697. Then, however, came another succession of lean seasons. Not until 1878 did the Kingsclere total for any one year run again into five figures, and in the meantime Sir Joseph had been gathered to his fathers. After Blue Gown and Rosicrucian had left the Turf, his active interest in racing rapidly waned, chiefly owing to his bad health. When I say "active interest" I mean the interest he took in his own horses, none of whom, as it happened, was of much account. In other ways he continued, for a time, as alert as ever. It was, indeed, in 1869 and 1870 that he became so prominent as an advocate of Turf reform.

TURF REFORM

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S proposed changes in the Rules of Racing caused much commotion in Turf circles. The clauses of his "Reform Bill," as it was called, were discussed by the lay as well as by the sporting press. *The Times* went so far as to devote a leading article to the subject. Opinions of men of note in the realm of sport were eagerly canvassed. The controversy raged chiefly around the drastic changes Sir Joseph advocated in regard to the racing of two-year-olds.

The campaign was begun at a General Meeting of the Jockey Club held in May 1869. At that gathering Sir Joseph Hawley proposed:

1. That no two-year-old shall run earlier in the year than the first of July.
2. That no two-year-old shall start for any handicap.
3. That in future no money shall be added from the funds of the Jockey Club to any race for which two-year-olds may be entered.
4. That if two or more two-year-olds run a dead-heat, they shall not be allowed to run again, but the prize shall be equally divided between or among them.

These suggestions proved unacceptable to the majority of the members of the Club. The third proposal was withdrawn before it had been submitted to a vote; the other three were rejected by substantial majorities. But Sir Joseph's endeavours were not entirely abortive, for it was decided by a majority of twenty-seven to eight that no two-year-old should run before May 1. On the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, Sir Joseph was pleased that his fellow-members had gone thus far on the road he sought to lead them. He was not, however, content with this qualified success. His next move was to give his views a wider publicity through the columns of the Press. The reforms he recommended were:

1. No horse to run in any flat race after November 15 or before March 25, and no two-year-old before September 1.

2. No entries for two-year-old races shall be made more than fifteen days before the day advertised for running.

3. No entry of any horse under four years old to be received in any handicap.

4. No public money, cup or other prize, to be given in any race to which two-year-olds are admitted, to any race under a mile, or to any handicap.

5. All entries to be made in the real name of an owner or part owner.

6. That the basis of the Jockey Club be extended, and that not only more gentlemen who are large owners of

racehorses, but those who take interest in racing as a means of preserving the breed of horses, be invited to become members.

Attached to this programme were some proposals relative to betting. It was the general opinion that these betting clauses greatly prejudiced the scheme as a whole, because the Jockey Club had for years specifically refused to take cognisance of betting. Sir Joseph, however, declined to give way to his critics, and presented his "Charter" in its complete form at the Annual Meeting of the Jockey Club held at Newmarket in April 1870. He did not ask for its adoption right away. His first step was to propose the appointment of a committee "to consider the present condition of the Turf." Lord Durham came forward as his seconder.

The opposition was led by Admiral Rous, who intimated that at the next meeting of the Club the Stewards would themselves ask for a committee "to consider the present state of the Turf." Mr. Caledon Alexander and Lord Royston proclaimed themselves supporters of the Admiral; Mr. Henry Chaplin sided with Sir Joseph Hawley. The *précis* of the proceedings given in the *Racing Calendar* states that "some members expressed their willingness to support Sir J. Hawley's motion if he would withdraw from it everything relating to betting,

which he declined to do." When a vote was taken it was found that there were nine in favour of Sir Joseph's motion, and seventeen against it.

The meeting was described as a stormy one. Sir Joseph was in a very aggressive mood. At an early stage of the proceedings he, it was alleged, told the members of the Jockey Club some home-truths, which were so greatly resented that a hostile vote became inevitable.

There was another meeting of the Jockey Club a fortnight later, and thereat the Committee of Inquiry asked for by Admiral Rous was constituted. The Admiral and Sir Joseph served on the committee, whose report was issued at the end of June. The document embodied some of Sir Joseph's ideas in a modified form. For instance, the committee stated that they attached "very great importance to a complete cessation of racing for a period of at least four consecutive months in the year." Further, they had "observed with regret that Selling Stakes no longer effect the object for which they were established, and that horses are frequently entered to be sold for sums far below their real value."

The most important portion of the report was, however, that relating to the advisability or otherwise of placing restrictions on the racing of two-year-olds. Before coming to a decision

on this question the committee sought the opinions of the leading trainers. The committee's conclusions were thus expressed:

In their opinion the prohibition of two-year-old racing would inflict on the Turf a fatal injury. The length of time which must elapse before either pleasure or profit could be derived from a horse which could not be run before he was three years old, and then not till March 25, would deter many from training, and still more from breeding, thoroughbred stock. Our best stallions would go abroad, as the limited demand for their services would offer no inducement to owners to retain them in this country compared with the prices to be obtained from foreigners; our mares, such of them as did not also go abroad, would of necessity be put to inferior stallions. As fewer horses would be bred, the chance of breeding really good stock would be diminished, and a serious deterioration of our breed of horses would be the result. Your committee had, therefore, no difficulty in arriving at a decision that two-year-old racing ought to be permitted.

The report then went on to state that, with regard to the date at which two-year-olds should begin to race, the committee derived great assistance from the information and opinions given them by the most experienced trainers. In my reply to the circular, I stated that I should prefer to take up and break yearlings in September, keep them in gentle work, and train to "try" the following September. Answering the question, "At what time of the year could

you run two-year-olds without, in your opinion, injuring their growth or future prospects?" I wrote:

It would depend upon the class of animal. If small or set horses, in May; but if large or gross horses, not before September. I consider May quite early enough. To run them before that time would compel you to have them fit to try before Christmas; you are liable to so many checks from frost during the months of January, February, and March. And then, again, the ground as a rule is very heavy after the breaking up of frost, and I consider galloping young horses on heavy ground most injurious.

In reply to further questions, I expressed the opinion that in the spring and summer months an early foal had, when running as a two-year-old, a great advantage over a May foal, but not so much advantage in the autumn. "No," was my answer to the question, "With respect to three-year-old races, do you consider that an early foal has a great advantage over a May foal?" I replied "Certainly not" to the query, "Do you consider that a colt that has run frequently at two and three years old is as likely to improve in proportion to his age as a horse that has not run often when young?"

The committee, however, came to the conclusion that the balance of evidence justified the insertion of the following paragraph in their report:

From the great majority of the replies it would appear that were the date at which two-year-olds might first run fixed at a later period than at present it would make little difference in the work they would have to undergo, and that, except in the case of large horses, running them in moderation after May 1 is not likely to prove in any way prejudicial. Your committee, therefore, do not consider that any case is made out to warrant the alteration of the rule made last year which permits two-year-olds to run on the 1st of May.

A series of resolutions based on the findings of the committee was submitted to a General Meeting of the Jockey Club in July. When that relative to the racing of two-year-olds came under consideration, Sir Joseph Hawley moved, and Mr. Chaplin seconded, an amendment providing "that the 1st of July be substituted for the 1st of May as the earliest date at which two-year-olds may run." This proposal was, however, defeated by twenty-eight votes to ten, and so Sir Joseph had to retire from the combat discomfited.

All the time I knew him Sir Joseph Hawley was strongly opposed to the racing of two-year-olds early in the season; and he practised what he preached, for he seldom produced one before Ascot. Blue Gown was one of the very few youngsters allowed to run in the spring, but he was an altogether exceptional horse and always ready to run. Sir Joseph's policy was in no

way influenced by the fact that the Kingsclere Downs did not lend themselves to thorough training operations early in the year. After frost and the ensuing thaw the gallops became rotten. This state of things resulted in our horses being more backward than those quartered elsewhere. We never attempted to train or try yearlings before Christmas, as many stables did, but waited till the spring before we began operations. It followed, therefore, that our two-year-olds were seldom ready to race before June.

The French plan of prohibiting early two-year-old racing is one of which I entirely approve. An examination of the French Racing Calendars shows that there are more matured horses running in France than there are here. I do not go so far as to say I would advocate the prohibition of two-year-old racing until July or August, but I certainly think we ought to have none before June 1, or, say, the Epsom Summer Meeting. If, however, there must be two-year-old races before that date, they should be selling events only until June 1. We should then see very few juveniles unduly forced, because if they ran in selling races they would be liable to be claimed. On the other hand the selling races would give owners of little squabby things they have been at the expense and trouble of rearing a chance of getting their money back, or of getting rid of useless stock. Selling races were not meant

for horses which, entered to be sold for £50, fetch a thousand or more when sold by auction.

In October 1873 there was a somewhat amazing sequel to the legislative enactment of 1869, and the co-relative discussion of 1870. At a meeting of the Jockey Club held during the progress of the Houghton Meeting, Mr. Caledon Alexander moved:

That that part of Rule 15 which prohibits two-year-olds running until the 1st of May be rescinded, and that two-year-olds be allowed to run at and after the first legitimate meeting of the season.

Mr. Stirling Crawford seconded the motion, and Mr. George Payne presented a memorial in its favour. Mr. Chaplin and General Peel advocated the retention of the rule unaltered, but, on a division, the change was agreed to by sixteen votes to fourteen. So the restriction brought about by Sir Joseph Hawley's advocacy was in force four years only. The vacillation of the Jockey Club revealed by this *volte-face* gave rise to much criticism. It was very properly argued that the rule passed in 1869 had not been long enough in operation to enable its value to be ascertained. The idea prevailed that the reversion to the *status quo ante* was the result of pressure exercised on behalf of meetings held in the spring at Lincoln and Northampton. Admiral Rous voted in favour of the motion. Sir

Joseph Hawley's name is not mentioned in the report of the proceedings. He was probably too ill to attend, but it must have been very galling to him when he learned that the members of the Club had so speedily stultified themselves.

And now we have reached the stage at which we must "close the book" so far as Sir Joseph Hawley is concerned. Owing to his ill-health the "stable" was in 1871 reduced to very small dimensions, and the following year his connection with the Turf practically ceased. The few winners we sent forth from Kingsclere at this period were of little consequence, and it is not worth while to dwell on their performances. In 1873 nearly all Sir Joseph's horses in training, brood mares, yearlings and foals, were sold by auction. He seems to have realised, as did his friends, that his life was ebbing fast. I well remember the last visit he paid to Kingsclere. My instinct told me that we should never see him there again. After he had gone I found on the mantelpiece the stump of the cigar he was smoking just before he left the house. I put it carefully away, and have it to this day. It was a somewhat curious habit of his never to take a cigar he was smoking out of the house, or a railway compartment, or a brougham, or from one room to another. Even if he had lit it only five minutes before he had to move he would throw it away and take another one out of his

case. I never knew him to depart from that somewhat eccentric rule.

Sir Joseph died in the spring of 1875, and his body was buried at Leybourne. At the funeral I felt I was bidding good-bye to a really great man, and to a man who had been a noble friend to me and my family. His long illness had, in a measure, softened the blow his death caused; nevertheless, it was hard and painful to realise we should see him no more. The Turf in my time has had few supporters who can be compared with Sir Joseph. He always had the highest interests of racing at heart. There were occasions when his aims and methods were misunderstood; but those who, at such times, became his critics were equally ready to forgive and forget, conscious as they were that he was actuated by principles he believed to be right and just. "Cherry and black" were colours the public regarded with something like affection. If they did not always appreciate the motives which led Sir Joseph to arrange his plans in a way that upset their calculations, they knew the horses he raced were running to win if they could. The straightforward course he pursued with Blue Gown in the Derby was typical of his regard for the interests of the multitude.

Sir Joseph had a strong will and great determination. He would never suffer any liberties to be taken with him. At meetings of the

Jockey Club, or elsewhere, he was always the same—stern, straight and fearless. It was perhaps given to few to see the more tender side of his nature. That this softer trait was not wanting I have been able to indicate. Whenever he came to Park House his first concern was not the condition of his horses, but the welfare of my wife and children. His solicitude regarding them was displayed in many little ways. As for his generosity, it was unbounded. He was a man of vast learning, but with it all a man of the world who, while resolute in maintaining his own rights, was not unmindful of the rights of others.

As a breeder he was extraordinarily successful. Possessing only a small stud, it was remarkable how, year after year, he sent good horses into training. This was due, no doubt, to the skill with which he mated his mares. Though he kept stallions of his own, he studiously refrained from using them when he thought his mares would be better suited elsewhere. In short, it may properly be said of him that he brought practical common-sense and a shrewd business acumen to bear on all his transactions. If he was famous as a heavy bettor at a time when heavy betting was rampant, it was not the mere greed of gain that inspired his gambling. He held, with Lord George Bentinck, that money was the guerdon of success on the Turf. If we apply

that severe test to Sir Joseph's operations it is to find that he was successful beyond most of his contemporaries, and it is to me a satisfying reflection that many of his greatest triumphs were associated with Kingsclere.

PAGEANT AND ISONOMY

WITH the single exception of Xi, who, as I explained, was partly owned by Sir Frederick Johnstone, all the horses I saddled to win races from the time I went to Cannon Heath in 1863 until 1873 were owned by Sir Joseph Hawley. In 1868 I had received a couple of yearlings owned by Lord Derby, "the Rupert of Debate," but I soon found they were worthless, and they remained at Kingsclere a few weeks only. An important change in the personnel of the stable took place, however, in 1873. So few of our boxes were occupied by Leybourne-bred horses that it was now arranged I should take charge of some animals belonging to Mr. Frederick Gretton and Mr. Thomas Eades Walker. Mr. Gretton was one of the partners in Bass's brewery, and had previously been a patron of Matt Dawson's stable at Newmarket. Mr. Walker, descended from a wealthy London merchant who settled in Warwickshire early in the seventeenth century, had hitherto raced under the management of Captain Machell. Sir George Chetwynd

relates that the day Mr. Walker came of age he received from his father a diamond and sapphire ring. He had expected something more substantial, and his face betrayed his disappointment. "Look inside," said his father. The young man did so, and found engraved on the ring "Studley Castle." The estate thus given him is in Warwickshire. It had been bought by Mr. Walker senior from Sir Harry Goodricke, brother-in-law of Mr. George Payne.

Welcome as the support of these two gentlemen was, it did not unfortunately amount to very much, and the Kingsclere stable was for two or three years in somewhat shallow water. Mr. Walker had winners in Victor, Tapioca, Morton Bagot, First Water, Bank Note and Novar; and Mr. Gretton was successful with Gourbi, Little Boy Blue, and Grand Duchess.

This brings us to the year 1875, when, availing myself of the option so generously given me by Sir Joseph Hawley's will, I became the owner of Park House and the land immediately surrounding it. Henceforth I was a public trainer. At the close of the season 1874 Mr. Walker disposed of his horses and had no more till 1879, when, in a small way, he renewed his association with the Kingsclere stable. In 1876 I had under my care a couple of horses belonging to Mr. John Gretton, a brother of Frederick, but neither of them won. Practically, therefore,

I was from 1875 to 1878 dependent for any success that came my way upon horses owned by Mr. Fred Gretton, who, after the temporary retirement of Mr. Walker, considerably enlarged his racing stud. Of the many animals that carried Mr. Gretton's "orange jacket, purple belt and cap," the most noteworthy were Pageant and Isonomy. They were two of the few good horses I trained not bred by my patrons. Others bought were Fernandez, Paradox, Sainfoin, Metal (who won the Viceroy's Cup at Calcutta) and La Flèche.

By Elland out of Panoply, daughter of Paradigm, Pageant was bred in 1871 by General Pearson, whose colours he carried as a two-year-old. Towards the end of that season, during which he won a couple of races, he became the property of Mr. G. Angell, who had him cut. Early the following year he passed to Mr. G. Masterman, who won a small race with him at Croydon. In June, when James Nightingall was his owner, Pageant won a selling race at Hampton, and was bought by Mr. Gomm for 380 guineas. In August, at Lewes, he won a ten-furlong race called the Eccentric Free Handicap. This event was for horses supposed to be mere sprinters. Pageant beat his opponents in a canter and thus revealed a hitherto unsuspected staying power. Mr. Gomm took advantage of the knowledge thus gained, and won other ten-

furlong races with Pageant in the autumn. At the end of that season, 1874, without saying anything to me, Mr. Gretton bought Pageant, paying, I believe, £1000. Mr. Gretton was under the impression he was buying a colt, and was somewhat taken aback when, after the horse had reached Kingsclere, he found he had got a gelding, and one, moreover, blind of an eye. Time proved, however, that he had unwittingly secured a great bargain. We did not race Pageant until the autumn of 1875, but meanwhile discovered that he was endowed with even more stamina than his previous owners had given him credit for. He was, in fact, a splendid stayer.

It was in the Cesarewitch ($2\frac{1}{4}$ miles) that he first ran in Mr. Gretton's name. The favourite was Prince Soltykoff's Duke of Parma, who, handicapped at 5 st. 11 lb., carried 6 st. Pageant and Peeping Tom were equal second favourites. Our horse, carrying 7 st. 11 lb., finished second, beaten three lengths by Duke of Parma. The latter had, in the spring, won a six-furlong handicap at Newmarket. At Yarmouth, at the end of August, he started favourite in a five-furlong handicap, but, in the presence of his owner and Admiral Rous, who both backed him, was beaten into third place. A fortnight before the Cesarewitch he was "down the course" in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, run over

six furlongs. Shortly after this latter failure, Mr. Charles Brewer, acting for Prince Soltykoff and his friends, took 10,000 to 1000 about Duke of Parma for the Cesarewitch. The public, following the lead thus given, proceeded to back the horse freely, hence the short odds at which he started. After he had won, some unkind things were said about the Duke of Parma's previous form. "I myself," writes Sir George Chetwynd, "heard some of these remarks made in the card room at the Jockey Club rooms, but I consider they were most uncalled for. In the first place, running six furlongs is a very different thing from the Cesarewitch course, particularly if the horse is doing long work at exercise, which would have the effect of lessening any speed he might have ; and, secondly, because, early in the year, he had won a little handicap by six lengths." All of which is, of course, quite true ; but the truth did not lessen our disappointment when we saw Pageant beaten by a reputed sprinter. In the Cambridgeshire, a fortnight later, Pageant started second favourite, but ran unplaced to the favourite, Mr. Mannington's Sutton ; and he was also unplaced in the Liverpool Autumn Cup, his only other race that season. As a five-year-old Pageant finished fourth in the Chester Cup won by Tam o' Shanter, and second to The Snail in the Northumberland Plate ; but these and other failures were partially redeemed

by three victories in the autumn—two at Lichfield and one at Warwick.

The older he got, however, the better Pageant's form became. As a six-year-old, after a defeat in the Northamptonshire Stakes, he won the Chester Cup in a canter from Mr. A. Baltazzi's John Day and Lord Rosebery's The Snail; and another unsuccessful effort in the Cesarewitch was followed by the capture of the Shrewsbury Cup. The next year, 1878, with Tom Cannon, and 8 st. 12 lb. in the saddle, he again won the Chester Cup, for which he started favourite and scored easily from Mr. Swindell's Woodlands. He was beaten in the Manchester Cup, ran second to the wonderful Kincsem in the Goodwood Cup, and then won the Brighton and Doncaster Cups. His only outing as an eight-year-old was in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, for which he was unplaced to Insulaire. That ended his racing career. He eventually became totally blind, and was shot and buried at Kingsclere. Pageant and Hampton were two of the best stayers of their day, and both ran in selling races!

In the summer of 1876 I went to the Yardley Stud, near Birmingham, to see the yearlings the Grahams were sending to Doncaster to be sold. During my tour of the paddocks I was accompanied by the two brothers, George and Young, and also by their sister, Miss Graham, who took

an active part in the management of the stud. She was, as usual, wearing a short skirt and leggings. The two brothers were corn merchants in Birmingham, and acted as agents for Messrs. Bass in the purchase of barley in their locality. I saw about twenty yearlings in one paddock we entered, and after looking them over, was particularly impressed by the smallest of them all, a bay colt by Sterling out of Isola Bella. His size was partly accounted for by his being a May foal. And here let me state that I have never known or heard of a May foal that became a roarer.

The Grahams made the colts gallop round the paddock by rattling sticks in their hats, and I noticed the little fellow to whom I had taken a fancy threading his way through the others as if determined to get to the front. There and then I made up my mind I would buy him at Doncaster. While we were returning to Birmingham the question of a suitable name for the youngster was discussed. When we reached the Grahams' house a dictionary was consulted. In it we found the name Isonomy, which means "an equal distribution of rights and privileges." That, we thought, exactly fitted the colt, for he had given us the impression that, small though he was, he felt he was quite equal to the others and entitled to the same respect.

In due course Isonomy went to Doncaster and was bought on behalf of Mr. Gretton for

360 guineas. He was always on the small side; while in training he did not measure more than 15.2. He, however, gave one the impression he considered himself a deal bigger than he was. Resolution and grit were conspicuous traits in his character, and he had a very hardy constitution.

We did not race Isonomy until August of the following year, his first outing being in the Brighton Club Two-year-old Stakes, for which he started second favourite. He was a poor third. At Newmarket, in October, ridden by Charles Wood, he won a Nursery over the last half of the Rowley Mile, and a month later was beaten a head in a similar race over the same course. It has often been said that it is a pity Isonomy was not given the chance of winning the Derby. He was entered both for that event and the St. Leger, but Mr. Gretton decided to keep him off the racecourse till the autumn of that year.

The Cambridgeshire was, in fact, Isonomy's only race as a three-year-old. If I remember rightly, Mr. Gretton's policy was dictated by the idea that it was wisest to allow the colt to take matters easily so that he might have every possible chance to grow and develop. Though the Cambridgeshire was not run until the Houghton Meeting at the end of October, we took Isonomy to Newmarket along with the horses we were racing at the first October gathering, a

month earlier. At the Second October Meeting Mr. Gretton's colt Antient Pistol, receiving 21 lb. for a year, ran a dead-heat in a welter handicap over the Ditch Mile with Count Festetics' Aventurier. He had won three other races earlier in the season. A day or two after the dead-heat had been run we tried Isonomy as follows :

Cambridgeshire Course

Antient Pistol, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb. . . .	Graves 1
Isonomy, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb. . . .	Fordham 2
Harbinger, 4 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb. . . .	T. Cannon 3
Singleton, 3 yrs., 7 st. . . .	Huxtable 4

Won by a neck; six lengths between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

Harbinger, in June, won a mile race at Manchester; the week of the trial he started second favourite for the Cesarewitch, carrying 7 st., but was unplaced. Singleton was a winner of four races that season prior to the trial. The "tackle," therefore, was fairly good, but unfortunately the test was almost abortive. Mr. Gretton and I drove to the stand on the Rowley Mile to see the jockeys weighed out, and on our way thither kept our eyes on the trial ground to see that all was clear. Everything being in readiness, we drove back to the Portland Stand (no longer in existence), where the gallop was to finish. Before reaching our "observation post" we found, to our dismay, that while we were down at the

Rowley Mile Stand two rows of "dolls" had been placed across the course. We stopped the trap, ran across the Heath, and just had time to remove the centre "dolls" in the lower row before our horses raced up. The jockeys had, as it happened, seen the barriers in their path, and were already easing their horses, so no harm resulted, except that we were left in a state of perplexity concerning the merits of Isonomy.

Several people saw the trial, and it was quickly noised abroad that Isonomy had been beaten. The public, therefore, had no inducement to back him. Mr. Gretton, who betted pretty freely, already stood to win £40,000 on his horse. If the trial had not been interfered with he would doubtless have increased his commitments; in the circumstances he decided to let matters stand as they were. Isonomy carried 7 st. 1 lb. in the Cambridgeshire, started with odds of 40 to 1 laid against him, and won easily by two lengths from Lord Rosebery's Touchet, with the latter's stable companion, Robert Peck's La Merveille, third, only a head behind. Lord Ellesmere's Hampton, 9 st. 3 lb., finished fourth. There were thirty-eight runners in that Cambridgeshire, and so readily did Isonomy beat this huge field that I firmly believe he could have carried 9 st. and still have won.

We were now reaping the fruit resulting from the patient policy pursued with Isonomy.

Though he had not grown in height, he had acquired strength, and with it increased racing ability. My experience convinces me that a vast number of horses are ruined by being unduly forced as two-year-olds, and sometimes as three-year-olds. It is foolish to imagine that because some horses take no harm when frequently raced while their powers are maturing, others can, with impunity, be treated in the same way. Every horse is a law unto himself. His characteristics must be carefully studied, and the trainer, having made up his mind as to the best course to pursue, fails in his duty if he does not advise the owner to act in accordance with his conclusions. The temptation to exploit a two-year-old for the mere sake of obtaining a quick return is a baneful one, and more often than not owners who give way to it are blameworthy.

Isonomy, as a four-year-old, won six of the eight races in which he ran. His record that season began and ended with a defeat. In the Newmarket Handicap, at the Craven Meeting, he failed by a length and a half to give two years and 8 lb. to Mr. Lorillard's Parole over the last twelve furlongs of the Beacon Course; in the Cesarewitch, handicapped at 9 st. 10 lb., he was badly bumped by our own horse Westbourne, in the Dip, a furlong from home. But for this interference he would almost certainly have finished first or second.

The defeat of Isonomy in the Newmarket Handicap caused quite a sensation ; perhaps it would be more correct to say the victory of Parole did. The winner, owned by the American tobacco magnate Mr. P. Lorillard, had come across the Atlantic the previous autumn, bringing with him something of a reputation. A gelding by Leamington out of a Lexington mare, he was six years old when he met Isonomy. It was his first race in England. Isonomy was giving Parole two years and 8 lb., but started favourite at 7 to 4. Against the American horse odds of 100 to 15 were laid. The latter was said to have been well tried "against the clock" in the approved Yankee fashion, and he beat Isonomy a length and a half. The public at once jumped to the conclusion that Parole would win the City and Suburban the following week, for, including a 5 lb. penalty, his weight was only 8 st. 7 lb. And the public were right; Parole not only won the City and Suburban, but also the Great Metropolitan with a 10 lb. penalty. So great a certainty was he for the latter that only one horse opposed him. Shortly afterwards Parole started an odds-on favourite for the Chester Cup, but in that race was fourth only. After the Newmarket Handicap there was some talk of Isonomy and Parole being matched to run a mile and a half at level weights for £5000, but nothing came of the suggestion.

With regard to the Cesarewitch, Mr. Gretton, I believe, backed Westbourne to win only and Isonomy merely to get a "place." It was said that he stood to clear £50,000 over Westbourne. When Isonomy received the bump from Westbourne which nearly knocked him over, he was making a splendid effort to catch Chippendale, who had taken up the running at the Bushes, two furlongs from home. Chippendale won by a length and a half from Westbourne, and it is my firm belief that, with a clear run, Isonomy would have beaten him. Our two horses were running on their merits. Westbourne was third favourite at 100 to 15, but backers of Isonomy got 66 to 1.

After the Cesarewitch, Westbourne at once became a public fancy for the Cambridgeshire. He was, however, scratched because Mr. Gretton could not get what he considered fair odds to the money he wished to put on. This action caused a rare hubbub. Mr. Gretton retaliated by stating that he would win the Cambridgeshire with Harbinger, a five-year-old by Pero Gomez. We also had the three-year-old Falmouth in the race. As a matter of fact, Harbinger was no longer at Kingsclere; he had gone to his owner's place and was being looked after by a groom. In the circumstances the public laughed at Mr. Gretton's brag, and backed Falmouth, who had started at 14 to 1 for the Derby that year, and not run since. While under my care Harbinger had shown

some pretty good form. As a three-year-old he won the Brighton Stakes and a handicap at Lewes, and ran second both for the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park and the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. The next year he won the De Trafford Cup at Manchester. In the season with which we are now dealing, he started favourite for the Manchester Cup and finished fourth, ran second in the Salford Borough Handicap, third in the Royal Hunt Cup, and second in the Ascot Plate. He actually ran in the Cambridgeshire, but was a forlorn outsider, whereas Falmouth was the third favourite. They were both unplaced.

Between the two defeats with which we have been dealing Isonomy won the following six races :

The GOLD VASE (2 miles) at Ascot, beating Silvio (giving 7 lb.) half a length.

The GOLD CUP ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) at Ascot, beating Insulaire two lengths, with Touchet, Jannette, Exmouth, and Verneuil behind.

The GOODWOOD CUP ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), beating The Bear three lengths, with Parole (received 12 lb.), Touchet (received 3 lb.), and two others behind.

The BRIGHTON CUP (2 miles), beating three opponents.

The GREAT EBOR HANDICAP (2 miles), carrying 9 st. 8 lb. (including a 5 lb. penalty) and giving from 31 lb. to 56 lb. to his four opponents, and with 11 to 8 betted on him. This was a great performance, a portion of the course being under water and the going terribly heavy.

The DONCASTER CUP (2 miles 5 furlongs), beating Jannette by a head, with two others a long way behind.

This was a splendid record, one which fully explains the exalted estimate of Isonomy's merits taken by the compiler of the Cesarewitch Handicap. A word may be added with regard to the Brighton Cup. Mr. Gretton had a horse called Monk entered, as well as Isonomy. Monk was sent to make running for his stable companion. The conditions of the race stipulated that four horses, *belonging to different owners*, must compete. As the time for the contest drew near we discovered that, in addition to our two, the only arrivals were Sir John Astley's Drumhead and Tom Jennings's Paul Cray. The difficulty thus created was solved by Mr. Gretton selling Monk to me for £200, and he ran in my name. I did very well with the horse. That year he won me three races worth £454, and another of £102 in 1880, when I sold him. He was the first winner to carry my colours—"cherry, black belt and cap"—a variant of those registered by Sir Joseph Hawley. In 1877 Monk, then a three-year-old, started second favourite for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. We tried him a few days previously, and he just failed to do what we asked of him. The gallop finished on some rising ground, and Mr. Gretton, who was present, concluded that this was the hindrance to Monk. "The easy course at Goodwood will just suit him," he said. I, however, assured him I generally found the form shown in our home trials

worked out correctly. It did so in this case. Monk had won the Stewards' Cup at the end of five furlongs, but Sir W. Throckmorton's Herald beat him at the finish.

As a five-year-old, in 1880, Isonomy rounded off his career on the Turf by winning the Manchester Cup and the Ascot Cup, the only races he ran that season. The Manchester Cup was a handicap of £2000, decided over a mile and five furlongs, and Isonomy was called upon to carry the enormous burden of 9 st. 12 lb., a weight which is easily a "record" for that event. Ridden by Tom Cannon, he beat, by a neck, Mr. R. C. Naylor's three-year-old The Abbot, to whom he gave 45 lb. The public's estimate of Isonomy's chance may be gauged from the fact that odds of 16 to 1 were laid against him. When he passed the post at the head of the field, winners and losers united in raising a great volume of cheers, and seldom, surely, has a horse been more deserving of the plaudits of a racecourse crowd. It was a magnificent achievement.

Mr. Gretton was a big winner over Isonomy that day, but he nearly lost his trainer. The day before the race he asked me to inform Tom Cannon that he was "on" £1000 to nothing. No hint was given that I was to receive anything. Although I had saddled many good winners for Mr. Gretton I had received nothing from him—not even a "thank you." Apparently I was once

more to be left unrewarded, and I felt very upset by this indifference to my services. After turning things over in my mind, I went to Mr. Gretton's factotum, John Princep, and told him of Tom Cannon's prospective reward. Then I added, "You can tell Mr. Gretton that if I am not treated the same as Tom Cannon he can take his horses away from Kingsclere on Monday. I am sick of seeing the jockey get everything and the trainer nothing." When the race was over, and having heard nothing, I saw Princep again and told him I was going to call on Mr. Gretton at his hotel the following morning. I duly called at the hotel, to find Mr. Gretton still in bed. I therefore went upstairs and knocked smartly on his door. "Come in," said Mr. Gretton. As I entered, he swung his legs off the bed, and before I had time to utter a word he exclaimed, "Mind, you are on the same as Cannon." And so he dissolved my wrath.

I have always maintained that it is grossly unfair of owners to treat their jockeys more liberally than they do their trainers. For months before a big race the trainer is in a perpetual state of anxiety, and if he is able to present the horse at the post thoroughly fit the credit for the success which follows belongs mainly to him. The jockey can, and often does, undo in a minute the work of many weeks. I have nothing to say against the jockey being suitably

rewarded, but the presents given are often beyond all reason, and cause a lot of mischief. It would, in my opinion, be far better for everybody concerned if there were a recognised and rigid scale of rewards both for jockeys and trainers. Some owners, I believe, make a practice of giving the trainer 10 per cent of the winnings. That is a liberal allowance. I think that if both the trainer and jockey received 5 per cent of the stakes won they would be fairly rewarded, and no present beyond that would be necessary. I can only say I wish I had been working under this arrangement during the time I was training. The value of the stakes won by horses I trained exceeded £700,000, and 5 per cent of that sum would have provided me with a comfortable fortune.

If I had been dependent, after my retirement, on the money I made by training horses I should have found myself a comparatively poor man. When he distributes largesse, an owner's first thought should be for his trainer, whereas it is almost invariably for the jockey. Hundreds of times an owner has come to me after we have won a race and asked, "What ought I to give the jockey?" It would rejoice me to know that I have been able to influence owners to think first of the claim of their trainers to suitable recognition. I have mentioned that the retainer Sir Joseph Hawley paid to Wells for the first

call on his services was £100 a year. Retainers ten, and even twenty, times as big are paid jockeys to-day. The agreement I made with Sir Joseph when I became his private trainer provided that I was to receive a salary of £100 per annum and a house. Before long the salary was raised, and of course I received handsome presents when we won a big race. It will therefore be gathered that in the middle of last century a trainer's lines were not always cast in profitable places. We had to work hard—much harder, I often think, than the modern trainer—for very little money. At any rate, the assured income was modest enough, especially when there was a wife and family to provide for.

Though the ground at Manchester was as hard as iron, Isonomy was none the worse for his effort there, and was "as fit as a fiddle" when he essayed the task of winning the Ascot Cup a second time. His opponents were Chippendale and Zut. The latter represented Count de Lagrange instead of Rayon d'Or, the winner of the St. Leger the previous year. The hopelessness of opposing Isonomy was evidently realised by Tom Jennings, who trained for the Count, and so Rayon d'Or was reserved for the Rous Memorial, decided an hour later, a race he duly won. In the contest for the Cup, Chippendale was allowed to make the

running until inside the distance, but when given his head, Isonomy, on whom odds of 9 to 4 were laid, went to the front to win very comfortably.

The following year, 1881, Isonomy began his stud career at the Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, a fee of 50 guineas being charged for his services. A horse of his class begins nowadays at 300 guineas. He had won ten of his fourteen races, and been placed second twice and third once. The stakes he won amounted to £10,382. There were seven living foals resulting from his first season. It so happened that none of them won as a two-year-old in 1884, though Isobar scored pretty well afterwards. Not until 1887 did the son of Sterling establish his fame as a sire. That was the year Gallinule ran as a two-year-old. The following season came Satiety and Seabreeze ; then, in succession, Riviera, Janissary, Common, Le Var, Prisoner, and finally Ravensbury and Isinglass.

Isonomy's offspring were racing during fourteen seasons, and in that period they won 254 races worth £205,032.

Isonomy had only been two years at the stud when Mr. Fred Gretton died. Sent by the executors to Tattersall's to be sold on New Year's Day, 1883, he was bought by Mr. Stirling Crawford (the husband of the Duchess of Montrose) for 9000 guineas, and was then

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transferred to the Bedford Lodge Stud at Newmarket, his fee being raised to 70 guineas. Presently he was moved to the Sefton Stud Farm, also at Newmarket. In 1889 his fee had gone up to £200, and he was advertised full for two years ahead. Sometime in 1884 the Duchess of Montrose asked the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall if he could find a buyer for Isonomy, as she was tired of the horse. Mr. Tattersall strongly advised her not to be in a hurry to part with him, and the wisdom of this counsel was proved within the next twelve months. Isonomy died of heart disease in 1891, the year after Isinglass and Ravensbury were born.

Isonomy was one of the foals got by Sterling in his first season, and the only one of that sire's stock to win as a two-year-old in 1877, though there were fifteen others. As a matter of fact, only three of the sixteen ever won—Isonomy, Lighthouse, and Sterlingworth. Isonomy's achievements sent Sterling's fee up from 100 to 150 guineas. It is, perhaps, worth noting that Isola Bella, the dam of Isonomy and Fernandez, was absolutely worthless as a racer. She was bred at Hooton by Mr. R. C. Naylor, whose colours she carried five times without once getting placed. In many works of reference Isola Bella is described as a bay ; in reality she was a chestnut. Four of her seven foals were chestnuts, but Isonomy and Fernandez, the only two of

any account, were both bays. Here is a summary of Isonomy's record as a sire of winners :

Races Won. Value.			Races Won. Value.		
1884	1892 .	. 21	£11,330
1885 .	. 11	£3,103	1893 .	. 23	26,410
1886 .	. 16	4,638	1894 .	. 25	42,056
1887 .	. 39	17,886	1895 .	. 27	20,342
1888 .	. 28	26,837	1896 .	. 5	2,458
1889 .	. 30	20,841	1897 .	. 2	283
1890 .	. 11	9,636			
1891 .	. 16	19,212	Totals	. 254	£205,032

In due course some of Isonomy's offspring came to Kingsclere to be trained, and most of them were endowed with pluck and determination, qualities which were so conspicuous in their sire. He was unquestionably one of the best horses I have ever known. I thought the world of him, and his achievements as a sire strengthened my regard and admiration.

In 1878 Fernandez, a brother to Isonomy, was one of the Yardley yearlings, and Mr. Fred Gretton bought him. He was a bay, but not a whole bay like Isonomy. Built on bigger lines than the latter, he was another "good one." A grand type of horse in every way, he was particularly powerful across the loins. He came slowly to hand and was unplaced in both the races he ran as a two-year-old. The following spring he won, to the surprise of most people, the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. Paddock critics

declared him too "big," and odds of 15 to 1 were laid against him. He was however in much better condition than his appearance showed, and beat the favourite, Lord Falmouth's Merry-go-Round, a length and a half. A fortnight later we started both Fernandez and Mariner (another son of Sterling) for the Two Thousand Guineas. Mr. Gretton "declared" in favour of Mariner, but both ran unplaced. Fernandez's next outing was in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. I had no idea Mr. Gretton intended to run his horse that week, and he was not in racing trim. However, despite my expostulations, Mr. Gretton insisted that Fernandez should take his chance, and I was astounded when I saw him run the Derby winner, Bend Or, to a head at level weights. Those who had laid odds of 100 to 30 on Bend Or got a rare fright.

Fernandez was then put by for the Cambridgeshire. For that race he was handicapped at 8 st. 1 lb.; nevertheless, he started favourite at 9 to 2. Fordham rode him.

This autumn (writes Sir John Astley) I went for a big Stake on the Cambridgeshire, having got it into my head Fernandez was real good goods. . . . I never shall forget Gretton taking me into Fernandez's box the evening before the race. He had done himself a little extra well (as was not his unfrequent habit); and when I said I had never seen a horse look better, and that I considered the

race as good as over, he replied, " Yes, that's all very well, but he has got at least ten pounds more on him than he would have had if Tom Cannon had not gone and run Bend Or to a head at Ascot. Whatever did he want to beat the Derby winner for? I told him the horse wasn't fit, and that I wanted to win the Cambridgeshire with him." . . . And when I left him he (Gretton) was still bemoaning his jockey's uprightness over a glass of Scotch.

Fernandez was beaten half a length in the Cambridgeshire by Prince Soltykoff's Lucetta, a four-year-old to whom he was giving a stone. He had practically won the race when Lucetta swerved across the course on to him, and, to avoid knocking the mare over, Fordham had to check his horse. Immediately on returning to the Weighing-Room Fordham lodged an objection to Lucetta. Everybody assumed the Stewards would disqualify the winner; odds of 2 and 3 to 1 were laid on Fernandez getting the race. The inquiry into the affair was a most protracted one, and it was late in the evening before a decision was given. I was called as a witness, and ventured to express the opinion that whether Fernandez got the race or not he most certainly ought to. I was politely informed that that " was not evidence." While the inquiry was in progress I overheard a remark which forced me to believe the verdict would be against Fernandez. I reported this to Mr.

Gretton and advised him to hedge his bets. He, however, refused to do so. The case against Lucetta was, he said, so strong that she must be disqualified. The Stewards, however, finally overruled the objection. The only explanation ever given for this unlooked-for, and, I venture to say, unjust, decision, is to be found in the *Reminiscences* of Sir George Chetwynd, who was one of the officiating Stewards. "Although," he writes, "she (Lucetta) had undoubtedly crossed Fernandez, it was a long way from home, and we thought Fordham had rather anticipated the swerving across him, and checked his horse so soon that there was plenty of time for him to have won his race afterwards if the horse had been good enough." It seems to me Sir George would have done well to act in accordance with the maxim that cautions a judge never to give a reason for his verdict. A more inconsequential argument than that he advances it would be difficult to conceive. Mr. Gretton naturally entertained a grievance against the Stewards, and few blamed him for so doing.

Mr. Gretton, however, seemed fated to be in "hot water." Before we had time to get over the annoyance caused by the result of the Cambridgeshire inquiry a more serious unpleasantness occurred in connection with the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Mr. Gretton had two horses in that event—Fernandez and Prestonpans.

The latter was a bay colt, three years old in 1880, by that remarkable horse Prince Charlie. The previous season, when the property of Lord Anglesey, Prestonpans showed some very useful form ; so useful, indeed, that in the Royal Hunt Cup—his first race as a three-year-old, and the first in which he carried Mr. Gretton's colours—he was weighted 7 st. 10 lb. He ran "unplaced." His next race was the Liverpool Cup. Until almost the last moment I did not know whether I was to saddle Prestonpans or Fernandez. Nor did Mr. Gretton. At that time his betting interests were managed by Mr. Fred Swindell—"Lord Freddy" as his intimates generally called him—and when I went to Liverpool he had not heard which of the two horses was carrying his money. The public assumed we should rely on Fernandez. They were wrong ; Swindell backed Prestonpans, and Fernandez did not run. This policy infuriated the general body of backers, and after Prestonpans, ridden by Fordham, had won by half a length from Lord Drogheda's Philammon, with the Duke of Beaufort's Petronel third, a neck away, the crowd hooted and hissed viciously. There was a further hostile demonstration in the paddock while the horse passed through the throng on his way to the unsaddling enclosure.

This was a new and altogether disagreeable experience for me, and I need hardly say I left

very much upset. I at once decided it was time Mr. Frederick Gretton and I parted company, and I asked him to be good enough to remove his horses from Kingsclere. Shortly afterwards I saw a string of the best-looking horses I had ever had in my stable march out of my yard. They went to old Alec Taylor. The yearlings which thus left me proved to be not so good as they looked, for I believe only one or two of them won races. It grieved me to have to lose the patronage of Mr. Gretton in this unceremonious fashion, but I could not afford to risk a repetition of that affair at Liverpool. I must add that I did not believe Mr. Gretton was, except indirectly, responsible for the manœuvring that so incensed the public. He was a victim of the people who were pulling strings mainly to serve their own ends.

Fernandez remained in training two more seasons. As a four-year-old he started favourite for the Manchester Cup, but was unplaced, and then finished a poor third for the Goodwood Cup. At Goodwood he was quartered in the Duke of Richmond's stables. The Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra) went round the stables one evening and expressed a desire to be shown "the fat horse." Everybody that week had been speaking of Fernandez as "the fattest horse they had ever seen." Rightly or wrongly, the idea prevailed that he was being reserved for

the Cambridgeshire. If that actually was the plan it was abandoned, because no more was seen of Fernandez that season. The following year his only effort, and it was unsuccessful, was in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. He was sold for 800 guineas on New Year's Day, 1883, when his brother Isonomy fetched 9000 guineas. There was, of course, no comparison between the two horses, and yet Fernandez was "good."

A curious, not to say ridiculous, policy was pursued with Fernandez when he went to the stud. A fee of 50 guineas was at the outset charged for his services. In 1891 this was raised to 100 guineas, although there was nothing to justify the increase. Later there was a reversion to 50 guineas. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Fernandez was neglected by breeders. The number of foals resulting from his first four seasons at the stud was only twenty-six. He was destroyed in 1899. From 1886 to 1903, when his stock raced on the flat, his sons and daughters won 58 races worth £14,461. The best of his get were Wavelet's Pride, Gonzalvo, La Uruguaya, Funny Boat, and Foston.

In 1879 Mr. T. E. Walker rejoined the Kingsclere, but only remained the one season, in the course of which he had winners in Hermia and the Fair Rosamond filly. The latter was by Statesman, a son of Young Melbourne. Her dam was a half-sister, by King John, to

Hermit. Mr. Walker bred her himself. She took part in two races only as a juvenile, and won both—the Warren Nursery at Sandown Park and the Home-bred Sweepstakes at Newmarket. At the end of that season she left Kingsclere with Mr. Walker's other horses. Named Elizabeth, she won the One Thousand Guineas and races at Epsom and Ascot, but then lost her form. As a brood mare Elizabeth figures in many a pedigree, for her daughter, La Vierge, bred the winners Sir Geoffrey, Innocence, Prince William, Pure Gem, Pure Crystal, Lycaon, and White Magic.

During the time I was virtually private trainer to Mr. F. Gretton his brother John occasionally came with him to Kingsclere. In 1877 Mr. John sent to me a two-year-old colt named Jupiter, by Thunderbolt out of Rebecca. He had bred the youngster himself, and I believe I am correct in stating that this was the first racehorse he owned. Jupiter that season ran five times, but failed to win, though twice only narrowly beaten. He, however, won races in each of the two following seasons, but they were of no consequence. Roquefort, also bred by Mr. John Gretton, was at Kingsclere as a two-year-old in 1881. So hopeless was he as a flat-racing proposition that we did not go to the trouble of running him. When, however, he was put to jumping a different tale had

to be told. He won the Grand National in 1885.

One of the races in which Jupiter ran as a two-year-old was at Shrewsbury. It may have been on that occasion—if not, no matter—that, when walking off the course, I saw a crowd surrounding a tipster wearing racing colours. Curiosity impelled me to stop and listen to him. Presently he shouted : “ If you want to know who I am, I will tell you. I served my time with John Porter at Kingsclere, and I rode Isonomy in all his gallops.” Inasmuch as I had never seen the man before, his audacity, not to say his mendacity, fairly took my breath away. Moving towards him, I touched his elbow. He turned round and instantly recognised me. For a moment he seemed nonplussed, but he quickly regathered his wits. Pointing at me, he resumed his speech with the words : “ If you don’t believe me, here is Mr. Porter, who will vouch for what I have told you ! ” This impromptu left me dumb, and I hurried away as fast as my legs would carry me. I could not but admire the man’s cleverness.

GEHEIMNISS AND SHOTOVER

WITH the season of 1881 a new and extremely prosperous era opened for the Kingsclere stable. In addition to Mr. John Gretton's horses, which remained with me, I was entrusted with those belonging to Lord Stamford ; and that year also Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone became patrons of the Park House establishment. Then, in the late autumn, I was asked by the Duke of Westminster to take over his yearlings, and the horses which had been trained for him at Russley by Robert Peck. The "tone" of the stable was rapidly elevated. We were no longer concerned chiefly with handicaps ; attention became directed more towards the classic and important weight-for-age races. The "Hawley touch" had been regained.

The Earl of Stamford and Warrington was nearing the end of his career when he came to Kingsclere, for he died towards the end of 1882. For many years his horses were trained by Joseph Dawson. It can scarcely be said that his success on the Turf was commensurate with

the liberality of his patronage. Before he came to Kingsclere his colours had twice been carried to victory in classic events ; in 1861 Diophantus won the Two Thousand Guineas, and in 1863 Lady Augusta was successful in the One Thousand. This was rather a meagre harvest, inasmuch as at one time Lord Stamford had sixty horses in training.

In 1881 it was my good fortune to buy for Lord Stamford the filly Geheimniss. Foaled in 1879, she was a brown daughter of Rosicrucian and Nameless, the latter a mare by Blinkhoolie. Geheimniss was a most beautiful creature. She stood over a lot of ground, and was one of the speediest animals I have had anything to do with. If somewhat slow in getting into her stride, when she did get going her pace was terrific. She was bred by Mr. John Watson at the Waresley Stud, in Worcestershire, and at Doncaster, as a yearling, was bought by Tom Cannon for 330 guineas. Having regard to what Geheimniss afterwards did, this seems a ridiculously small price ; in reality it was quite a good one, for the dam, Nameless, was a mare who had never raced, and her only living foal, Friendless, born two years before Geheimniss, had not then been seen on the Turf.

In the spring of 1881, when a two-year-old, Geheimniss won races at Sandown Park and Bath. Tom Cannon then asked me if I had a

buyer for her. I approached Lord Stamford and he agreed to purchase the filly for £2000. Directly afterwards she won for him two races at Stockbridge—the Biennial and the Hurstbourne Stakes. In the latter St. Marguerite, winner of the One Thousand Guineas the following year, finished third, beaten three lengths and a head. Later in the year Geheimniss won the Astley Stakes at Lewes (beating Marden a length), the Convivial at York, and the Cheveley Stakes at Newmarket. She went through the season unbeaten, and that year won for Lord Stamford four races worth £3414.

Her first race as a three-year-old was the Oaks, and we had every reason to believe she was almost certain to win. The best of her opponents was St. Marguerite. Inasmuch as Geheimniss had easily beaten St. Marguerite as a two-year-old, and had in the meantime developed to our satisfaction, we did not doubt her ability to again defeat Mr. Crawford's filly. That impression was considerably strengthened when the Duke of Westminster's Shotover won the Derby. Though we never formally tried Geheimniss and Shotover together as three-year-olds, we could see every day on the Kingsclere Downs that the former was the better of the two. In the One Thousand, Shotover had run St. Marguerite to a neck, with Nellie third,

a head away. I felt, therefore, very confident that Geheimniss would win the Oaks. There were only five runners that year. Odds of 6 to 4 were laid on Geheimniss ; against St. Marguerite 11 to 4 could be obtained, while Nellie was at 11 to 2. Geheimniss won easily by two lengths from St. Marguerite.

Geheimniss suffered her first defeat a fortnight later at Ascot, where she was beaten a head over five furlongs in the Fernhill Stakes by Lord Rosebery's Narcissa, a two-year-old daughter of Speculum. This failure was the outcome of an "incident," for in running Geheimniss jumped the road and became unbalanced for a few strides. She was then put by for the St. Leger, in which she finished second, beaten a length and a half, to Dutch Oven, with Shotover third, four lengths behind. In the Cambridgeshire, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., she was unplaced to Hackness. This was the race that had to be postponed for twenty-four hours, owing to a violent storm.

Before the next season came round Lord Stamford was dead. A most princely and generous man, he was greatly missed. Whenever he won a race I was instructed to give every boy in the stable a sovereign, and he was always extremely liberal to me. After his death, arrangements were made whereby Geheimniss was leased to Lord Alington and Sir Frederick

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Johnstone. As a four-year-old she ran in eight races and won four. In the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, carrying 9 st. 6 lb., she ran Sir George Chetwynd's Hornpipe (8 st. 9 lb.) to a head, and in the Portland Plate at Doncaster, with 9 st. 3 lb. in the saddle, was beaten a head by Lord Ellesmere's Lowland Chief, with Hornpipe (9 st. 3 lb.) third, three lengths away. These performances tend to prove that her great forte was speed, for both races are run over six furlongs.

In 1884 Geheimniss carried 9 st. 7 lb. into second place in the Crawford Plate at Newmarket, and then won eight races off the reel, including three walks-over. A defeat in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood brought her racing career to a close. From first to last she started in 31 races and won 20 of them. Here is a summary of her successes :

Two years old	.	.	Won 7 races,	£4,378
Three years old	.	.	Won the Oaks,	3,375
Four years old	.	.	Won 4 races,	1,837
Five years old	.	.	Won 8 races,	2,470

Total . . . £12,060

On leaving Kingsclere, Geheimniss went to Lady Stamford's Park Paddocks at Newmarket. Barcaldine was there, and with him she was mated five successive seasons. Her record at the Stud in England reads :

- 1886. b.c. Freemason, by Barcaldine.
- 1887. b.c. Oddfellow, by Barcaldine.
- 1888. bl.c. Grand Master, by Barcaldine.
- 1889. br.f. Gamine, by Barcaldine.
- 1890. bl. or br.f. Dame President, by Barcaldine.
- 1891. b.c. Northhampton, by Royal Hampton.
- 1892. ch.f. Word of Honour, by Saraband.
- 1893. br.f. Omladina, by Royal Hampton.

In 1893 Geheimniss was bred to Saraband, and then sent into the sale ring, to be bought by Count Lehndorff for 1550 guineas. Her stud achievements in Germany were, on the whole, disappointing. The best of the produce she threw after leaving England was the filly Balomantine, who won the German Oaks and afterwards bred Kassandra, winner of the Hamburg Grand Prize. Of her English-bred sons and daughters all won races except Word of Honour. The best of them, regarded from the racing point of view, was Omladina, who, owned by the late Duke of Westminster, won five races worth £3886. She ran second to St. Frusquin in the Middle Park Plate, with Persimmon behind her. Unfortunately she lacked constitution, and though a very good two-year-old was practically useless afterwards. Sir Blundell Maple took her into his stud, only to find her a disappointing brood mare. Oddfellow and Grand Master went to the United States, where they did fairly well as sires. Freemason and Dame President were sold by auction as yearlings.

The former was bought by Mr. Abington Baird for 1900 guineas, and the latter by Sir Blundell Maple for 2100 guineas. From first to last, therefore, Lord and Lady Stamford did extremely well with Geheimniss, who died in 1907.

Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, who came to be known on the Turf as "The Old Firm," because of the long duration of their racing partnership, joined the Kingsclere Stable some little time after the commencement of the racing season of 1881. Sir Frederick had, of course, been slightly associated with it previously, because he owned Xi jointly with Sir Joseph Hawley. Before coming to me the "confederates'" horses had been trained by Percy at Pimperne, Dorsetshire, near Lord Alington's place, Crichel. The first batch sent to Kingsclere was a very small one, and included no animal of any consequence. None of them managed to win the "whole" of a race that season, but the two-year-old filly Wedlock, who became the dam of Best Man, ran a dead-heat in a match at Ascot. This was the only contest in which Wedlock ever took part. In the autumn of that year St. Blaise was one of the yearlings that reached Kingsclere from Crichel; but I must defer the relation of his story until I have disposed of Shotover, who, in 1882, won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby for the Duke of Westminster.

It was the retirement of Robert Peck of Russley

that caused the Duke to entrust me with his horses. They arrived at Kingsclere after the close of the racing season of 1881. At that time there was no reason for supposing that Shotover, a chestnut filly by Hermit out of Stray Shot, was anything out of the common. Her first race had been that for the Middle Park Plate. Odds of 50 to 1 were offered against her and she ran unplaced. The following day she started favourite for the Prendergast Stakes, but was beaten a neck by Prince Soltykoff's Berwick, who had no form of consequence to his credit. At the Houghton Meeting Shotover was unplaced in a Nursery Handicap. That was the full tale of her career as a two-year-old. It is hardly the sort of prelude one expects to a Derby triumph.

At that time, however, Shotover's powers were undeveloped. She was a magnificent-looking filly, with plenty of size and fine action, but unfortunately was hampered by a delicate constitution. Bred at Blankney by Mr. (now Viscount) Chaplin, she was sent to Newmarket to be sold as a yearling, and, acting for the Duke of Westminster, Robert Peck bought her for 1400 guineas. Her dam, Stray Shot, was one of the last of the animals bred by Sir Joseph Hawley, and was a winner of several races, one of them being over two miles. The second dam, Vaga, was by Stockwell out of Mendicant, the dam of Sir Joseph's Derby winner Beadsman. The

virility of this line is further shown by the fact that Stray Shot's daughter, Penitent, was the dam of Ravensbury; while another daughter, Silver Sea, bred Lord Bobs and His Majesty. It is said that when the Duke of Westminster paid a visit to Russley shortly after the purchase of Shotover, his Grace told Peck he did not like the filly. The trainer thereupon said he would take her over at the price he had given. Some time later the Duke changed his mind and bought her back from Peck.

With a view to ascertaining Shotover's chance of winning the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas in 1882, we tried her on April 18, eight days before the former race. This was the result:

One Mile

Incendiary, 5 yrs., 9 st.	1
Locksley, 3 yrs., 7 st.	2
Shotover, 3 yrs., 9 st.	3
Sirdar, 5 yrs., 9 st.	4

Won by a neck; a head between second and third;
another head between third and fourth.

Shotover's form in this trial did not afford us much encouragement. It looked a little better, however, the day before the Two Thousand, when both Sirdar and Incendiary were placed second in mile races; but, even so, we were anything but confident she would win the Two Thousand. Our doubt is revealed by the betting, for odds of 10 to 1 were laid against her. Although the

Duke himself never had a bet, there were others connected with the stable who backed our horses very freely when the omens seemed favourable. And let me say here that all my patrons worked amicably together. None of them harboured any secrets concerning their horses. Locksley, who took part in our Guineas' trial, belonged to Mr. John Gretton, but I had not to ask his permission to put the horse in the gallop. It was understood that I could use the horses in the stable as I thought best. We were, in fact, a very happy family.

Shotover won the Two Thousand Guineas by a couple of lengths from Lord Bradford's Quicklime, Marden finishing third, four lengths farther away. Glancing down the list of eighteen runners, one realises that the field was a very moderate one that year. The first and second favourites were Executor and Pursebearer, horses who have long been forgotten. Two days later Shotover competed for the One Thousand Guineas. Odds of 4 to 1 were laid on her defeating five opponents, but she was beaten a neck by the handsome St. Marguerite, and finished a head only in front of Nellie. Her effort in the Two Thousand had settled her for the time being; she was not strong enough to race again so soon.

During the month that elapsed before the Derby, Shotover picked up nicely, and we sent her to Epsom, believing, like the public, that only

one of her opponents had a chance of beating her. The horse I refer to was Bruce. This son of See Saw ran four times as a two-year-old and was unbeaten. In the Criterion, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, he beat both St. Marguerite and Nellie. We had, therefore, cause to fear him.

Bruce was a hot favourite for the Derby at 9 to 4; then came Shotover at 11 to 2, Quicklime at 6 to 1, and Dutch Oven at 10 to 1. There were fourteen runners. Forcing tactics were adopted with the favourite. Approaching Tattenham Corner he was leading, but, frightened by a piece of paper on the course, he swerved, and made a wide sweep round the turn. This lost him many lengths. At the distance Quicklime was leading from Shotover. The latter, ridden by Tom Cannon, gradually wore him down, however, and won the race by three-quarters of a length. The victory was well received by the public, whose appreciation was no doubt quickened by the knowledge that Shotover was only the third filly who had secured Derby honours, the other two being Eleanor (1801) and Blink Bonny (1857). Sachem and Bruce were placed third and fourth. Had his jockey obeyed orders and ridden him out, Bruce would have finished third. It may be, as many people contended at the time, that Bruce was unlucky to be beaten that day. Ten days later he won the Grand Prix de Paris, but he never ran again in England.

I had now trained a second Derby winner, and the Duke had for the second time seen his colours carried to victory in the greatest of our races, the first to bear them triumphantly being Bend Or, who won in 1880. He was naturally very delighted, and it was a rare stroke of fortune for me that his Grace's horses should have come to Kingsclere with a classic winner among them.

Shotover was engaged in the Oaks, but, after our experience with her in the One Thousand, we did not take the risk of running her in the fillies' race, especially as we knew she had little or no chance of beating her stable companion, Geheimniss, who, as already recorded, won the race easily from St. Marguerite and Nellie. Shotover won a couple of races at Ascot, and was then put aside for the St. Leger.

Some time before the Doncaster race it was understood by the public that Fred Archer would ride Shotover. The Duke had second claim on Archer's services, the first being held by Lord Falmouth. Almost at the last moment Lord Falmouth, exercising his right, decided that Archer should ride Dutch Oven in the St. Leger. Greatly disappointed, Archer approached Lord Falmouth and asked to be liberated so that he might ride Geheimniss. His employer refused the request, but endeavoured to console the jockey by remarking: "If I give you up to the Duke, you will have to ride Shotover, and you

may as well be beaten on Dutch Oven as on Shotover." As a matter of fact, if Lord Falmouth had not wanted Archer, the Duke would have allowed him to ride Geheimniss instead of Shotover, because everybody connected with the Kingsclere stable knew, as Lord Falmouth had hinted, that Lord Stamford's filly was the better of the two. It only remains to be added that Dutch Oven won the St. Leger from Geheimniss and Shotover, the three "places" being thus filled by fillies. Dutch Oven owed her success to the fact that she was a much better stayer than either of our candidates. Indeed, neither Geheimniss nor Shotover had any pretensions to staying the St. Leger distance.

On the Friday at Doncaster Shotover won the Park Hill Stakes easily from some very moderate opponents; but later, at Newmarket, failed by a length to give 10 lb. to Kermesse and Nellie, who dead-heated for the Select Stakes. By this time Shotover was showing unmistakable signs that she had had enough racing. She had developed jady habits. The following April, I tried her with Geheimniss as follows:

Ten Furlongs

Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	†
Shotover, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	.	.	.	†
Locksley, 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb.	.	.	.	3

A dead-heat; three lengths.

This trial took place six days before the City and Suburban at Epsom, for which Shotover, carrying 8 st. 9 lb., started favourite. With Archer up, she was well beaten. In the Epsom Gold Cup she finished last of four, and at Ascot made a poor show in a Triennial. We came to the conclusion it was useless to persevere with her, and so she was packed off to the Eaton Stud. The best of her produce were Orion and Bullingdon. She was destroyed in 1898, and lies buried in the Stud Yard at Eaton, her grave being between those of Ornament, dam of Sceptre, and Lily Agnes, dam of Ormonde.

The Kingsclere Stable's triumphs in the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Oaks with Shotover and Geheimniss were celebrated by a grand picnic on our Downs. Everybody in the village and in the neighbouring hamlets was entertained. A generous meal was served in two marquees, and all sorts of festivities were afterwards indulged in. Air balloons in the Duke's and Lord Stamford's colours were sent away, and when dusk came there was a big show of fireworks. Altogether we had a great jollification, and who could say we were not justified in rejoicing? The cost of the entertainment was equally shared by the owners and the trainer of the two fillies.

ST. BLAISE

LORD ALINGTON and Sir Frederick Johnstone were "seasoned campaigners" when they came to Kingsclere in 1881. The former was born in 1825, and had been a member of the Jockey Club since 1850. Up to 1876 he was a commoner—Mr. Gerard Sturt. He had had two or three racing partners before he combined his interests on the Turf with those of Sir Frederick in 1868, when both were patrons of William Day at Woodyeates. Sir Frederick was the junior member of "the firm," for he was sixteen years younger than Lord Alington; nevertheless, the confederacy horses almost invariably carried his colours, "chocolate, yellow sleeves." Lord Alington seemed, however, to be the more active partner. I always got on well with them, and, generally speaking, the management of the horses was left entirely to me. Both Lord Alington and Sir Frederick were inclined to bet somewhat heavily at times. I have always thought they were extraordinarily fortunate as breeders and owners of racehorses. Between them, I

suppose, they never owned more than seven or eight brood mares at any one time, yet while I trained for them they bred St. Blaise, Common, Matchbox, Matchmaker, Friar's Balsam, Thristle, Missel Thrush, and Plum Centre. There have been few studs able to boast of a better record.

St. Blaise, a chestnut colt by Hermit out of Fusee, by Marsyas, was one of the yearlings that reached Kingsclere in the autumn of 1881. He was a fine big colt, though inclined to be rather coarse. There was none of the Newminster delicacy about him; one would, indeed, rather describe him as a horse of the Stockwell type. As a two-year-old, he showed himself just "useful." It was at Stockbridge, in the summer, that he made his first appearance in public. He won the Biennial, walked-over for the Troy Stakes, and ran second to Macheath in the Hurstbourne Stakes. At Goodwood he dead-heated with Elzévir for the Molecomb Stakes. In accordance with the somewhat absurd rule then applying when owners agreed to divide after a dead-heat, St. Blaise went through the formality of walking over. In the autumn, at Newmarket, he was unplaced in the Dewhurst Plate, but won the Troy Stakes. This series of performances was not one on which extravagant hopes could be founded.

During the ensuing winter months St. Blaise literally waxed fat, and when the racing season

of 1883 came round I was beset with difficulties in his case. It happened to be an abnormally wet spring, and the gallops on our Downs were so heavy I could not give the colt the work he needed to get him fit for the Two Thousand Guineas. His backwardness was revealed by a trial on April 12:

One Mile

Whipper-in, 4 yrs., 7 st. 13 lb.	1
St. Blaise, 3 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	2
Incendiary, 6 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb.	3

Won by a length and a half; six lengths
between second and third.

It was, however, decided that St. Blaise should run in the Guineas, because the race was likely to do him a world of good. His chance of winning was not seriously considered, and odds of 25 to 1 were offered against him. He did no better than we expected. The three placed horses were Galliard, Goldfield, and The Prince.

During the month that intervened between the Guineas and the Derby, St. Blaise improved rapidly, for I was able to give him plenty of strong work. He was again formally tried a week before the Derby. The occasion was a notable one, for that day the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) paid his first visit to Kingsclere. He travelled down by train to Overton in the morning, and drove to the Downs, where Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and I received

him. The Prince mounted my trusty grey cob, Jack, and then away we went to the trial ground. The trial is thus recorded in my book:

One Mile and a Half

St. Blaise, 3 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb.	.	.	.	1
Incendiary, 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	.	.	.	2
Shotover, 4 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	.	.	.	3
Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.	.	.	.	4
Energy, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.	.	.	.	5

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third; a head between third and fourth; another head between fourth and fifth.

This result afforded us much satisfaction. That the "race" had been truly run was proved conclusively enough by the fact that Shotover, in receipt of 7 lb., finished a head in front of Geheimniss, for that was how we rated the two fillies. We felt, then, that if St. Blaise did as well in the Derby as he had done in the trial he would take a lot of beating. When the morning's work was over we went to Park House for lunch, and I afterwards showed the Prince over the stables. He took a lively interest in all he saw.

Galliard, winner of the Two Thousand, naturally started favourite for the Derby; odds of 7 to 2 were laid against him when the flag fell. The Prince, Goldfield, and St. Blaise were equal second favourites at 5 to 1. The Prince was beaten shortly after entering the straight, and two furlongs from home St. Blaise was in front,

with Galliard, Goldfield, and Highland Chief his immediate followers. Shortly afterwards Goldfield was beaten, and Highland Chief headed Galliard. In the meantime St. Blaise was making the best of his way home, and when well inside the distance held a lead which seemed sufficient to ensure victory. Then, however, came another spurt by Highland Chief, which enabled him to draw almost level with the son of Hermit. The next few moments were charged with intense excitement. Beautifully ridden by Charles Wood, who had never been seen to better advantage, St. Blaise, however, responded to this unexpected challenge, and in a thrilling finish gained the verdict by a neck. Galliard finished third, half a length away.

During the years that have since come and gone, that race has been discussed again and again. Whenever the racing career of the late Lord Falmouth is reviewed there is inevitably a reference to the defeat of Galliard. His lordship was profoundly dissatisfied with the way Archer rode his horse. It has been stated that immediately after the race he told the famous jockey he no longer required his services. A few months later Lord Falmouth disposed of his blood-stock, and a memorable sale it was. The reason traditionally given for the dispersal was the disgust occasioned by Galliard's failure in the Derby ; but it has since been asserted that

the real reason was a desire, owing to advancing age, for relief from the anxieties that accompany the maintenance of a breeding-stud and racing-stable. Those who persist in believing that Archer deliberately refrained from doing his best with Galliard allege that it was financially to his interest that Highland Chief should win. Whether or not there is any truth in this suggestion I cannot say. All I know is that it would have required a good horse to beat St. Blaise in that Derby. The trial he won was good enough for most Derbys.

St. Blaise then went to Paris for the Grand Prix. Archer rode him at Longchamps, but he was beaten "half a neck" by Frontin, who had won the French Derby. Our horse was considerably hampered in the race, the French jockeys having, apparently, entered into a conspiracy to obstruct Archer as much as possible. After the race, I received orders to hurry St. Blaise back to England so that he might run at Ascot the same week. If I had had my way he most certainly would not have been treated in that fashion. However, I obeyed instructions. In the Ascot Derby St. Blaise ran a "dog horse," and finished a bad third to Ladislav and Ossian. This wretched exhibition was, of course, due to his not having had time to recover from the big effort in the Grand Prix three days previously. He was not engaged in the St. Leger, and his

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only other "achievements" that season were a couple of walks-over.

We had, as it turned out, seen the best of St. Blaise. His one race as a four-year-old was in the City and Suburban at Epsom, in which he carried 8 st. 12 lb., started favourite, but ran unplaced. There was about that time some trouble with one of his suspensory ligaments, and I could never train him properly afterwards, though I persevered with him. He ran in the Lincolnshire Handicap and two other races as a five-year-old, but was unplaced each time. His owners then sold him to go to the United States, the buyer being the late Mr. August Belmont.

After Mr. Belmont's death, St. Blaise came under the hammer in New York. Mr. Charles Reed, owner of a big stud-farm in Tennessee, had just been frustrated in an endeavour to buy Ormonde, and consoled himself by making the one and only bid for St. Blaise. His offer was a hundred thousand dollars—£20,000. When talking about this transaction afterwards Mr. Reed used to say, alluding to the other breeders who had intended to bid for St. Blaise, "I earth-quake'd 'em, that's all—just earth-quake'd 'em." If not a conspicuous success as a stallion, St. Blaise was the sire of many useful winners, and is credited with a long string of brood mares in the American Stud Book.

A word or two may be interpolated here concerning Whipper-in and Incendiary, two horses who figured in most of my trials at this period. They both belonged to the Duke of Westminster. Apart from the races they won, their value to the stable was almost incalculable because of the reliability of their form in test gallops. In this capacity Whipper-in was a veritable treasure. So far as my recollection goes, I can say he never deceived me. He could try other horses over any distance up to a mile and a half, and was in active service in this way for five seasons. In the earlier pages of this book I have extolled the merits of Xi and Lictor as trial horses, but, good as they were, Whipper-in excelled them. Incendiary was also a faithful assistant on the trial ground. These four horses were the only ones I had at Kingsclere that invariably told me a true tale. Incidentally, Whipper-in won, in the course of five seasons, races worth £5587. He deserved a monument ! Fortunate, indeed, is the trainer who has a horse of this character in one of his boxes. Whipper-in eventually went to the Argentine, where he became a fairly successful stallion.

The best of our two-year-olds in 1883 were Sandiway and Duke of Richmond, both owned by the Duke of Westminster. Sandiway was a lovely little chestnut mare by Doncaster out of Clemence. If there was any truth—I do not

believe there was—in the allegation that Bend Or was really Tadcaster, and *vice versa*, Sandiway would rank as sister to a Derby winner. Mr. Somerville Tattersall, in the course of a contribution to the Bend Or controversy (he is a believer in the pedigree of Bend Or as it appears in the Stud Book) wrote :

Allusions have been made to the likeness between Bend Or and Sandiway. There was no resemblance, as far as I could see, in their appearance, though they both had good action, but there was, of course, a distinct likeness between Sandiway (by Doncaster) and Lenity (by Bend Or) both out of Clemence.

Now I am bound to say that in my opinion Sandiway did bear a very strong resemblance to Bend Or. The fact that the likeness existed does not, however, necessarily strengthen the suggestion that the two animals were brother and sister. The mere circumstance that they were by the same sire is sufficient to account for the features common to both.

As a two-year-old Sandiway won seven of the nine races in which she ran, including the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, the Findon Stakes and a Nursery Handicap at Goodwood, and the Prendergast at Newmarket. The following season she was out seven times. After running unplaced in the One Thousand, won by Busybody, she took the Coronation Stakes at Ascot,

finishing a long way in front of Queen Adelaide, who had been placed second in the One Thousand and third in the Oaks. At Goodwood, Sandiway captured the Nassau Stakes, then ran second, beaten a length, to The Lambkin in the St. Leger; and in the autumn she won the Newmarket Oaks, and ran unplaced in the Cambridgeshire.

Before the St. Leger Captain Machell, on behalf of Sir John Willoughby, who was running Harvester, objected to the nomination of The Lambkin. This son of Camballo was bred by Mr. Clare Vyner, but the entry for the St. Leger was made by Mr. Robert C. Vyner "on behalf of Mr. Clare Vyner." The latter, who died before the St. Leger was run, bequeathed The Lambkin to his brother. The Doncaster Stewards decided that the nomination was quite in order. Had they come to the contrary conclusion we may assume that Sandiway would have been crowned with classic laurels. I confess I have no vivid memories of that particular race; still, I fancy, however, I was not altogether surprised when I saw Sandiway go so near to winning, even though odds of 40 to 1 had been laid against her. But for the fact that she met with considerable interference in the race she would probably have been placed first instead of second.

I recall an incident connected with the

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Cambridgeshire in which Sandiway, who was well backed, finished unplaced to Florence. Riding my hack, I went on to the far side of the course to see the race. "Rosebery" Smith came up to me and asked if I had backed my mare. I said, "No, I haven't; but I should like to have £5 on her for a place." He replied: "You had better put your 'fiver' on Florence. She will win, and your mare will make the running for her." "You are wrong there," I rejoined, "because I have given orders for my mare to be waited with." But it turned out that Mr. Smith was right. As the field came up the hill (the race at that time finished at the "Top of the Town") Sandiway was in front, and she was still leading when she passed me, somewhere between the old Red Post and the winning-post. Naturally I was intensely annoyed to find that my orders had been disobeyed. It was freely stated afterwards that many of the jockeys were winners over Florence.

As a four-year-old Sandiway won the Liverpool Summer Cup, beating Lord Cawdor's The General by a short head; ran second for the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, and third in the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster. In four other races she was unplaced. Then she went to the stud at Eaton. From 1887 to 1899 she produced seven foals, the best of them being Calveley, by St. Serf. After the Duke of West-

minster's death in 1899 she was acquired by Mr. Larnach, for whom she bred two foals of no consequence. She died in 1906. When she left Kingsclere we believed she would develop into a successful brood mare, but the longer one lives the more it is borne in upon one that it is never safe to prophesy how a mare will turn out when she goes to the stud.

Duke of Richmond was a very fine-looking bay colt by Hampton out of Preference. In the first instance he was called Bushey, but the name was changed before he made his first appearance in public, appropriately enough in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. We thought the world of him at that time. On July 25, six days before he ran at Goodwood, we had tried him as follows :

Six Furlongs

Duke of Richmond, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	1
Whipper-in, 4 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	2
Sandiway, 2 yrs., 8 st.	3

Won by a neck ; three lengths between second and third.

That was a very fine performance, one that more than confirmed the high estimate we had previously formed of the colt's capabilities. Starting an even-money favourite for the Richmond Stakes, he won very comfortably. He was then matched against St. Simon at level weights to race over the Bretby Stakes course at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting for £500 a side.

St. Simon, with odds of 2 to 1 laid on, beat him by three-quarters of a length.

Like our colt, St. Simon had made his debut at Goodwood, where he won the Halnaker Stakes in a canter, and the same week captured the Maiden Stakes. After that he won the Devonshire Nursery at Derby, and the Prince of Wales's Nursery at Doncaster. In the latter race he carried 9 st. and won by eight lengths. Having regard, therefore, to these performances, a decided compliment was paid to Duke of Richmond when speculators were required to lay only 2 to 1 on the Duke of Portland's colt. The Duke of Westminster thought his horse a wonder. There is no doubt he was very good, but no match for St. Simon.

I had been a bidder, on my own behalf, for St. Simon when he was offered for sale at Newmarket in July of that year owing to the death of his breeder, Count Batthyany. When he came into the ring there was some dressing on his hocks, which had been slightly blistered; but so far as I could make out there was nothing the matter. At any rate, the dressing would not have stopped me buying the son of Galopin, because I had come to the conclusion it was put on to frighten intending buyers. Sir George Chetwynd, who was bidding for the horse on behalf of a friend, tells us it came to his knowledge that Matthew Dawson, when looking over

the horse before the sale, stooped down and licked the dressing with his tongue in order to find out what it was made of! It was a hint from Matt that caused me to stop bidding for St. Simon. Indeed, he gave me more than a hint, for he told me plainly I might as well give up because he had instructions to buy the colt for the Duke of Portland. He silenced his opponents with a bid of 1600 guineas. That seemed at the time a fair price, for St. Simon had not yet run. Though he was reported "smart," nobody, of course, had the ghost of an idea that he was the marvel he proved himself to be. It goes without saying that he was the biggest bargain ever secured in an auction ring, for he earned a huge fortune as a stallion. I have often been asked for my opinion concerning the merits of St. Simon. Naturally, I share the universal view that he was a very great horse; at the same time, I am convinced he was no better than, if so good as, Ormonde. Neither suffered defeat. In favouring Ormonde I am influenced by the character of the horses they met and defeated.

To return to Duke of Richmond, he was not entered for any of the classic events, and his first race as a three-year-old was for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. Handicapped at 8 st. he started favourite at 4 to 1, and was beaten a length by Acrostic, a four-year-old to whom he was giving 23 lb. This was a very fine performance. The

same week he was second to Energy, a very speedy horse, in the Wokingham Stakes. At Goodwood he ran a great horse when second in the Stewards' Cup, carrying 8 st. 10 lb., and the same week he won the Racing Stakes. At Newmarket, in the autumn, he won the Select Stakes, walked-over for the All-Aged Stakes, and ran St. Gatien, who was conceding 3 lb., to three-parts of a length in the Free Handicap. As a four-year-old he ran thirteen times without winning. We sold him early in the autumn of that season to Captain Machell, and in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket he ran Paradox to a neck, though the latter could have won by a much bigger margin. He was then cut, and did not run at all as a five-year-old. Sold to General Owen Williams, his attention was next turned to hurdle-racing. After winning selling hurdle races, he was at various times sold for 240 guineas, 310 guineas, and 340 guineas. Sir T. Brinckman and Tom Cannon had him for a while. His name disappeared from the records after 1890. Little did any of us associated with him when he was a two- and three-year-old imagine that he would descend to the sphere in which he finished his racing career. He had remarkable speed in his early days, but lacked stamina. I have often wondered what he would have done had he been sent to the stud at the close of his three-year-old season.

Another good two-year-old at Kingsclere in 1883 was the filly Reprieve, by Queen's Messenger. When the property of Matt Dawson, she won the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting in a canter. Lord Grosvenor (the eldest son of the late Duke of Westminster and the father of the present Duke) then bought her for £2000. This was the first and the last racehorse owned by Lord Grosvenor. I fancy the Duke was not very pleased when he learned that his son had joined the ranks of owners; he seemed to think that one patron of the Turf in the family was sufficient! Lord Grosvenor, however, did very well with Reprieve, for she won for him five races worth £4188, and was twice placed second. Before the next racing season came round Lord Grosvenor died, and Reprieve was bought by Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone. Her racing abilities, however, dwindled sadly after her two-year-old days, and she could not win another race. She was eventually sold to Sir Tatton Sykes, who bred from her some fairly useful animals, including Florrie, Queen's Pardon, Mintlaw, and Remise.

The career of Reprieve was very nearly brought to a tragic close when she was a two-year-old. I took her to Birmingham in June to run for the Four Oaks Plate the first day of the meeting. When driving to the course in a cab, I saw a horse on the ground, and, alighting, found to my

horror it was Reprieve. A cab had been driven into her and knocked her over. Fortunately there were no bones broken; indeed, apart from being a little shaken, she was none the worse. We kept her quiet that day, and the following afternoon she was able to secure the Great Midland Foal Plate, worth nearly twice as much as the race she had gone to Birmingham to win.

Another of the Duke of Westminster's two-year-olds in 1883 was Cambusmore, by Doncaster out of Strathfleet. A big, overgrown colt, he obviously required plenty of time for development, and I let him have it, in accordance with my invariable practice in such cases. The reward came in due course. His only outing as a two-year-old was in the Middle Park Plate, in which he ran unplaced to Busybody. By the following summer he had come to hand nicely, and won the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. In the autumn he was thrice successful at Newmarket. The following year Lord Londonderry, then Viceroy of Ireland, bought him, and, ridden by Archer, Cambusmore won the Lord Lieutenant's Plate at the Curragh. His performances would hardly be worth mentioning in these pages but for the fact that they emphasise the importance of exercising patience with horses who, as two-year-olds, have grown beyond their strength.

PARADOX

IN 1884 my list of patrons was enlarged, for Mr. Brodrick Cloete joined the stable. He had only a few horses in training, but among them was Cherry, a beautiful little chestnut filly by Sterling out of Cherry Duchess. As a two-year-old she was owned by Mr. R. S. Evans, whose horses were trained by Tom Brown at Newmarket. Mr. Cloete bought her for £2000 just after she had won the Cheveley Stakes, her only race as a juvenile. From Kingsclere she went the following year to win the Epsom Grand Prize, the Kempton Grand Prize, and the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool—three races worth £4789. She ended her days in Germany.

But, so far as his association with Kingsclere is concerned, Mr. Cloete came into prominence chiefly by the aid of Paradox, a bay colt by Sterling out of Casuistry, by The Miner. He was bred by the Grahams at Yardley. In September 1876 Lord Rosebery bought, for 800 guineas, Lady Caroline (by Orlando) and her filly foal by The Miner. The foal was Casuistry,

sister to the then five-year-old Controversy, with whom his lordship had won the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Liverpool Summer Cup. The filly raced as a two-year-old only, and her solitary victory was gained the first time she ran—in a Maiden Plate over half a mile at Epsom. The following year, 1879, she was mated with Kisber, and in May 1880 was one of nine mares Lord Rosebery disposed of at a sale held at Epsom. Mr. Young R. Graham, of the Yardley Stud, secured her, together with her colt foal Graft, for 130 guineas.

When the hammer fell and the buyer's name was announced, Young Graham's brother exclaimed, "What! Have you bought another mare?" "Yes," was the reply, "and if she is all right I hope she will breed for us another Isonomy." Seeing Lord Rosebery standing at the other side of the ring talking to Lord Falmouth, the brother suggested that the buyer should go and ask if there was anything wrong with the mare. Young Graham approached Lord Rosebery, who told him that his sole reason for parting with Casuistry was her inability to stay more than four furlongs. Casuistry had been mated again with Kisber in 1880 but proved barren. The following year the Grahams put her to Sterling, and the result of the union was Paradox.

I may mention that the mare which followed

Casuistry into the ring at the Epsom sale was Footlight, a four-year-old by Cremorne out of Paraffin. She had not raced at all and was bought by Mr. Caledon Alexander for 55 guineas. Footlight produced Glare, the dam of Flair, Lesbia, and Vivid, and of Lady Lightfoot, the mother of Prince Palatine.

In the summer of 1883 I paid my customary visit to the Yardley Stud to inspect the yearlings to be offered for sale. On this occasion I was accompanied by my friend Captain Bowling. We were particularly impressed by the Casuistry colt. Though he had pasterns unduly long, and hocks that left something to be desired owing to their coarseness, there was a very racing-like appearance about the youngster that appealed to us. I was not able to attend the sale myself, and so asked "young" Tom Jennings to buy the colt for me. He got him for 700 guineas. Captain Bowling and I "went halves." Some time later the Captain said he would like to buy my share if I did not mind. As I was not particularly anxious to own horses I agreed to let him have my "half."

Paradox did not run until the autumn of 1884, and then started an equal favourite with Cora for the Middle Park Plate. In the spring he had given me some trouble, and the season was well advanced before I could start training him properly. When, however, he did go into

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strong work he made headway rapidly. We tried him as follows on October 3 :

Five Furlongs

Casuistry colt, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Rebecca colt, 2 yrs., 8 st.	2
Whipper-in, 5 yrs., 9 st.	3
Reprieve, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	4
Siren, 5 yrs., 8 st.	5

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third; three lengths between third and fourth; two lengths between fourth and fifth.

This was a first-rate performance; so good, indeed, that the Duke of Westminster, who had previously noted the way the Casuistry colt shaped in his work on the Downs, expressed a desire to buy him if Captain Bowling was willing to sell. The latter asked £6000 and got it. Paradox, therefore, carried the Duke's colours when he competed in the Middle Park Plate.

Cora, a filly by Uncas, was strongly fancied for the "Two-Year-Old Derby" because she had won three good races, one being the valuable Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, and another the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster. On this occasion, however, she was outclassed. Melton was placed first, Xaintrailles second, while Paradox dead-heated with Royal Hampton for third place. When the flag fell Paradox whipped half round and lost many lengths. During the race he picked up the lost ground

well, and in the circumstances I was quite satisfied with his performance, for he finished only two lengths behind Melton, though I should explain that the latter was giving both Paradox and Xaintrailles 7 lb. So, too, was Royal Hampton. To me it seemed obvious that, but for the mishap at the start, Paradox would have been returned the winner of the Middle Park Plate.

This unlucky defeat was to have important consequences. While we were rubbing Paradox down after the race two or three of the Duke's friends came into the box to look at him. I happened to hear one of them remark: "A nice brute they have stuck the Duke with!" This silly innuendo angered me, even though it was made by a man palpably ignorant of the finer points of racing. I let the observation pass, but was not greatly surprised when, a little later, the Duke informed me that if I could find a buyer he would sell the Casuistry colt. I at once suggested to Mr. Cloete that he should buy the youngster. When I told him the Duke had paid £6000, he naturally said that as the Duke was anxious to sell he ought to be prepared to do so at a loss. Mr. Cloete offered £5000 and the bid was accepted. A fortnight later Paradox—he was now so named—won the Dewhurst Plate in a canter by three lengths from Cora, with Xaintrailles third, four lengths

away. Cora and Xaintrailles were both giving Paradox 4 lb., but it was evident the latter could have dispensed with the pull in weight and still have won easily. Melton did not run in the Dewhurst. Lonely, who won the Oaks the following year, finished fourth. It will be understood with what joy I saw Paradox play with his opponents that day. The Duke's friends did not again come to see him rubbed down ! Nor did the Duke say anything to me about the success of the horse he had so hastily discarded, but I had reason to know he was exceedingly vexed with himself for listening to the chatter of his friends.

Paradox did not run again as a two-year-old. All went well with him during the winter of 1884-85, and when, on April 30, we subjected him to a formal trial, he amply realised our expectations, as the following record shows:

One Mile

Paradox, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Whipper-in, 6 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Cambusmore, 4 yrs., 9 st.	3
Farewell, 3 yrs., 8 st.	4
Metal, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	5

Won easily by half a length; a head between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth; four lengths between fourth and fifth.

This trial had a double purpose, for we were "examining" Paradox for the Two Thousand

Guineas and Farewell for the One Thousand. The result did not say much for Farewell's chance in the fillies' race, but it encouraged us to believe that Paradox was certain to win the Two Thousand. And win he did, with odds of 3 to 1 laid on him. But we experienced some exciting moments before his number went up, for it was by a head only that he got the better of Crafton, a 200 to 7 chance, ridden by Tom Cannon. There were many people who blamed Archer for the way he handled Paradox that day. The late Sir George Chetwynd echoed the criticism.

"Crafton," he wrote, "was marvellously ridden by Cannon, whereas Archer, who had to make his own running on the favourite, got a little bit flurried, and did not ride as well as usual. Wood, who was on the third (Child of the Mist) told me after the race that, although no one ought to know better than himself what a splendid jockey Archer was, and no one was more ready to say so, still in this instance he rode a bad race, and he expressed his belief that Paradox would win the Derby. No doubt Cannon would have won on Crafton but that Paradox swerved and seriously interfered with him in the last few strides."

With all due respect to Sir George Chetwynd (who died in 1917) and Charles Wood, that version of the affair is founded on a misapprehension. Paradox had his peculiarities. One of them was a rooted objection to making running. He was also a lazy horse. In the Two Thousand,

Paradox and Crafton were at the head of the field in the Dip, a furlong from the goal. Cannon, on Crafton, kept just behind Paradox all the way up the hill, intending to make his effort just on the post. This he did, and the scheme all but fructified. It was a most exciting race to watch, especially to those who were aware of Paradox's weakness. At the finish the two horses were running side by side, and it was obvious that Archer was having to bring all his cunning to bear in order to keep Paradox in a persevering humour. There was an impression that Crafton had his head in front a stride or two past the post. That might well be, because the instant Archer relaxed his efforts Paradox would become slack.

Crafton, who was a son of Kisber, showed form in the Two Thousand which he never reproduced. As a two-year-old he won the Halnaker Stakes at Goodwood the first time out; and in the Rous Plate at Doncaster ran Lonely to a neck. The Guineas was his first race as a three-year-old. The following season he won the Stewards' Cup (six furlongs) at Goodwood. Though I shall have occasion to make a further reference to Farewell, I may as well state here that she surprised us, and the sporting world in general, by winning the One Thousand Guineas in a canter by three lengths from a big field.

Paradox did not run again before the Derby. At Epsom he once more met Melton and Xaintrailles, both of whom started better favourites than our colt, the betting reading : 75 to 40 against Melton, 4 to 1 Xaintrailles, 6 to 1 Paradox. There were nine other runners, including Crafton, who had many supporters at 100 to 15. Melton's only outing that season before the Derby was in the Payne Stakes at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. He then won comfortably from Kingwood and Lonely. Xaintrailles, owned by M. Lupin, had won three races in France, one being the French Two Thousand.

Archer was not able to ride Paradox in the Derby ; Matt Dawson required him for Melton. From our point of view this was most unfortunate, because Archer knew all about Paradox and his little weaknesses. There was probably no other jockey, unless it was Tom Cannon, who could have got Paradox beaten in the Derby. I engaged Fred Webb to ride our colt, and so thrust upon him somewhat unenviable responsibilities. All the bookmakers seemed anxious to lay against Paradox. Eventually it came to our knowledge there was a rumour afloat that Webb had been "got at." After Webb had weighed-out for Paradox, Mr. Cloete told him of the statements that were being made, and said : " Whatever they have offered you, I

will give you double if you win." The final arrangement was that Webb and I were to divide the stake (£4525) between us if Paradox was first past the post.

I never had the smallest reason for thinking, much less believing, that our jockey contemplated "selling the pass." The rumour did him a foul injustice, and nothing would have been more gratifying to me than to have seen long faces pulled by those who had financially interested themselves in the race in accordance with the idea that Paradox was a negligible quantity, not because he lacked the necessary ability, but because everything was not "on the square." Fortunately, perhaps, for Webb and the rest of us, the race gave the lie to those who had busied themselves in circulating the false accusation.

The Derby has rarely produced a more thrilling finish. After decisively disposing of Xaintrailles a furlong or so from the goal, Paradox appeared to have the race well won. And he most assuredly would have won but for his rooted dislike to leading the field. Archer was inside the distance before he took Melton to within striking distance of Paradox. Then he waited patiently until about fifty yards from home. From that point to the winning-post a tremendous struggle was seen. The onlookers lashed themselves into a state of intense excitement. Melton got his head in front only to be

re-headed twenty yards from home. Then Archer, who had prepared himself for this emergency, used his whip. One swish with it sufficed ; Melton got in front with the stride that carried him to the post. Judge Clark afterwards said to me : " Your horse had won everywhere except at the winning-post. One stride later he was a neck in front." This description was not, I should say, strictly accurate, but it sufficiently indicates the touch-and-go character of the finish of a memorable Derby. Webb rode a splendid race, and he would have done both himself and me a very good turn but for the masterly tactics, and the grim determination, displayed by Archer. Royal Hampton finished a bad third.

Melton and Paradox had shown themselves as two-year-olds the best of their year, and by running right away from the field in the Derby they emphatically endorsed their right to be regarded as much superior to any of their contemporaries.

A few days later I took Paradox to Paris to run for the Grand Prix. He won the race easily (ridden by Archer) from Reluisant, who had won the French Derby in a canter by five lengths. Paradox thus proved himself a thorough stayer, and it was a great pity he was not engaged in the St. Leger, for it would have been interesting to witness, on the Town Moor

at Doncaster, a renewal of the Epsom battle with Melton, who won the St. Leger by six lengths from Isobar. Paradox, at Goodwood, won the Sussex Stakes, giving Royal Hampton 9 lb. and a three-quarter-length beating. In the autumn, at Newmarket, he readily defeated, though the verdict was only a neck, his former stable companion Duke of Richmond, and in the Free Handicap carried 9 st. 2 lb. to victory.

We had intended running Paradox in the Cambridgeshire. All the necessary arrangements were completed. Some of the patrons of the stable had backed the colt to win a substantial sum, and the public also helped themselves pretty freely. When the weights made their appearance Mr. Brodrick Cloete was in Mexico, where he had big business interests. It was not, I believe, until he reached New York, on his way home, that he learned that Paradox was handicapped at 8 st. 12 lb. On arriving in London, and without consulting me or any one connected with the stable, he went to Weatherby's and struck his horse out of the race. Having "done the deed," Mr. Cloete came down to Kingsclere by the first available train and gave me the news. It astounded me. There was a great hullabaloo. Naturally we were all very vexed. I told Mr. Cloete frankly that he had most seriously injured his reputation as a sportsman, and at the same time had done a great

injustice to the other patrons of the stable, for, as I have previously explained, all horses at Kingsclere were, so to say, kept in common. We allowed no secrets and no jealousies.

The general impression outside the stable was that the owner of Paradox had scratched his horse simply because the cream of the market had been skimmed during his absence abroad. That was not, I believe, the real reason. My impression has always been that Mr. Cloete came to the conclusion Paradox had no chance in the Cambridgeshire with so big a weight on his back. Nevertheless, he ought not to have acted so impetuously, even if his surmise was correct. I was convinced at the time that Paradox could have won the Cambridgeshire.

Two days after he had been to Kingsclere I received from Mr. Cloete the following letter:

90 PICCADILLY, W.,
6th Sept.

DEAR PORTER—I am more than distressed at the untoward manner in which the scratching of Paradox is viewed.

I have written a short letter to the papers making a simple statement of fact, and shall not enter further into the matter in print.

There is no doubt—now that I have looked over the back papers—that it was owing to my statements in New York, to the effect that I should not run my horse at the weight, that led to the opposition in the betting, and had I realised, on landing, what had occurred while

I was at sea nothing would have induced me to scratch the horse.

At any rate, *you* shall not suffer in the matter.

Unless you hear from me to the contrary, I shall come down on Friday by the early train, if that arrives in time for me to see the horses at work. I am afraid I did not show my full appreciation of the full-dress rehearsal you kindly gave me yesterday, but I was so much upset about this "scratching affair" that I could think of little else.—Yours truly,

W. BRODRICK CLOETE.

In a bundle of papers I have come across the following statement in my own handwriting. Apparently it was prepared with a view to publication in the sporting papers, but I cannot now say whether or not I sent it to those journals. It is dated October 10, 1885, so was written when all the circumstances were fresh in my mind, and reads :

As the trainer of Paradox I should feel obliged by your placing the following facts before the public relative to his scratching for the Cambridgeshire.

Before leaving England, Mr. Brodrick Cloete came to Kingsclere to see his horses and to make arrangements concerning them during his absence. At that time Paradox was entered for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, but the weights had not appeared.

It was suggested at that interview that whatever weight the horse received for the Cesarewitch he should not run in that race, as he had a valuable engagement (the Champion Stakes) to be run for over a distance of one

mile and a quarter two days after the Cesarewitch, and training him to run the Cesarewitch Course would to a certain extent prejudice his chance for that race.

Regarding the Cambridgeshire, he was to run if he was favourably weighted. Mr. Cloete asked me at what weight I thought the horse could win. I replied: "Isonomy won with 7 st. 4 lb. and could have won with another stone. I think Paradox could win with 8 st. 4 lb." It was only from comparison with what other good horses had done that I could make that suggestion.

The mistake was that Mr. Brodrick Cloete came to the conclusion his horse could have no possible chance with 8 st. 12 lb., and unfortunately scratched him immediately on his arrival in London, and before seeing me. From the time Mr. Cloete left England for Mexico to the time of his return we had no communication whatever with one another.

I can only add, in justice to Mr. Brodrick Cloete, that during the time he has trained in my stable his racing policy has been most honourable and straightforward.

J. PORTER.

Some of the patrons of the Kingsclere Stable were so incensed by what had occurred that there was only one possible solution of the difficulty which had been so needlessly created. Mr. Cloete's horses had to leave Kingsclere at the end of the season. Let me add that the incident did not disturb the friendship between Mr. Cloete and myself. We remained on the best of terms to the day of his death. He was one of the many hundreds who lost their lives in

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the *Lusitania* horror off the coast of Ireland in the spring of 1915.

It was subsequent to this unfortunate Cambridgeshire incident that Paradox easily won the Champion Stakes. His splendid appearance and the facile style in which he won the race excited universal admiration, and renewed the regret that he was not allowed to compete in the Cambridgeshire, which was won by the three-year-old French filly Plaisanterie, carrying 8 st. 12 lb., including a 10 lb. penalty incurred by winning the Cesarewitch a fortnight previously.

Here is a copy of a card which happens to have been preserved among my papers. How I came by it I cannot say; probably it was sent to me by a disgruntled backer :

IN MEMORIAM
PARADOX
WHO TOOK THE INEVITABLE
SCRATCH
ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1885.
A SELECT SYNDICATE OF BOOKMAKERS
SANG HIS REQUIEM, AND THE
BRITISH PUBLIC SUPPLIED THE
MONEY FOR HIS
BURIAL.

O THOU, WHATEVER TITLE SUIT THEE,
AULD HORNIE, SATAN, NICK, OR CLOOTIE.

Paradox did not run after his three-year-old days. He went to the stud at Ecchinswell House, near Newbury, and was advertised at a fee of 30 guineas. He died when only eight years old from an attack of inflammation of the bowels. The best of his offspring were Unicorn, who won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood for Mr. Cloete; and Sir Robert Jardine's Red Ensign, winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and who dead-heated with Shancrotha for the Manchester Cup. I have always regarded Paradox as a real good horse, who, if favoured with a little more luck than came his way, would never have been beaten.

We must now go back to 1884, for among the two-year-olds at Kingsclere that season were Farewell, Luminary, the Rebecca colt (afterwards named Ptolemy), and Match Girl. Farewell was, so to say, the forerunner of Ormonde (whose story will presently engage our attention), for she was more than half-sister to him. While both were out of Lily Agnes, the filly was by Doncaster, and the colt by Bend Or, son of Doncaster. Beautifully moulded, Farewell was blessed with a very sound constitution; but even when at her best she was moderate, and only managed to win two races for the Duke of Westminster. I have already related how she surprised us by gaining a victory in the One Thousand Guineas. She remained in training for three seasons and

then went back to the paddocks at Eaton, where she bred Adieu to St. Simon, Baddiley to Sheen, and Just Cause to Best Man. She was twenty-four years old when she died.

By Beauclerc out of Stella, by High Treason, Luminary belonged to Lord Alington and his partner, and for them won five races. He was a pretty good horse as a two-year-old, when he was successful in the Ascot Triennial, the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, the July Stakes at Newmarket (in which, at level weights, he defeated Melton by a head), and the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood. This was a promising record, but as he got older his legs began to give trouble and he also went wrong in his wind. He was a good-looking, level-made brown horse, and went to the stud in Ireland. He gained no distinction as a sire, except that one of his daughters became the dam of Jerry M., winner of the Grand National.

The Rebecca colt carried Mr. John Gretton's colours. He won races at Ascot and Manchester as a two-year-old, and also the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby. Redskin is recorded as the winner of the last-named race, but everybody except the judge was certain the Rebecca colt (by Nuneham) was first past the post. Match Girl, who won two races (as a juvenile) at Stockbridge for Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, afterwards acquired fame as the dam of Matchbox and Matchmaker.

THE CAREER OF ORMONDE

THE year 1885 was a memorable one in the history of Kingsclere, for it was that in which Ormonde made his first appearance on the Turf. I have already expressed the opinion that this son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes was the greatest horse I have ever known. There are some of my contemporaries who think St. Simon was his superior. As there is no means of proving which of the two estimates is the correct one, we must agree to differ. In any case, there is unanimity on one point—both were wonderful animals.

I am anxious to honour the memory of Ormonde by relating the story of his career in the fullest possible detail, so that future generations may be able to understand why he gained such world-wide renown.

We must start the narrative with some particulars about Lily Agnes, the dam of Ormonde. In 1844 John Osborne (father of the present bearer of that honoured name), a trainer and breeder at Middleham, bought at Shrewsbury,

for fourteen sovereigns, a mare called Annette, by Priam. She had at foot a filly foal, who received the name Agnes. In due course this daughter was mated with Birdcatcher, and the result of the alliance was the filly Miss Agnes. When the late Sir Tatton Sykes was re-forming the Sledmere Stud after the death of his father in 1863, he bought Miss Agnes from John Osborne, and mated her with The Cure. She produced a weedy-looking filly foal. Sir Tatton took an intense dislike to the youngster, and gave her to his old stud-groom, Snarry, stipulating, however, that she must leave Sledmere. Snarry accordingly sent the despised foal to his son, who had a farm at Malton, a few miles away. The name Polly Agnes was bestowed on the youngster, who was reared with a single eye to her possibilities as a brood mare. When old enough she was put to Macaroni, and the produce was Lily Agnes, who, when in training, was contemptuously described as "a light-fleshed, ragged-hipped, lop-eared filly." But despite these defects she was endowed with great racing ability, and won no fewer than twenty-one races, including the Northumberland Plate, the Doncaster Cup, and the Great Ebor Handicap.

Lily Agnes, when still the property of Mr. Snarry, was sent to Eaton to be mated with Doncaster. Richard Chapman, the stud-groom, liked her so much that he urged the Duke of

Westminster to buy her. His Grace had not, however, made up his mind to do so when the mare was ready to go back home; but a few weeks later he sent Chapman to Malton to examine and report upon her. Eventually the Duke decided to buy, but made the stipulation with Snarry that the price should not be disclosed. It was not until after Ormonde had won the St. Leger Chapman learned that the Duke gave for Lily Agnes £2500, and two free subscriptions to Bend Or, whose fee was then 200 guineas. The Duke afterwards bought Lizzie Agnes, sister to Lily Agnes and dam of Orwell.

When Lily Agnes became the property of the Duke she was already the dam of Narcissus and Eastern Lily, both by Speculum, and both devoid of racing value. To the mating with Doncaster in 1880 she produced the colt Rossington, who, having also failed to win a race, went to America. In 1881 the mare was again put to Doncaster, and this time the produce was the filly Farewell, who, as already recorded, was successful in the One Thousand Guineas.

A practice frequently adopted at the Eaton Stud was that of mating a mare who had thrown a good foal to a given sire with the best son of that sire. This course was adopted with Lily Agnes in 1882, though it cannot have been resorted to in her case because of the merits of Rossington and Farewell, for they were but

yearling and foal when Lily Agnes was for the first time allied with Bend Or. Ormonde was the result of this alliance.

"It was," relates Chapman, "at half-past six on Sunday evening, March 18, 1883, that Ormonde was born. I was getting ready to go to Eaton Church (the Duke expected all of us to attend) when I was summoned to the box, in the big stud-yard, occupied by Lily Agnes. Ormonde was an extraordinary foal. When he came into the world his mane was already three inches long. His mother had carried him twelve months, although for two or three weeks she had shown the normal signs of approaching foaling. For several months Ormonde stood very much over at the knee. I had never before, and have never since, seen a foal with this characteristic so pronounced. It seemed impossible for him ever to grow straight. But he did, though the improvement was very gradual.

"Did the Duke at that time regard Ormonde as a wonder? No, I should say not. Like a good many others who came to the stud that year, the Duke preferred Kendal and Whitefriar, who were contemporaries of Ormonde. He was one of the slow-maturing sort was Ormonde. In his early days he was a three-cornered beggar that might be anything or nothing. When he did begin to develop on the right lines he went ahead very quickly, and when he left Eaton to go to Kingsclere to be trained, looked a high-class horse."

Ormonde was a yearling at Eaton when I first saw him. It was in the spring, and he was then a big, overgrown colt. When, in the autumn, he arrived at Kingsclere, I told the Duke

he was the best yearling he had so far sent to me. I believe His Grace did not think very highly of the youngster at that time. During the ensuing winter the colt was sorely troubled with splints under both knees, which prevented him flexing his knees properly. The growths were, however, dispersed by applications of Ossidine, a preparation I have always found to be the best remedy for bony excrescences.

The treatment Ormonde had to undergo threw him back considerably, and until the late summer of 1885 I merely gave him easy cantering exercise. It would be about the beginning of August that he began to do serious work. His progress was steady and continuous, and on October 7 we gave him a rough gallop with Kendal, the ever-reliable Whipper-in, and Whitefriar—the last-named a two-year-old, by Hermit, who had not yet raced. Here is the record of the “trial”:

Six Furlongs

Kendal, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Ormonde, 2 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	2
Whipper-in, 6 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	3
Whitefriar, 2 yrs.,	4

Won by a length; another length between second and third, and two lengths between third and fourth.

In order that the true inwardness of that rough gallop may be appreciated it is necessary to review very briefly the short racing career of

Kendal. A chestnut by Bend Or out of Windermere, he was a leggy colt, standing, as a two-year-old, about 15.3. He was fairly well proportioned, but somewhat light of bone, and unduly heavy about the neck. Still, apart from his somewhat slender limbs, there was not much fault to be found with him. He shaped well in his early two-year-old days, and I had him ready in May to run at Chester, where he won the Mostyn Plate, for which he started an odds-on favourite. At Ascot, in the contest for the New Stakes, he was beaten into second place by Saraband, a colt by Muncaster who that season won six races out of eight. Kendal then won five races off the reel—the Post Sweepstakes at Stockbridge, the “July” at Newmarket, the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, the “Convivial” at York, and the Municipal Stakes at Doncaster. His only other outing was in the Rous Memorial at Newmarket. Unfortunately he broke down in that race and was never able to run again. Chapman tells us that when Ormonde and Kendal were foals the Duke of Westminster preferred the latter. His Grace must have changed his mind the following year, because when the entries for the Derby were made Kendal was not nominated.

It will be gathered from the foregoing summary of Kendal's performances prior to his breakdown that he was a useful sort of two-year-

old to put in a trial. When the gallop took place Ormonde was still nothing like fit, and by finishing so close to Kendal, and beating Whipper in a length at a difference of 12 lb., he showed me what he was likely to do when I had him ready for racing.

By this time Ormonde measured 16 hands. He had developed splendidly, and was a grand-looking horse. His quarters were exceptionally powerful, and, though rather short, his neck was the most muscular I ever saw a thoroughbred possess. He had good bone, beautifully-laid shoulders, a very strong back, and rather straight hocks. Although in his slow paces he had not a very taking action, he was a free mover. There was immense propelling power behind the saddle. His ears were inclined to lop. The width of his head behind the ears was remarkable; I never came across another horse that showed this characteristic to such an extent. Ormonde had a most amicable disposition and a wonderful constitution. He was a great "doer," and never gave us any trouble. He would eat anything the man (Marlow) who "did" him offered. Cakes, apples—everything seemed to be acceptable. When galloping he carried his head rather low and covered an amazing lot of ground at each stride when extended.

After Ormonde had shown himself to be a wonderful horse, the Duke of Westminster, when

at Kingsclere one day, rode him a couple of canters. After he had pulled up I asked his Grace what he thought of his mount. He replied: "I felt every moment that I was going to be shot over his head, his propelling power is so terrific." Another day I myself got on Ormonde's back just to be able to say I had been there, but I never rode him on the Downs.

Half-way through October, then, Ormonde was ready to race. He held an engagement in the Middle Park Plate, but we thought it better that he should make a beginning in an event of less importance. The one chosen was a Post Sweepstakes of £200 each, decided over the Bretby Stakes course of six furlongs at Newmarket. This happened to be the race immediately preceding the Middle Park Plate, which in those days was run on the Wednesday of the Second October Meeting. The Middle Park that year was won by Mr. Vyner's Minting, who gave Mr. "Benholm's" Braw Lass 9 lb. and a neck beating; Saraband, carrying the same weight as the winner, was a very close third.

Ormonde in his race had only two opponents—the Duke of Portland's Modwena and the Duke of Hamilton's Warbler. It was, therefore, quite a "ducal" affair. Modwena was a filly by Galopin out of Mowerina; she had previously run in ten races and won eight of them, the eighth being the Bretby Stakes, in which she was

successful an hour or so before she met Ormonde. The latter was called upon to give Modwena 1 lb. only; nevertheless the filly started favourite, odds of 6 to 5 being laid on her. Against Ormonde 5 to 4 was betted. Warbler, who was also making his first appearance in public, was ignored by speculators. With Archer in the saddle, Ormonde beat Modwena a length. It was a soaking wet day and the going was very heavy. We were quite satisfied with this result, but, so far as I remember, it did not specially interest the public, whose attention was for the moment focussed on Minting (as yet unbeaten), Saraband, St. Mirin, and the other competitors for the Middle Park Plate. Little did the critics realise that the colt from Kingsclere who had just made so unpretentious a debut was destined twelve months later to be looked upon as "the horse of the century." Nor did I, though I was convinced, after the rough gallop with Kendal, that Ormonde was a good horse. Time had still to show *how* good.

In an earlier chapter I have described how, in the days of Sir Joseph Hawley, I used to take nearly all my horses to Newmarket before the First October Meeting and keep them there until the conclusion of the Houghton Meeting a month later. The adoption by the Jockey Club of a new rule, imposing the Heath tax on visiting horses remaining at Newmarket more than a

week, caused me to abandon that plan. Ormonde, therefore, after winning his first race, returned to Kingsclere, but he went to Newmarket again for the Houghton Meeting, at which he won the Criterion Stakes and the Dewhurst Plate.

The Criterion was in the first day's programme—Monday's. In this race he was opposed by "Mr. Manton's" (the Duchess of Montrose's) Oberon, Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto, and three others. Mephisto, who had won a couple of races at the First October Meeting, was supposed to be the chief danger, but 6 to 4 was laid on Ormonde, and he won in a canter by three lengths from Oberon, with Mephisto a bad third. The race was run up the Criterion hill, the winning post being at the "Top of the Town," close to the road that leads to the Rowley Mile Stands. The ease with which Ormonde disposed of his opponents opened the eyes of the public to his merits. The Criterion, by the way, happened to be one of my lucky races, for it was won ten times by horses I trained. There were eleven runners for the Dewhurst Plate, decided on the Wednesday. In addition to Ormonde I saddled Whitefriar, who, ridden by George Barrett, finished second, four lengths behind Ormonde. Among the runners were Miss Jummy, then a winner of three races, and who won the One Thousand and Oaks the

following year; and Gay Hermit, already a winner of seven races.

That success completed Ormonde's two-year-old career. Sportsmen had plenty to talk about during the ensuing winter months, for there were several strong candidates for classic honours in 1886. The Minting party were still very cock-a-hoop. Many people had a great fancy for The Bard, a chestnut colt by Petrarch, and an unbeaten winner of sixteen races as a two-year-old. There were also Saraband, St. Mirin, Gay Hermit, and others that came into the argument.

Ormonde wintered well, growing more muscular, especially about the quarters, which developed a tremendously powerful appearance. When the spring came round I did not think it necessary to subject him to a formal trial; we knew he was well, and that was all we wanted to know.

The Saturday before the Two Thousand Guineas saw him again at Newmarket. On the Sunday morning I took my horses on to the Bury Hill gallops by the side of the Plantation, and there I met Matt Dawson with his string. He and I were the only trainers on that portion of the Heath. We pulled up our hacks and exchanged greetings. After the customary formalities Matt said: "I'll show you the best horse you have ever seen in your life, John." Thereupon he called to the boy riding Minting

to come over to us. I examined the colt with critical and admiring eyes. "Yes," I confessed, "he's a magnificent specimen of a racehorse."

After we had discussed Minting for quite an appreciable time, I suggested that we should have a look at Ormonde. When my candidate for the Guineas had come over for inspection, Matt looked him up and down and went all round him. Then he delivered his verdict. "A very nice horse—a very nice horse indeed," he said; "but mine is better here, and better there." He declined to admit that Ormonde compared favourably with Minting. Finally he lapsed into prophecy. "When," he declared, "the race is being run you will hear them shouting Ormonde and Saraband home; but when they get into the Dip it will be 'Minting!' and nothing else. My horse will leave 'em all there, John, you'll see."

"Don't be too confident, Matt," was my rejoinder. "In all probability it is in the Dip that Minting himself will get left behind." Matt smiled. It was a scornful smile. I knew he was thinking me foolish for entertaining the idea I had expressed. At that moment no amount of talking would have shaken the supreme faith he had in Minting's ability to beat his rivals in the Two Thousand or any other race.

Saraband and Ormonde were stabled in Aldcroft's yard off the High Street. There were a

few boxes between them. Saraband, owned by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Blundell Maple, was kept under the closest surveillance. A passage ran the whole length of the stable between the outside wall and the boxes, and in this, opposite Saraband's box, there was a bed on which an attendant slept. Outside there were two watchmen on guard. We, too, were looking well after Ormonde, and had a man sleeping in the passage. When I was at the stables on the Tuesday evening (the day before the race) Mr. Maple, who was then racing as "Mr. Childwick," came into the yard and inquired for his trainer, Robert Peck. Hearing him calling, I went out, and we began talking about the Two Thousand. He told me he thought Saraband had a great chance of winning. I casually remarked that he was certainly taking great care of the horse. Then, in a chaffing sort of way, I added: "You take care of him to-night, and Ormonde will look after him to-morrow." He laughed and went away, for I had told him Peck had gone to dine with some friends.

Mr. Maple had engaged Archer to ride Saraband both in the Guineas and the Derby, and paid the jockey a big sum down for the "claim." As it happened, Saraband did not run in the Derby, and so Archer was able to ride Ormonde at Epsom; but at Newmarket I had to put George Barrett on the son of Bend Or.

I do not wish it to be understood that I was doubtful about Barrett's ability to do Ormonde justice. His style of riding was the nearest approach to George Fordham's I had ever seen. He had beautiful "hands." There were times, it is true, when Barrett's behaviour in the saddle was erratic. His eccentricities became more pronounced towards the end of his career, when his brain was affected. It was, I am persuaded, this affliction that accounted for the way he bungled his business when he rode La Flèche in the Derby. He made a lot of money as a jockey, and many people thought he was unscrupulous. I, however, had no reason to believe that he was, except on one occasion to which reference will be made later.

The race for the Two Thousand Guineas is thus recorded in the official *Calendar* :

The 2000 GUINEAS STAKES, of 100 sovs. each, h.ft., for three-years-old; colts 9 st.; fillies 8 st. 9 lb.; the second received 200 sovs. out of the Stakes and the third saved his Stake. R.M. (82 subs.—£4000).

Duke of Westminster's b.c. Ormonde, by

Bend Or	G. Barrett 1
Mr. R. Vyner's b.c. Minting	Watts 2
Prince Soltykoff's ch.c. Mephisto	Cannon 3
Mr. Childwick's ch.c. Saraband	Archer 4
Mr. Manton's br.c. St. Mirin	F. Barrett 5
Duke of Westminster's bl.c. Coracle	Viney 6

11 to 10 against Minting, 3 to 1 Saraband, 7 to 2 Ormonde, 100 to 3 each St. Mirin and Mephisto, and 200 to 1 Coracle. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

Having regard to what I had said to Matt Dawson and Mr. Maple, it follows that I must have looked upon Ormonde that day as a very sound 7 to 2 chance. We started Coracle with a view to his making a good pace for Ormonde in the early stages of the race. My orders to Viney were that he was to come along as fast as ever he could the moment the flag fell. His determination to carry out my instructions led to his causing annoyance to the starter, Lord Marcus Beresford. Viney conceived the idea of poaching several lengths' lead at the outset, and, in furtherance of his scheme, showed no inclination to line up with the other horses, but remained some way in advance. I was told afterwards that when ordered to join them, he exclaimed, in an injured tone, "What is the use of me coming down there when I have to make running for Ormonde?" He had, of course, to line up with the others, and, so far as Coracle is concerned, it only remains to be added that his pace-making mission was a dire failure.

Ormonde, however, stood in no need of assistance. From first to last he was master of the situation. A long way from home the issue rested between Ormonde and Minting, and the latter was definitely and decisively beaten just where I told Matt Dawson he would be—coming out of the Dip a furlong from the winning-post. Poor Matt was terribly crestfallen. Immediately

after the race he went home. I afterwards heard that he shut himself in his bedroom and stopped there for the rest of the week. Be that as it may, we saw him no more on the racecourse while the meeting lasted.

The world at large now knew that Ormonde was a really great horse. Countless columns were written in praise of him. Those of us who knew him best were aware that it was almost impossible to exaggerate his merits. Between the Two Thousand and the Derby he progressed as well as I could have wished, and there was no need to "try" him for the race at Epsom. In my opinion horses are tried on the training-ground much too often. Once you have ascertained what class your horse is in you merely want to know that he is well and hearty. To go through the formalities of a trial when you have that knowledge is to reveal a want of confidence in your own judgment. Many and many a time a race has been lost on the trial ground by giving a horse the one unnecessary gallop at home.

Neither Minting nor Saraband opposed Ormonde in the Derby. Matt Dawson accepted the Two Thousand form as correct, and very wisely decided to keep Minting fresh for the Grand Prix de Paris, which he won in a canter. Mr. "Childwick" also realised the futility of opposing our horse at Epsom, and so Archer

was at liberty to ride Ormonde. Perhaps I had better explain here that jockeys attached to my stable were employed by the stable "as a whole." Supposing we paid a jockey a retainer of £2000; we ascertained the number of times he had ridden for each patron, who then paid his due proportion of the retainer.

Ormonde won the Derby easily by a length and a half from The Bard. The latter was a really good and game little horse, but Ormonde settled him in two strides. The official record is as follows:

The one hundred and seventh renewal of the DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h.ft., for three-year-olds; colts 9 st., fillies 8 st. 9 lb.; the second received 300 sovs. and the third 150 sovs. out of the stakes. About a mile and a half, starting at the New High Level Starting-Post. (199 subs.—£4700).

Duke of Westminster's b.c. Ormonde, by

Bend Or	Archer	1
Mr. R. Peck's ch.c. The Bard	C. Wood	2
Mr. Manton's br.c. St. Mirin	Cannon	3
Duke of Beaufort's br.c. Button Park	G. Barrett	4
Duke of Beaufort's b.c. Ariel	Wilton	—
Lord Calthorpe's b.c. Scherzo	J. Osborne	—
Duke of Westminster's bl.c. Coracle	Webb	—
Lord Zetland's gr.c. Grey Friars	Watts	—
Mr. G. Lambton's b.c. Chelsea	J. Goater	—

9 to 4 on Ormonde, 7 to 2 against The Bard, 25 to 1 Grey Friars, 40 to 1 each Chelsea and St. Mirin, 1000 to 15 each Scherzo and Button Park, and 500 to 1 each Ariel and Coracle. Won by a length and a half; a bad third; a head between third and fourth.

It is mentioned on a former page that The Bard went through the season of 1885 unbeaten, and won that year sixteen races. As a three-year-old he had not run before the Derby. He had shown himself to be a little wonder as a juvenile, so there was some excuse for the belief entertained in many quarters that he had a chance of beating Ormonde. But the saying that "a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un" was once again proved true. Coracle was again sent to the post to make running for Ormonde, and was again of little or no use. The race was virtually a match between the first and second favourites all the way round. At the top of the hill, with seven furlongs to go, there were four or five other horses in front of them. They drew nearer to the front approaching Tattenham Corner, coming round which Ormonde, close to the rails, gained a couple of lengths from The Bard.

When headed for home the two horses began to draw away from the others. Running under pressure, The Bard ranged up alongside Ormonde, on whom Archer was riding a very confident race. It was not until he was inside the distance that Archer began to move; but the moment he called on his mount the contest was virtually over. Lengthening his stride, Ormonde shot ahead, to win in a canter. The judge, Mr. Clark, afterwards declared that he had never

seen a race won more easily. Ormonde had a great reception when he returned to the weighing-room enclosure, into which he was, according to custom, led by the Duke.

I was now absolutely certain that in Ormonde I had the best horse that had ever been under my care, though I realised this more strongly still when he met and defeated Bendigo. Look at the horses Ormonde defeated! He was a giant among giants.

At Ascot, Ormonde won the St. James's Palace Stakes from Calais and Seaton, and in the Hardwicke Stakes beat Melton and three others. His next race was the St. Leger at Doncaster. He held a couple of engagements at Goodwood, but I hold that a horse who is to be asked to make a serious effort to win the St. Leger should not race between Ascot and Doncaster. You cannot hope to keep a horse perpetually up to concert pitch; there should be a period during which he can ease off and pick up something to work on in the months that follow. This plan cannot be adopted satisfactorily if your horse has to race at Goodwood five or six weeks before the Doncaster Meeting. I generally put my theory into practice when given a free hand. John Scott, who trained so many winners of the St. Leger, attributed his success in connection with that race very largely to the rest he gave his horses in the summer.

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The winning of the St. Leger was a very easy task for Ormonde. The return reads:

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-years-old; colts 9 st., fillies 8 st. 11 lb.; the second received 200 sovs. and the third 100 sovs. out of the stakes. Old St. Leger Course, one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards. (191 subs.—£4450.)

Duke of Westminster's b.c. Ormonde, by

Bend Or	Archer	1
Mr. Manton's br.c. St. Mirin	G. Barrett	2
Mr. T. Jennings's b.c. Exmoor	J. Goater	3
Mr. Douglas Baird's b.c. St. Michael	Cannon	4
Duke of Westminster's bl.c. Coracle	Webb	5
Mr. J. Lowther's ch.c. Easington	Watts	6
Mr. R. Vyner's br.g. Lord Lumley	J. Osborne	7

7 to 1 on Ormonde, 100 to 7 against St. Mirin, 25 to 1 St. Michael, and 100 to 1 each the others. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

The Yorkshire sporting people honoured Ormonde with their attention and their cheers. When at exercise on the Town Moor the morning of the day before the race he was mobbed by admirers.

After the St. Leger was over, the Duke of Westminster told me he would like to make me a present. Would I have £500 or take Kendal? I decided to accept Kendal. The late Lord Wolverton was just then forming a stud at Iwerne Minster, near Blandford in Dorsetshire, and wanted a stallion. I leased Kendal to him for three years at £300 a year, giving him the option of buying the horse during that period for £1200.

Kendal's fee was 25 guineas. Lord Wolverton died before the lease had run its course, and Lady Wolverton asked if I would mind taking Kendal back. I agreed to do so. Having no use for him myself, I sold him to Mr. John Gubbins for £3000. Kendal then went to the Knockany Stud, Co. Limerick, and there became the sire of Galtee More and other good horses. Mr. Gubbins eventually sold him to Major Platt for 18,000 guineas, and Kendal was for a few years located at the Bruntwood Stud in Cheshire. Finally, he was sold to the proprietors of the Ojo de Agua Stud in Argentina for, I think, £8000. He was a great success in the Argentine, where he died in 1908.

At the Newmarket First October Meeting Ormonde won the Great Foal Stakes, beating his stable companion Whitefriar, and Mephisto. The same week he walked over for the Newmarket St. Leger, on which occasion I gave him a lead on my grey hack Jack. This seemed to amuse the onlookers, who shouted to me, "Go on, John, or he'll beat you!" A fortnight later, with odds of 100 to 1 laid on him, Ormonde won the Champion Stakes from two opponents; and at the Houghton Meeting he won the Free Handicap by eight lengths, carrying 9 st. 2 lb., and giving 2 st. each to Mephisto and Theodore. Having regard to what Mephisto had done, this was a wonderful performance. The following

day Ormonde walked over for the Private Sweepstakes of £1000 each, half forfeit, Lord Hastings paying forfeit for Melton and Peck for The Bard. Melton (four years old) and Ormonde were to carry 8 st. 10 lb. each and The Bard 8 st. The owners of Melton and The Bard were not anxious that Ormonde should have the opportunity of showing what he could do with their horses. He would have made a rare example of them. This was the last time Archer was on Ormonde's back. On the Wednesday of that week he rode St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire at 8 st. 7 lb., which was 1 lb. more than the horse was handicapped to carry. He had had to waste desperately hard to go to scale so light, and then had the mortification of seeing his mount beaten a head by The Sailor Prince, a six-year-old horse carrying 7 st. 7 lb. A few days later Archer was laid low by a serious illness, and in a fit of delirium shot himself. I cannot recall that Archer ever drew a comparison between St. Simon and Ormonde. He was always an enthusiastic admirer of Ormonde, and when riding him never for an instant entertained a thought of being beaten. Ormonde, by the way, could have given St. Mirin 21 lb. and a beating, so that he could have won the Cambridgeshire as a three-year-old carrying 10 st. ! Shortly after his defeat in the Cambridgeshire, St. Mirin was bought by the Duke of Westminster. If he had a special reason

for the purchase I cannot remember what it was.

Archer was an extremely "brainy" jockey, but not so finished a horseman as Fordham. He developed a style of his own. His body was short and his legs long, and he used the latter as if they were a pair of tongs gripping a horse's body. As a rule he rode with a slack rein, and sometimes at the finish of a race was half-way up the horse's neck. His success was largely due to his wonderful energy, his determination, and his pluck. His whole heart and soul were in the business he had in hand. He was almost invariably the first to weigh out, the first at the starting-post, the first away when the flag fell, and, as the records show, very often the first to pass the winning-post. I am afraid he was not too scrupulous. Very masterful, he generally had pretty much his own way, especially in minor races. If he did not want a horse to run, he never hesitated to suggest to the owner that he should keep the animal in the stable that day. In short, Fred Archer was a powerful personality as well as a brilliantly successful jockey.

The satisfaction I derived from Ormonde's performances that year was sadly discounted by a discovery I made on the Kingsclere Downs one misty morning shortly before he won the St. Leger. As Ormonde galloped past me I heard him make a whistling noise. I was dumbfounded.

The idea that the horse I almost worshipped was afflicted with wind infirmity distressed me in a way I cannot describe. I hardly slept at all the following night. My mind would dwell on the fact that Ormonde had become a victim of that scourge roaring ! I at once wrote to the Duke, who was naturally deeply grieved by the news. At that period the ailment was very slight, but it gradually got worse.

During the winter of 1886-87 Ormonde was electrically treated. The electric sponge was applied every day to the paralysed nerve in his throat. The process occupied about half an hour. At first Ormonde did not take at all kindly to this "doctoring," but he presently became accustomed to it, and took no notice. I have reason to think he derived no benefit from the treatment; nevertheless, we persevered, for there seemed to be no other remedy to try.

When Ormonde resumed work in the spring of 1887 he had become a pronounced "whistler." One morning, when there was a thick fog on the Downs, we could hear him breathing when he was nearly half a mile away. Of course the fog helped to carry and magnify the noise. The Duke, who was with me, remarked sadly, "I'm afraid there's not much doubt about it now."

As a four-year-old Ormonde did not run until the Ascot Meeting. The week before Ascot he

was tried at Kingsclere. The result is thus recorded in my book:

June 3—One Mile

Ormonde, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	1
Spot, 3 yrs., 6 st.	2
St. Mirin, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	3
Kingfisher, 3 yrs., 8 st.	4

Won by two lengths; six lengths between second and third.

Four days later, the first of the Ascot Meeting, St. Mirin, receiving 10 lb., ran Minting to a length for the Jubilee Cup over a mile. Bendigo, carrying the same weight as Minting, finished a bad third. We then knew that, roarer though he was, Ormonde had not lost his form, or very little of it.

On the third day of the meeting Ormonde won the Rous Memorial Stakes, carrying 9 st. 6 lb., and giving Captain Machell's Kilwarlin (then a three-year-old and the winner of that year's St. Leger) 25 lb. The *Calendar* says that Ormonde won by six lengths; all I can say is they were very long ones, for Kilwarlin was well down the course when Ormonde passed the winning-post. Our horse was ridden by Tom Cannon. Before the race Captain Machell came to me and said, "The horse was never foaled that could give Kilwarlin 25 lb. and beat him." I suggested to the Duke that I should give Tom Cannon orders to come right through with

Ormonde, and let the public see what he really could do. His Grace readily consented. Cannon obeyed his instructions to the letter, and the public not only saw, but marvelled. So did Captain Machell. When I met him in the paddock after the race I said, "Well, what do you think of it now?" He replied, "Ormonde is not a horse at all; he's a damned steam-engine."

The following day Ormonde took part in one of the most exciting and memorable races ever run. It was for the Hardwicke Stakes. The result was:

Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, 4 yrs.,	
9 st. 10 lb.	T. Cannon 1
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Minting, 4 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	J. Osborne 2
Mr. H. T. Barclay's Bendigo, aged, 9 st. 12 lb.	. Watts 3
Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Phil, 3 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb. .	G. Barrett 4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Ormonde, 7 to 4 against Minting, 100 to 8 Bendigo, 100 to 7 Phil. Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

When the four horses were making their way to the starting-post, Matt Dawson said to me, "You will be beaten to-day, John. No horse afflicted with Ormonde's infirmity can hope to beat Minting." I am bound to confess I had no great confidence in Ormonde, for I did not know how his wind trouble would affect him when running over a mile and a half, with a long pull uphill in the last mile. However, greatly

to my joy and relief, Ormonde, again ridden by Cannon, came triumphantly through the ordeal. Matt Dawson was astounded. Ormonde's performance was really a much greater one than it looks on paper. George Barrett was jealous because Cannon was engaged to ride Ormonde, for he thought he should have had the mount. He rode Phil, and, coming round the bend into the straight, bored his horse on to Ormonde. Indeed, for a considerable distance Ormonde was practically carrying Phil. After the race we found that Ormonde's skin was grazed for three or four inches down the side of his near hind leg. That was where Phil had struck into him. Cannon was, it will be understood, unable to make as much use of Ormonde as he could and would have done but for the disgraceful tactics pursued by Barrett. When he returned to the paddock Cannon was very indignant. It had taken Ormonde all his time to win by a neck.

The excitement was tremendous. When Ormonde passed the post, the thousands congregated on the stands and in the enclosures were cheering their loudest, and the ladies were waving handkerchiefs. The Duke was the proudest man in the world at that moment, and I was a good second to him. For a long time I could not get to Ormonde, so great was the crush round him. After the "all right" had been called, the Duke led his horse twice

round the paddock, and then walked him out on to the course and away towards the stables. He seemed loath to leave go of the leading rein. Out on the course the public honoured Ormonde with enthusiastic cheers, and the hurrahs did not cease until the horse had disappeared from view. Everybody seemed intensely excited. It was the greatest display of enthusiasm I have ever seen on a racecourse.

I did not see Matt Dawson any more that day. Perhaps he again went off to condole with himself. He and I were always competing against each other in the big races, and I should say that honours were about equal between us; but the greatness of Ormonde made the achievements of all other horses sink into comparative insignificance.

In July, at Newmarket, Ormonde ran his last race—the Imperial Gold Cup, over six furlongs. He was opposed by Whitefriar and Lovegold. Whitefriar, formerly at Kingsclere, was now the property of Sir George Chetwynd. He was a very speedy horse, but, taking him on at his own game, Ormonde gave him 6 lb. and a two lengths' beating. Writing about this race in his *Reminiscences*, Sir George says:

Of my own horses, Kingwood was the laziest and worst goer at exercise it is possible to imagine, lolloping along with head down in a wretchedly careless fashion, which drew forth the remark from Tom Jennings, sen.,

one day, "No one would imagine that horse was a good one to see him go." Yet he was a good horse; and it was lucky for Ormonde that I won a race with Kingwood on the Tuesday of the July week of 1887, instead of saving him to oppose the Derby winner, who would have had to give him 7 lb., for Whitefriar, who was more than a stone worse, woke up the great horse in his race, as the spur marks on his sides showed after it was over, and as his rider, Tom Cannon, than whom there is no finer judge, himself admitted. Personally, I am glad I did not run Kingwood. I could not have backed my horse freely, and should have been sorry to have spoilt Ormonde's unbeaten record when perhaps he was not in his best form.

What might have happened none can tell. If Sir George Chetwynd's surmise was correct, then I can only say I fully share his satisfaction that Ormonde was spared a beating. Mr. Somerville Tattersall has, however, told me that Tom Cannon informed him, when they discussed this particular race one day, that if Kingwood had run, Ormonde would have beaten him just as easily as he did Whitefriar.

Ormonde went back from Newmarket to Kingsclere, and there he remained until the autumn. When he left my stable to go to the Eaton Stud I felt there was a great blank. I saw him go away with intense regret—a regret I had never experienced before. And yet his departure removed a great load from my mind. He had given me two seasons of anxiety, which

increased after the development of his wind infirmity. As the time was approaching for him to run in a big event we used to have a watchman on duty in the stable every night; otherwise he was treated in exactly the same way as the other horses, going through the regular routine.

From first to last Ormonde was a winner of fifteen races. In two of them he was allowed to walk over. The longest distance over which he actually had to race was the mile and three-quarters of the St. Leger course at Doncaster. Three times he won over a mile and a half. Twice only were odds laid against his winning—on the occasion of his first race, and when he competed for the Two Thousand Guineas. The total value of the stakes he won was £27,266:10s.

The following is a summarised statement of Ormonde's racing career :

[TABLE

THE CAREER OF ORMONDE

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RACES WON BY ORMONDE

	Race.	Venue.	Distance.	Betting.	Value.
<i>Two Years Old—1885</i>					
Oct. 14	Post Sweepstakes	Newmarket	6 furlongs	5 to 4 agst.	£500
Oct. 26	Criterion Stakes	Newmarket	6 furlongs	6 to 4 on	906
Oct. 28	Dewhurst Plate	Newmarket	7 furlongs	11 to 4 on	1602
<i>Three Years Old—1886</i>					
April 28	Two Thousand Guineas	Newmarket	1 mile	7 to 2 agst.	4000
May 26	The Derby	Epsom	1½ mile	9 to 4 on	4700
June 10	St. James's Palace Stakes	Ascot	1 mile	100 to 3 on	1500
June 11	Hardwicke Stakes	Ascot	1½ mile	100 to 30 on	2438
Sept. 15	St. Leger	Doncaster	1¾ mile	7 to 1 on	4450
Sept. 28	Great Foal Stakes	Newmarket	1¼ mile	25 to 1 on	1140
Oct. 1	St. Leger Stakes	Newmarket	2 miles	w.o.	475
Oct. 28	Free Handicap	Newmarket	1¼ mile	7 to 1 on	650
Oct. 29	Private Sweepstakes	Newmarket	1¼ mile	w.o.	1000
<i>Four Years Old—1887</i>					
June 9	Rous Memorial Stakes	Ascot	1 mile	4 to 1 on	920
June 10	Hardwicke Stakes	Ascot	1½ mile	5 to 4 on	2395½
July 6	Imperial Gold Cup	Newmarket	6 furlongs	100 to 3 on	590
Total (fifteen races)					£27,266½

During the festivities with which Queen Victoria's "Jubilee" was celebrated in 1887, the Duke of Westminster held a big reception at Grosvenor House, his mansion in Park Lane. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, together with four kings, two queens, several other princes and princesses, and a number of Indian potentates. Ormonde was the chief "exhibit." Indeed, it would not be very wide of the mark to say that *he* held the reception. We had walked Ormonde across London in the morning from Waterloo to Mayfair, by way of St. James's Park and the Green Park, special permission having been obtained to go through the latter, our aim being to avoid as much traffic as possible. When he was proceeding along the Mall, a passing cabman flourished his whip in the direction of the famous horse, and inquired, "Wot 'orse 'ave you there, guv'nor?" My son, who was in charge, told cabby it was Ormonde. Not willing to have his "leg pulled" in that fashion, the fellow shouted the rejoinder, "Garn! 'oo are yer gettin' at?"

We did not take Ormonde direct to Grosvenor House, but to the stables of Lord Manvers near by, for there was a larger box there than any the Duke had in his yard, and it had been placed at our disposal. During the reception in the afternoon Ormonde stood on the lawn, the centre of attraction. He seemed to revel in the attention

he received, and cheerfully devoured all the dainties offered him by the ladies—sugar, flowers, anything. The Queen of the Belgians fed him with lawn grass and carnations. Some of the Indian princes went to the flower-beds and plucked geraniums, pelargoniums, and other blooms for Ormonde to eat. Eventually I had to interfere, because I was afraid some of the flowers that were being given him might be wired. If you had a buttonhole in your coat when you went near Ormonde he would be sure to grab and eat it ! The Duke was very proud of having Ormonde to show to his guests that day.

The late Richard Chapman is authority for the statement that Ormonde's first stud season, at Eaton, was of a normal character. There were no indications of the coming troubles. He got a fair proportion of foals, and several of them proved high-class winners. In 1889 Ormonde was leased to Lord Gerard, and stood at the Moulton Paddocks, Newmarket. He was allowed to leave Eaton because Bend Or and other stallions were there, and, though a relief farm a few miles away was being used, the stud was pressed for paddock accommodation. While at Newmarket, Ormonde had a serious illness, caused by a chill. The consequence was he could not fulfil all the duties that had been allotted to him; in fact, he only served a few mares.

It was while he was at Lord Gerard's stud that I saw Ormonde for the first time after his departure from Kingsclere. At the Duke's request I went to inspect him. To my great disgust and annoyance I found him in an unventilated box. The door and window were both shut; all fresh air was excluded. I implored his attendant to let in some air, assuring him that if he did not he would soon kill the horse. I took it upon myself to order the top door to be opened and kept open. I have always been a firm believer in the virtues of fresh air.

Ormonde returned to Eaton in the summer. Chapman went to Newmarket to take him home, and found him in a very weak state. The Duke had seen the horse before he left Newmarket, and, thinking he looked incapable of walking the two miles to the station, suggested that he should be conveyed in a van. However, Ormonde managed to walk. He had not been at Eaton very long before he began to pick up, and was soon improving rapidly.

Then came the sale of Ormonde. He was bought by Captain England on behalf of Señor Boucau, an Argentine breeder. It was arranged that the horse was to leave England the following September, unless in the meantime either party to the deal regretted the sale or the purchase, as the case might be. The Duke, it is understood, received £12,000 for Ormonde.

For many weeks before Ormonde left Eaton he had walking exercise for five or six hours every day in order to get him thoroughly fit for the voyage to Buenos Aires. He was thirty-one days on the water, but stepped ashore perfectly fresh, and directly he landed neighed loudly, as much as to say, "Here I am."

Many people blamed the Duke of Westminster for allowing Ormonde to leave England. His Grace was actuated chiefly by one motive. There is abundance of evidence proving that roaring is an hereditary complaint, though it is doubtless true enough that a proportion of the progeny of a horse afflicted with the disease escape the taint. The Duke of Westminster realised that if he kept Ormonde in England many high-class mares would be sent to him, and he was reluctant to have the accusation made that Ormonde was responsible for spreading in the best thoroughbred circles the complaint with which he himself was cursed.

Ormonde remained in the Argentine until May 1893, so that he would, I suppose, have three seasons at the stud south of the Line. None of his native-bred stock had run at Buenos Aires when he returned to England, *en route* to California. When writing about St. Blaise, I mentioned that in the autumn of 1892 Mr. Charles Reed, the owner of a big stud in the United States, went to the Argentine determined to buy Ormonde, cost

what he might. On reaching Buenos Aires he learned to his chagrin that he was forestalled; Ormonde had been acquired by Messrs. Tattersall on behalf of Mr. William Macdonough, a wealthy breeder in California. Mr. Macdonough saw an announcement that Mr. Reed had gone to South America to buy Ormonde. He himself was at that time entertaining the idea of securing the best thoroughbred stallion in the market, and the desire seized him to outwit Mr. Reed. His first step was to cable Messrs. Tattersall asking them to get an option on the horse. Then he sent Dr. W. G. Ross to London to conduct negotiations on his behalf. It was finally agreed that Mr. Macdonough should pay £30,000 for Ormonde—an unprecedented sum in those days. The bargaining is said to have been concluded the day before the option expired, and just before Mr. Reed reached the Argentine. Mr. Macdonough thought he had done a great stroke of business, because £40,000 had been asked for the son of Bend Or. By selling Ormonde's progeny as yearlings, he expected to make, in the long run, a good profit on his deal. A sore disappointment awaited him. When he reached California, Ormonde proved to be almost impotent. No one, however, ever heard Mr. Macdonough complain.

In the hope that a change of environment would benefit him, Ormonde stood for one

season at Mr. Haggin's Californian stud, the Rancho del Paso, but it is said that he begat not a single foal that year. In May 1904 Mr. Macdonough came to the conclusion that the horse who had so grievously belied his hopes should mercifully be put to death. The medium employed was chloroform. The body was buried at Menlo Park, to be exhumed a few months later, when the skeleton was collected, sent to London, and set up in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

If Ormonde's American-bred offspring were few in number, they were of good quality. The best of them were probably Ormondale (who won the Futurity Stakes in 1905), Orsini, and Ossary, all of whom were fairly successful at the stud. His influence in Argentina was small. Not more than ten of his daughters found their way into the Argentine Stud Book, and none of his native-bred sons gained any distinction as a stallion, though Orville, imported to Argentina from England, proved a sire of some note.

By the time Ormonde reached England *en route* to America his offspring here had done big things. The results that accrued from the two seasons he had at the stud before going to South America were, indeed, in some respects, quite remarkable. His first crop numbered seven living foals; his second, one only. The seven born in 1889 were Orme, Goldfinch,

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Sorcerer, Llanthony, Orville, Kilkenny, and Orontes II. The two last-named were fillies. Glenwood was the solitary living foal by Ormonde born in 1890. Of these eight colts and fillies, Orville and Orontes II. were the only two that did not win races, and even they afterwards made amends by getting or producing winners. Here is a summary of the racing achievements of Ormonde's English-bred stock :

	Races won.	Value.
Orme	14	£32,526
Goldfinch	2	2,464
Sorcerer	1	229
Llanthony	4	3,139
Kilkenny	1	164
Glenwood	2	1,726
	<hr/> 24	<hr/> £40,248

I think we are justified in assuming from the foregoing statistics that, but for his illness in 1889, which permanently weakened his procreative powers, Ormonde would have been brilliantly successful both in the Argentine and the United States. The figures credited to Orme explain, of course, the difference between £12,000 and £30,000, his selling value in 1890 and 1892 respectively.

In 1891, after Orme and Goldfinch had shown good form as two-year-olds, the late Mr. J. Hume Webster, of Marden Deer Park, tried to form a syndicate of English breeders with a

view to bringing Ormonde back to his native land. Mr. Webster managed to secure twenty subscribers for three seasons at 300 guineas per mare. He, however, wanted thirty-five subscribers, and as this total could not be made up, the scheme fell through—fortunately for all concerned.

When Ormonde returned to England from the Argentine in the summer of 1893, I went, accompanied by Mr. Somerville Tattersall, to Southampton to meet him. I saw him first in his box on the boat. The manner in which he greeted the trainer who had idolised him was not, I am bound to confess, quite so friendly as I could have desired, for he snapped at me. He was looking remarkably well. After landing he was sent to Goodwood to rest until the time came to ship him to New York. I saw him again at Goodwood, and pulled a few hairs out of his mane and tail which I have preserved as a memento of a great and noble creature.

THE PRINCE'S PATRONAGE

EARLY in the year 1886 Lord Alington informed me that the Prince of Wales was buying some racehorses which he wished me to train. This was a great honour conferred upon me, and, of course, I willingly accepted the responsibility. In the previous eleven years his Royal Highness had owned a number of steeplechasers, and still had some in training at Epsom with John Jones, the father of the jockey, Herbert Jones. I believe, however, that when the Prince joined the Kingsclere stable his colours had only once been "sporting" under Jockey Club rules. In July 1877, at Newmarket, his Arab horse Alep was matched against Lord Strathnairn's Avowal, to run four miles for £500 a side. Odds of 9 to 4 were laid on Alep, but he was beaten thirty lengths by his opponent, a very moderate horse.

In 1886 the Prince bought a couple of two-year-old fillies by Hermit. They were Counterpane and Lady Peggy. At Sandown Park in June, Counterpane, the first time out, won a

Maiden Plate, beating three opponents in a canter. Poor Counterpane, however, had her existence cut short three weeks later, when she competed for the Stockbridge Cup. Just as she had apparently taken the measure of her rivals, she was seen to falter, and when nearing the winning-post dropped dead. A post-mortem examination showed that she had a diseased heart. Lady Peggy also ran twice that year. She was beaten at Newmarket in July, but at the Houghton meeting in October won a Maiden Plate from a big field. After that no more was seen of her on a racecourse.

It would be shortly after Counterpane had won her race at Sandown Park that the Prince, talking with a friend, is said to have used words to the following effect : " To be neither unduly elated by success nor discouraged by reverses has always been considered the first attribute of a good sportsman. I have only won one race under Jockey Club rules. Some day I hope to own a Derby winner of my own breeding; but at present my luck is so bad that if a horse of mine were winning a race it would probably drop dead before reaching the winning-post." In view of what happened to Counterpane at Stockbridge, this was a strangely prophetic utterance.

Thenceforward until the end of the season 1892 I generally had ten or a dozen of my boxes

occupied by horses belonging to the Prince. Unfortunately there is not much to be said about any of them. The big years were to come after his Royal Highness left Kingsclere for Newmarket. While I trained for him the Prince's best year was 1891, when four of his horses won seven races worth £4148. The chief contributors to this total were Pierrette, The Imp, and Barracouta.

In the autumn of 1886 the Prince informed me that he proposed to found a breeding stud at Sandringham. He asked me to give my advice concerning the best way of laying out the paddocks. I saw the paddocks it was intended to use, and offered suggestions with regard to them. The plans then made were afterwards considerably developed. At that time the Prince was breeding hackneys at Wolverton, near Sandringham, but the land so employed was eventually devoted to thoroughbred mares visiting the Sandringham stallions.

A stud groom was wanted. I recommended Edmund Walker, who had had charge of Archer's mares at Falmouth House, Newmarket. I had made Walker's acquaintance at Archer's, and knew him to be a trustworthy man. Archer died in November 1886. Walker, therefore, at the moment, was in want of another situation. He was engaged to go to Sandringham, and there he has remained to this day, having

proved himself a skilful, painstaking, reliable servant.

The next step was to buy brood mares for the new stud. It was decided to purchase about half-a-dozen, but I was warned that no fancy prices were to be paid. One I bought was *Perdita II.* She belonged to Mr. David Falconer, a jute broker, in Mark Lane, who raced under the name of "Benholm." He met me one day at Newmarket and said : " I understand you are buying mares for the Prince of Wales. I have one I want to sell. Go and look at her; she is standing at John Dawson's. I want a thousand for her."

I went to see *Perdita II.*, and liked the look of her. She was an angular sort of mare, but I could see she had good points, and was likely to develop into a nice brood mare. At that time she was just out of training, having run at the Derby November meeting. In July she had carried 7 st. 8 lb. in the Liverpool Cup and run a dead-heat for first place with Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's *Middlethorpe*, with *The Sailor Prince* (who was to win the Cambridgeshire in the autumn) third.

I had to see the Prince that morning in his room at the Jockey Club. I told him about *Perdita II.*, and that I had been to see her. " They are asking a thousand for her, sir, but I may be able to get her for a little less." The Prince

asked me whether I thought she would do for his stud, and I said "Yes." "Then," said the Prince, "you can buy her if you can get her for nine hundred."

I at once approached Mr. Falconer, and he agreed to sell for £900. When Sir Dighton Probyn was handing over the money to me he said: "You will ruin the Prince if you go on buying these thoroughbreds." What a bargain *Perdita II.* turned out! Many people have taken credit to themselves for having had something to do with the purchase of *Perdita II.* I have related the plain facts of the case. Nobody except Mr. Falconer and myself had anything to do with the deal.

Perdita II. became a perfect gold-mine. The Prince, some years after he had become King, said to me: "When you bought her you as good as made me a present of a quarter of a million of money." What it amounted to was that King Edward had all his racing for nothing. No doubt it was fortunate that the produce of *Perdita II.* fell into the skilful hands of Dick Marsh, who did full justice to them; and I fervently hope that the day is not far distant when other horses as good as *Florizel II.*, *Persimmon*, and *Diamond Jubilee* will be located at Egerton House. I continued to buy brood mares for the Sandringham Stud so long as the Prince's horses were trained at Kingsclere.

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It is, perhaps, worth while setting out the stud career of Perdita II. Here are the facts culled from the *Stud Book* and the *Racing Calendar*.

	Races won.	Races lost.	Value.
1888. B. or br.c. Derelict, by Bar- caldine	1	11	£100
1889. B.f. Barracouta, by Barcaldine	1	3	1,064
1890. Barren
1891. Br.c. Florizel II., by St. Simon	11	11	7,858
1892. Barren
1893. B.c. Persimmon, by St. Simon	7	2	34,706
1894. B.c. Farrant, by Donovan . .	0	0	..
1895. B.f. Azeeza, by Surefoot . .	0	1	..
1896. Br.c. Sandringham, by St. Simon (sent to U.S.A.) . .	0	0	..
1897. B.c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon	6	10	29,185
1898. Slipped foal
1899. B.f. Nadejda, by St. Simon . .	0	0	..
Total	26	38	£72,913

When at the stud, Florizel II., Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee must have earned about £150,000 in fees; Diamond Jubilee, after he had been a few years at the stud, was sold for 30,000 guineas to an Argentine breeder; and Sandringham went to the United States. And so we get the quarter of a million sterling which King Edward calculated he had gained by the aid of the produce of Perdita II. I had Derelict and Barracouta at Kingsclere. The latter

showed considerable promise as a two-year-old and won the Champion Breeders' Foal Plate (£1064) at Derby ; but she did not train on in the way we had hoped.

When the Prince came to Kingsclere to see his horses, he generally travelled by the nine o'clock train from Waterloo to Overton, where he was met by a "fly." I awaited him at the foot of the Downs on a hack. The Prince would mount my old grey cob "Jack," and then off we would go to the training-ground. When the morning's work was completed we proceeded to Park House for lunch about noon, and, after two hours in the bracing Down air, His Royal Highness had a very keen appetite. Sometimes he brought a friend or two with him. For instance, on one occasion in 1889 he was accompanied by Count Kinsky, Lord Arthur Somerset (his Master of the Horse), Sir James Mackenzie, and Colonel Davidson. The Prince took a great interest in his racehorses. He was always most kind and considerate, and very grateful for anything that was done which added to his comfort and enjoyment.

The Prince's kindness to me assumed many forms. On several occasions I was his guest in the Royal Yacht. I was on board her during the great Naval Review which formed part of the Jubilee festivities in 1887; and again at the time of the Review at Spithead in honour of the

German Emperor. Admiral Sir Harry Keppel was generally a fellow-guest. The Admiral was one of the most delightful men I have met. He lived down the New Forest way, and paid a visit to Kingsclere nearly every year.

My association with King Edward continued to the time of his death in 1910. I paid a visit to Sandringham every year, usually in November. On the Sunday, after lunch, I used to meet the King, and we made a tour round the estate, starting at the kennels, working across the paddocks to the sheep, then to the stallions; from there to the cattle, and return by the Queen's dairy, through the gardens, to the stables at the House. They were always very delightful "opportunities." In the course of these rambles I often received a present—a dog, a peacock, a wild turkey, or something of the sort.

It was the particular wish of King Edward that all his people should attend church every Sunday. One Sunday afternoon he told me he had not seen me at church that morning. I replied that I was there, sitting behind Penny, who was then the head gardener at Sandringham. Penny was very broad and stout, so that I was entirely hidden from view! His Majesty passed off my explanation with a joke.

A frequent visitor to Kingsclere about the time when I had the Prince's horses there was Mr. Justice Hawkins, afterwards Lord Brampton.

He generally contrived to spend the week-end with me when he was attending the Assizes at Winchester. He would bring with him his fox-terrier. We were walking on the Downs one Sunday afternoon, the Judge reeling off some of his tales, when we suddenly realised that the dog had disappeared. We "whistled" him to no purpose, and the Judge became greatly distressed. Mr. Lopes (son of Mr. Justice Lopes) was with us, and he and I went away to the rabbit warren in search of the truant. By the merest chance I saw the dog's tail poking out of a rabbit hole, and, taking hold of it, hauled him out. He had so wedged himself in that he could never have got out without assistance. A fox-terrier I gave to Queen Alexandra lost his life by getting into a similar fix.

Mr. Justice Hawkins used to relate some wonderful stories of his experiences at the Bar. He was very proud of the fact that his speech at the Tichborne trial was the longest on record. He had the reputation of being "a hanging judge," but he disowned the idea. He used to say that there were two classes of criminals—some naturally criminal, others made criminals by force of circumstances. To the former, who were a danger to society, he always gave as much punishment as the law allowed; the others he was disposed to treat leniently. I should say he was a very just and discriminating judge.

I have generally had a good legal friend. After Mr. Justice Hawkins came Sir Charles Russell, later known as Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice. He was an extremely kind-hearted, genial man. Whenever he had a big case coming on in the Courts he ran down to Kingsclere so that he might study his brief in quietude. He would ride out with me on the Downs in the morning, and, on returning to Park House, retire to his room. We saw no more of him until the evening. He made his longest stay with me when he was working up the Venezuelan case. If I remember rightly, he had to undertake that after the inquiry had been going on for several months, having been called upon to fill the place of a barrister who died. This necessitated his familiarising himself with the mass of evidence that had already been given.

Sir Charles was very fond of whist, and always insisted on playing a rubber or two after dinner. On one occasion he and my wife were partners against my son-in-law (Mr. Leader) and myself. My wife was very tired and went to sleep in the middle of a rubber. This brought from Sir Charles the remark: "It is impossible to win a rubber with a sleeping-partner." Another time when Sir Charles was staying with us I invited Father Reilly, a Catholic priest at Newbury, to dine and spend the evening with us. Father Reilly was a good sportsman and a very genial

companion. He was one of the "four" at whist that night, and partnered Sir Charles. At the beginning of the "hand" Father Reilly, who was the dealer, turned up the ace of spades as the last card. Imagine, therefore, our surprise when, while the third trick was in progress, Sir Charles played what appeared to be the ace of spades. We immediately accused him of legerdemain. An "inquest" was held, and we discovered that the "ace" Sir Charles produced was, in fact, the joker. That, however, did not entirely solve the puzzle, because we could not make out how, with the joker in the pack, a misdeal had been avoided. Sir Charles wanted to discard his illegitimate "ace" and proceed with the game, but we would not adopt that suggestion. I used to visit Sir Charles at Tadworth Court, near Epsom, especially in race weeks. He continued his visits to Kingsclere until just before his death. He bred one or two racehorses. Sir Charles Mathews is another good legal friend of mine, and he occasionally came on a visit to Kingsclere. Nor must I forget to mention Baron Martin, who once helped me out of a difficulty.

LUCKLESS FRIAR'S BALSAM

I MUST now go back to the year 1886 in order to pick up some items left behind when we were carried along by the story of Ormonde. Lord Alington's Candlemas won some races that season. He was a good-looking bay horse by Hermit out of Fusee. We did not run him as a two-year-old, and it was in the Epsom Grand Prize that he made his first public appearance. We tried him pretty highly, and odds of 6 to 5 were laid on his beating ten opponents. He won by a neck from Lord Bradford's Sir Hamo, with St. Mirin a moderate third. St. Mirin reversed this form in the Ascot Derby ; but Candlemas came into prominence again when he finished second to Bendigo in the first contest for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. This was the first of the £10,000 races. During the next few years other similar events were instituted, but the Eclipse is the only one that has really been successful. In the Liverpool Autumn Cup that year Candlemas was placed third to Melton and Kilcreene; he won a couple of races as a four-

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year-old, and in 1888 carried off the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood.

In 1886 Captain Bowling and I bought a two-year-old colt named Carrasco, by Speculum. The Captain was a great friend of Archer's, and it was through the latter that I got to know him. Bowling's father was a Pembrokeshire rector. The Captain was wounded in the Zulu War, and had to leave the service because he could not use his arm properly after he came out of hospital. Carrasco, a good stayer, won two Nursery Handicaps at Newmarket in the autumn. The following spring he ran The Baron to half a length in the Craven Stakes. His next outing was in the Payne Stakes a month later. In the meantime, on April 23, the following trial took place at Kingsclere:

One Mile

St. Mirin, 4 yrs., 9 st.	.	.	.	Watts	1
Candlemas, 4 yrs., 8 st.	.	.	.	Barrett	2
Tracedown, 3 yrs., 7 st.	.	.	.	Wall	3
Carrasco, 3 yrs., 7 st.	.	.	.	Loates	4
Ormonde, 4 yrs., —	.	.	.	Webb	5

Won by a length; four lengths between second and third; one length between third and fourth; one length between fourth and fifth.

"I do not think Loates got all out of Carrasco" is an underlined note which I appended to the record of this trial in my book. It is, perhaps, as well to explain that Ormonde was not being tried that day; he was merely put in so that he might

have a good gallop. The pronounced superiority St. Mirin could now claim over Candlemas will be noted. Having regard to the special reference I make to Carrasco, it is evident the trial had been arranged for his benefit. A fortnight later he went to Newmarket and won the Payne Stakes cleverly by a length from an odds-on favourite—Lord Falmouth's Blanchland. Then he ran second in the Ascot Cup to Bird of Freedom. After that we sold him for £3000 to Mr. E. H. Benzon, better known to the public as the "Jubilee Plunger," because of his reckless gambling on the Turf in Jubilee year.

In 1887 the most noteworthy of the horses at Kingsclere, after Ormonde, was the two-year-old Friar's Balsam. Bred by Lord Alington, he was a chestnut colt by Hermit out of Flower of Dorset. That season he ran seven times, was unbeaten, and collected stakes to the value of £8666. I may, indeed, state right away that I regarded Friar's Balsam as a "smasher." He did enough to prove this; he would have done more still but for his being hampered by a delicate constitution. He first comes under notice as the winner of the following trial on May 20, 1887:

Six Furlongs

Friar's Balsam, 2 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb. . . .	T. Cannon	1
Mon Droit, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	Viney	2
Challenge, 2 yrs., 8 st. . . .		3
Rose, 2 yrs., 7 st. 4 lbs. . . .		4

Won easily by a length; two lengths between second and third.

Mon Droit was a filly by Isonomy out of In Bounds, which I had bought for myself at Newmarket the previous July. In April she had been beaten by a neck only for the Sandown Park T.Y.O. Stakes, and at Newmarket on May 10 won a similar race in a canter by four lengths. When, therefore, I found that Friar's Balsam could give her a stone and an easy beating, I knew he must be something out of the common. The following are the races he won that season:

NEW STAKES, Ascot (beating Seabreeze three lengths, with Ayrshire a bad third)	£1322
HURSTBOURNE STAKES, Stockbridge	1150
JULY STAKES, Newmarket (beating Seabreeze three-quarter length)	1320
RICHMOND STAKES, Goodwood	817
MOLECOMB STAKES, Goodwood (walked over)	375
MIDDLE PARK PLATE, Newmarket (Seabreeze third)	2235
DEWHURST PLATE, Newmarket	1447

Before the Middle Park Plate—the date was October 6—we tried him as follows:

Six Furlongs

Orbit, 2 yrs., 7 st.	1
Spot, 3 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	2
Friar's Balsam, 2 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	3
Mon Droit, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	4
Ossory, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	5

Won by a length; half a length between second and third; the same between third, fourth, and fifth.

This was a very good performance on the part of Friar's Balsam. But there was really no need to look beyond his public form that season, and we entirely shared the belief of the public that he would secure classic honours in 1888.

If we formally tried Friar's Balsam before the Two Thousand Guineas, there is no record of the event in my book. Whether or not, when I took him to Newmarket I was firmly convinced he had nothing to fear from any of his opponents. Two of them were his stable companions Orbit and Ossory, owned by the Duke of Westminster. Odds of 3 to 1 were freely laid on Friar's Balsam; at 8 to 1 against, Ayrshire was second favourite. To our utter dismay, Friar's Balsam made no show in the race, and finished fifth of the six runners. Not until he returned to the paddock did we know there was anything wrong with him, but we then found his mouth full of pus. An unsuspected abscess had burst while he was racing. I immediately telegraphed to London for Mr. Williams, the veterinary surgeon, who eventually removed a piece of loose bone from the jaw.

Friar's Balsam was a very difficult horse to dress in the stable, he was so restless. When this operation had to be performed we used to put a Chifney bit in his mouth to keep him under control. A single rein was attached to the under portion of the bit, and the man "doing" him held

the rein in his hand. When dressing a part of the body that was not sensitive, the attendant would throw the rein over the horse's back. I have always thought that one day, shortly before the Two Thousand, the man allowed the rein to hang loose on the ground, and that Friar's Balsam, stepping on it, pulled it taut with a jerk, and so injured his jaw. The remarkable thing is that the horse had not, prior to the race, by refusing his food or in some other way, given an indication that there was anything the matter with his mouth.

The wretched abscess pulled Friar's Balsam down sadly, and it was not until the autumn that I had him fit enough to race again. He competed for the Lancashire Plate of £11,000 at Manchester in September, but was "unplaced" behind Seabreeze and Ayrshire, both of whom he defeated so easily the previous year. Three weeks later, however, he was himself again, and caused a sensation by winning the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, for odds of 100 to 60 had been laid on Minting, who was beaten half a length by the son of Hermit.

During the next few months Friar's Balsam did not thrive as he should have done. His only race as a four-year-old was in the Royal Stakes of £10,000 at Kempton Park. Odds of 5 to 4 were laid on him, but he finished "nowhere." Ayrshire and Seabreeze were first and second.

That was the last time Friar's Balsam ran in public. His lack of condition was, however, proved to us a few days later when, over a mile, he failed by three-quarters of a length to give a stone to Orbit.

Friar's Balsam began his stud life at Blankney, Lincolnshire, in 1890, and there he died in 1899. At the time of his death he commanded a fee of 100 guineas. The best of his progeny were Pomade Divine, Seaholm, Balm of Gilead, Balsamo, Sterling Balm, Friar Tuck, and Sermon. Balsamo won the City and Suburban for the late Duke of Devonshire; Friar Tuck was third in the Derby of 1902 to Ard Patrick and Rising Glass; and Sermon was heavily backed to beat Rock Sand in the Two Thousand Guineas in 1903.

When the Prince of Wales joined the Kingsclere stable his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir) James T. Mackenzie, of Kintail, came with him. He was a keen racing man and owned one or two good horses. I trained two winners for him in 1886—Upset, a dark brown three-year-old colt by See Saw, and Lord Arthur, a two-year-old by The Duke. Upset won the Wiltshire Stakes at Salisbury and the July Handicap at Kempton Park. The following season Upset won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. His starting price was 25 to 1. That, of course, was the Jubilee year, and just before the Goodwood Meeting I had spent a few days in the Prince of Wales's yacht in the Solent. When paying that visit

to the yacht I travelled down to Portsmouth from London with the Prince. When we reached the vessel the Commander was surprised to see me; he had not been told I was coming. No arrangements had, consequently, been made for my accommodation. The Commander asked me if I would mind sleeping on shore that night, adding that he would have a berth ready for me in the yacht the following day. I was that evening conducted to the Commander's private apartments in Portsmouth—two rooms over a hairdresser's shop. The following morning I returned to the Royal yacht, where my quarters had been got ready.

When I left the apartments on shore I gave the hairdresser, who had been very attentive to me, ten shillings. In some way or other he had discovered who I was, for when he received his "tip" he said: "I shall give this half-sovereign a chance on some of your horses at Goodwood." The Commander and most of the officers of the Royal yacht visited Goodwood on the Friday, the last day of the meeting. The Commander came to me and said: "You have done a nice thing for my landlord, the hairdresser. He has run that half-sovereign you gave him into more than £100, and"—but I had better not complete the story.

The Kingsclere stable had a wonderful time at Goodwood that week. After Upset had won

the Stewards' Cup, Friar's Balsam (with odds of 25 to 1 laid on him) carried off the Richmond Stakes, Spot won the Chesterfield Cup at 13 to 2, Mon Droit the Rous Memorial at 100 to 6, and Savile the Goodwood Cup at 3 to 1. These successes were all gained during the first three days. Much to my regret, I did not saddle a winner the fourth day for the benefit of my friends from the Royal yacht.

Savile, by Hampton out of Lilian, was "no good" as a two-year-old, and we did not run him till he was three, in 1887. Then, the first time out, he won the Dee Stakes at Chester, and, later in the season, the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool. In the contest for the Goodwood Cup he first of all ran a dead-heat with Mr. Douglas Baird's St. Michael, and then comfortably won the deciding heat. He was slow, but a rare "sticker."

In May of that year Upset won the Kempton Park Stewards' Handicap, and then figured in a trial recorded as follows:

Six Furlongs

Upset, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	1
Rose, 2 yrs., 7 st.	.	.	.	2
Spot, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	3
Polynesia, 2 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	.	.	.	4
Ossory, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	5

Won by three lengths; one length between second and third.

Apparently that trial was arranged for the special benefit of Ossory, brother to Ormonde, and it looks as though he had, during informal work on the Downs, "shown" something he failed to display in this gallop. We did not race him till the autumn, when he won the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket, his only effort as a two-year-old. Another of the Duke of Westminster's two-year-olds that season was Orbit, by Bend Or. He won three races as a juvenile. The following year Orbit began by winning the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. He was placed third in the Two Thousand Guineas to Ayrshire and Johnny Morgan, fifth in the Derby, and second in a Triennial at Ascot. Ossory finished last of six in the Guineas, and won the Prince of Wales's and St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. Then came the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, in which both Ossory and Orbit competed, ridden by the two Tom Cannons, father and son. The "old 'un" was on Orbit. The Duke was staying at Kingsclere at the time, and, after the horses had left for Sandown, I said: "Of course you are going to see your horses run, your Grace." "No," he replied, "they are both moderate, and I am not interested."

When I returned to Kingsclere that evening the Duke was sitting under a tree in the garden reading a book. As I approached him he greeted me with: "Well, how did you get on?" "You

won, your Grace, with Orbit." "Really!" he exclaimed, evidently very surprised. "What was second?" "Yours was second; you got all the money." More than ever astonished, and at the same time very pleased, he said, on the spur of the moment, that he would make me a present of £500. The public had not held Orbit in such small esteem as his owner, for they made him favourite for the Eclipse. He won by a length from Ossory, with Martley a good third. But the Eclipse field that year was composed of moderate horses, and the Duke's estimate of his two was quite correct.

That success at Sandown Park brought me a letter from my friend Hawley Smart, the novelist, which I reproduce because it shows the interest he took in racing:

GARRICK CLUB, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.,
July 29.

DEAR PORTER—No end of congratulations on the Eclipse Stakes. If your team was a little backward, they came with a rattle when they did come, and about £12,000 in two "pops" must make the Duke think keeping racehorses about the most economical sport out.

I couldn't go down to see it, but what a good race it was between your pair. . . . I got a message from you by Mathews (for which many thanks) and had a "tenner" on Orbit in consequence. They may not be first-class horses but they are an uncommonly useful pair, they stay so well. . . . Ossory was about last all the way to the Swinley turn at Ascot, but the further he went the better he liked it.

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By the way, I came up with a gentleman on the Hunt Cup day who I perfectly remember your introducing me to on the training ground when I came down to Kingsclere. He said you told him on the Saturday previous you fancied your chances for the Prince of Wales Stakes and the Hunt Cup, that he didn't go down on Tuesday, so didn't back Ossory, but he did back Candlemas. As I had done likewise, we mutually lamented.

Wishing you all sorts of success at Goodwood—Yours
sincerely, HAWLEY SMART.

I'm afraid you won't beat Seabreeze in the Sussex.

Both Ossory and Seabreeze were unplaced in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. At Ascot Ossory won the Prince of Wales Stakes in a canter by three lengths, and the regrets of Mr. Smart and the gentleman to whom he refers are understandable because odds of 100 to 11 were laid against him. Candlemas ran unplaced for the Royal Hunt Cup.

I have not, unfortunately, kept many of the letters relating to the Kingsclere horses I received from patrons and friends, but have found another from Mr. Hawley Smart, also written in 1888.

"ROUGEMONT," BUDLEIGH, SALTERTON, S. DEVON,
Nov. 4.

DEAR PORTER—I am glad you liked the book; it promises to be a great go before the month's out. It has come out just in the nick of time. It was like having a colt thoroughly ripe in the Epsom and Ascot weeks.

Every one speaks highly of it, and all notices so far are most laudatory. At Eggesford last week they were all full of it. Lady Portsmouth specially was pleased, and she's a clever woman. . . .

Yes, you have indeed done well. It's all over now, and we see what indifferent material you had to work on, and I am sorry to hear you have nothing very promising for next year. I don't know whether Friar's Balsam can stay, and even you may not be quite certain on that point; but if he had only kept well what a sweep of the board it would have been. Last year he was always master of Ayrshire and Seabreeze. He, no doubt, had very bad luck in the Lancashire Plate, or else I suppose he would have finished in the first three at all events. . . .

I am sorry to say we cannot manage a visit to Kingsclere at present, but do hope that next summer we may find you with a spare room. Mrs. Hawley Smart says she got quite tired of hearing the praises of "The Master" sung at Eggesford.—Yours sincerely,

HAWLEY SMART.

Mr. Willie Low joined the stable in 1887. His father was a Scotsman who made a big fortune in the United States. A remarkably handsome man, Mr. Low was "one of the best," and always full of fun. The first animal he sent to me was the filly Hall Mark, who won a few nice races, and afterwards became a very useful brood mare. Another was Gay Hampton, a colt of beautiful quality by Hampton out of Rosy Morn. His one success as a two-year-old was the capture of the Kempton Park Grand Stakes,

worth £1800. He won the race by a head from Lord Durham's Gulbeyaz. The following spring he won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket.

In Miguel, a black colt by Fernandez, Mr. John Gretton owned a useful little horse, but an unlucky one. The only prize he placed to his credit was the Rutland Plate, which he won in the autumn of his two-year-old days. The following season, 1889, he was second to Donovan in the Derby and St. Leger, second to Morglay in the Ascot Derby, and second to Gulliver in the Hardwicke Stakes. Those four races were worth £12,404, but Miguel's portion amounted to only £850. In 1888 Mr. Gretton had a pretty good three-year-old in Apollo, by Hampton out of Rosy Cross. The dam won the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1880—one of the few mares who have been successful in that race. Apollo had not raced as a two-year-old, but the following season he won races at Stockbridge and Goodwood, and, with odds of 66 to 1 laid against him, finished a good fourth in the St. Leger to Seabreeze, Chillington, and Zanzibar.

Mr. John Gretton was a splendid man in every way. To my knowledge he never made a bet, but raced purely for the love of the sport. He bred most of the horses that carried his colours, first at Coton, near Burton, and afterwards at Bladon Hall. My association with the Gretton family has continued down to the present

day, for I am now managing a few horses for Mr. F. Gretton, a son of Mr. John Gretton, and a nephew of the owner of Isonomy.

The mention just now of the Lincolnshire Handicap reminds me of a story about Mr. Fred Gretton. He went to the Lincoln meeting one day with a valuable diamond pin in his tie. As he was passing through the turnstile into the stand one of the "boys" managed to snatch the pin and get away before Mr. Gretton realised what had happened. When he discovered his loss, Mr. Gretton came to me and asked what steps he should take to recover the gem. I suggested we should consult Charlie Rayner. This we did, and later in the day Rayner told us we could have the pin by paying £25. Mr. Gretton at once gave him the money, and presently received the diamond, which had been unscrewed from the pin. The following day Mr. Gretton was standing in the paddock with his hands clasped behind his back. He felt something prick his hand, and bringing it in front of him to see what was the matter, found there the lost tie-pin, wrapped in a piece of tissue-paper! Having got what they asked, the thieves were apparently anxious to restore the whole of their loot.

At one of the meetings held at Four Oaks, Birmingham, George Graham, of Yardley, was accompanied by a friend who was displaying a

large expanse of waistcoat, on which a watch-chain hung conspicuously. Graham pointed out the great risk he was running, but the man pooh-poohed the idea that his watch was in danger; he had, he said, been racing all his life and never lost anything. Graham thought he would teach him a lesson. He arranged for some of the Birmingham "boys" to get his friend's watch, and promised that he would redeem it with a "fiver." Before many minutes elapsed the watch had been stolen. The loser went to Graham, looking very crestfallen. "What did I tell you? You have only yourself to blame," was all the sympathy he got. Graham, however, promised he would do his best to recover the watch, and, thoroughly enjoying the practical joke he had played, went off to redeem the "swag." "Very sorry, Mr. Graham, but we were so hard pressed we had to pass the 'ticker' on to the London division, and they'll want more than a 'fiver.' " It cost Graham a pretty penny to get his friend's watch back, but he was in honour bound to pay the sum demanded.

Two more watch stories come to my mind. The late Mr. James Weatherby was one day mounting his cob at the back of the stand at Epsom towards the close of the afternoon's racing, when he was suddenly surrounded by a gang of roughs who held his arms up while they cleared his pockets. While the robbers were

busy, Sir John Astley came on the scene, and rushed to Mr. Weatherby's rescue. But he was too late ; the thieves had finished their "job," and bolted as the portly baronet approached. Mr. Weatherby was staying at Tadworth, and had to ride past Tattenham Corner. I was sitting there that afternoon in a landau with my wife. I had not my watch on me—I never took it to Epsom—and was wondering whether it was not time I went to the stables to look after my horses. Seeing Mr. Weatherby, I asked him what o'clock it was. He looked at me wistfully. "Who has been telling you?" he asked. "Telling me what?" I rejoined. When he found I had put my first question in all innocence, he proceeded to tell me what had happened. I never heard, but I have no doubt he got his watch back.

I was leaving the Brighton racecourse one day with Mr. H. Newman, a great friend of old Alec Taylor's. We had come out while the last race was being run, but before we could get a cab the race was over and there was the customary rush from the stand. Newman was accosted by a ruffian, who pulled out his watch and broke it off the chain. Glancing at his "capture," the thief found it was a cheap one, and flung the watch at Newman's head. Newman was yelling for the police. I turned to him and said, "For Heaven's sake, be quiet. If you give the thief

in charge we may be detained here for a week, and I have other things to do." Newman protested, but in the end abandoned the idea of giving the man into custody. On his head, where the watch hit him, there was a lump as big as a pigeon's egg.

SAINFOIN AND COMMON

IN 1888 I attended, as usual, the sale of yearlings which had been reared at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court. Before the sale began I wandered round and examined the lots that were to come under the hammer. I was particularly struck by a chestnut colt by Springfield out of Sanda. Later I met Sir Robert Jardine, who asked me if I had seen anything I liked. "Yes," I replied, "I have seen a little chestnut colt by Springfield I am rather fond of." Sir Robert suggested we should go and look at him together, and when he had seen the colt he said he would buy him. This pronouncement rather took the wind out of my sails. I explained that I had intended buying the colt myself. "Then we will have him between us," said Sir Robert, "and you shall take him to Kingsclere to train." In due course the colt went into the ring, and I was able to buy him for 550 guineas. We called him Sainfoin. When fully grown he did not measure more than 15.2. He was, however, very cleverly made, and blessed with a most

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amiable disposition. The first mention of him in my "Trial Book" occurs under the date June 14, 1889, when the following test gallop was recorded:

Six Furlongs

Lozenge, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	.	1
Blue Green, 2 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb.	.	.	.	2
Sainfoin, 2 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb.	.	.	.	3
Orwell, 2 yrs., 9 st. 3 lb.	.	.	.	4

(Four others were in the gallop.)

Won by three-quarters of a length; the same between second and third.

The trial was probably arranged mainly for the purpose of testing Blue Green, for five days later he started second favourite for the Triennial at Ascot, only to run unplaced. It was, indeed, not until the autumn that Blue Green came to himself. At Stockbridge he was third in the Hurstbourne Stakes, and at York second in the Prince of Wales's Plate; but at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting he won the Criterion Stakes, and ran a dead-heat with Vermilion for the Houghton Stakes.

Sainfoin's first race in public was for the Astley Stakes at Lewes in August. I wrote to Sir Robert Jardine to inform him I thought of starting the colt in that event, and that in my opinion he had a very good chance of winning. Sir Robert afterwards told me my letter quite surprised him; he had entirely forgotten he had

any interest in Sainfoin ! The youngster, with odds of 8 to 1 laid against him, won the Astley Stakes very easily. He did not run again that season. His engagements were not numerous, but why he only met one of them I cannot now remember.

During the ensuing winter Sainfoin progressed satisfactorily. The measure of his improvement was revealed to us on April 19, when he won the following trial:

One Mile

Sainfoin, 3 yrs., 9 st.	1
Gay Hampton, 4 yrs., 9 st.	2
Bena, 3 yrs., 8 st. 5 lb.	3
Vasistas, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	4

Won by three lengths ; a length between second and third ; three lengths between third and fourth.

That, to say the least, was an encouraging performance. It looked better still when, four days later, Gay Hampton, giving 29 lb., ran Red Eagle to a length in the Copthorne Handicap at Epsom, because at Lincoln Red Eagle had won the Welbeck Stakes over six furlongs.

On the 25th, six days after the trial, Sainfoin, carrying 6 st. 11 lb., won the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park, in a canter by four lengths. It must be remembered that in those days, and for long afterwards, the Esher Stakes was a handicap

for three-year-olds and upwards, and not, as now, a race for three-year-olds only. The style in which Sainfoin defeated his opponents made a good impression on many people, notably Sir James Miller, then a subaltern in the 14th Hussars. After Surefoot had won the Two Thousand, Sir James, accompanied by Mr. Joseph Davis, the present manager of Hurst Park, came to Kingsclere and opened negotiations for the purchase of Sainfoin. I informed Sir Robert Jardine of these overtures. He replied that I could deal with the horse in the way I thought best.

This placed me in rather an awkward predicament. The public had come to regard Sainfoin as a fairly strong candidate for Derby honours ; his chance would, indeed, have looked a very good one but for the fact that Surefoot had to be reckoned with. Surefoot, however, appeared to be sadly in the way ; so much so that, after carefully weighing up the arguments pro and con, I came to the conclusion Sainfoin was not likely to beat Mr. Merry's colt at Epsom. I therefore took the responsibility of selling the son of Springfield to Sir James Miller. It was arranged that the "consideration" should be £6000, plus half the Derby Stakes if the colt won that race. When the deal was completed Sir Robert Jardine expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and at the time I certainly thought we

had got the best end of the bargain. Events proved that we hadn't.

Sainfoin remained under my care until the end of September that year. The first race in which he carried his new owner's colours was the Dee Stakes at Chester. Odds of 16 to 1 were laid on him, and he had no difficulty in beating his only opponent, the Duke of Beaufort's Bull's Eye.

Then came the Derby, for which Surefoot, a son of Wisdom, started favourite, odds of 95 to 40 being laid on him. As a two-year-old he had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the New Stakes at Ascot (beating Heaume, destined to win the French Derby), and the Findon Stakes at Goodwood. In the Two Thousand Guineas he met a strongly fancied opponent in Le Nord, and beat him easily. It will be seen, therefore, that public form pointed unmistakably to Surefoot as the probable winner of the Derby, and backers of Sainfoin had no difficulty in getting 6 to 1 to their money.

Those of my readers who saw the Derby that year will not have forgotten their experience. I refer not merely to the shock and disappointment which the defeat of the favourite occasioned, but also to the miserable weather that prevailed. Rain fell all day long, and came down in sheets while the big race was being run. In addition to Sainfoin, I saddled the Duke of Westminster's

Orwell, a son of Bend Or; and right well he ran too, for he led the field until little more than a furlong from home. He was then headed by Sainfoin, who had been lying second from Tattenham Corner. Sainfoin won by three-quarters of a length from Le Nord. Orwell and Surefoot close up were, respectively, third and fourth. The general impression, and one with which I entirely agreed, was that want of stamina brought about Surefoot's downfall. At Tattenham Corner, half a mile from home, he was "pulling double." Then he began to lose ground, and was for a time quite out of the picture. When, however, he got his second wind, he began to draw up to the leaders, and when Sainfoin passed the winning post, Surefoot was only about a length behind him, and yet unplaced! My feelings when I saw Sainfoin first past the post were of a mixed character. For Sir James Miller's sake, and for the sake of Kingsclere I was very pleased; but I was naturally vexed that by the sale of the colt Sir Robert Jardine had been deprived of the pleasure of winning the Derby. I need only add that Sir Robert took his disappointment in a very sportsmanlike way.

At Ascot, a fortnight later, additional proof was forthcoming that Sainfoin was a better stayer than Surefoot. They both competed for the Hardwicke Stakes over a mile and a half.

Sainfoin finished second, beaten a length by Amphion; Surefoot came in four lengths behind the Derby winner. In the St. Leger this form was again vindicated. I saddled no fewer than five horses for the Doncaster "classic" that year—Sir James Miller's Sainfoin; the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green and Orwell; Mr. John Gretton's Gonsalvo; and Mr. W. Low's Right-away. Memoir, the Oaks winner, captured the prize for the Duke of Portland; Blue Green, Gonsalvo and Sainfoin finished second, third, and fourth; Surefoot was some way behind.

Sainfoin left Kingsclere shortly after the St. Leger to be trained at Newmarket. He did not win another race. When retired to the stud, he was at the outset located at Newmarket, his fee being 50 guineas. Then for a season or two he was at a farm near Midhurst in Sussex, but returned to Newmarket when Sir James Miller established there the Hamilton Stud. Here it was that Sainfoin begat Rock Sand who, in 1903, won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger. After Sir James Miller's death in 1906, Sainfoin was sold by auction to Lord Carnarvon for 700 guineas, and for four years stood at the Cloghran Stud near Dublin. Then he was sold for a trivial sum to Messrs. Slocock, and died in 1911 at Carlow. As a stallion, Sainfoin's renown rests chiefly on the achievements of his son Rock Sand, who, after Sir

James Miller's death, was sold to Mr. August Belmont, of New York, for £25,000. After being for some years in America, Rock Sand was acquired by a French syndicate, and died in France in 1914.

The late Sir Richard Green Price, writing about the time Sainfoin won the Derby, paid the following just tribute to the son of Springfield :—" Sainfoin is . . . medium-sized, level, true in his slow paces as in his fast; fine tempered and willing to do his best ; not a smasher, but a wearer down of such as Surefoot, and his very looks tell you so as surely as a knowledge of horseflesh is your heritage."

Reverting to the St. Leger of 1890, I find, on looking at the *Racing Calendar*, that, the odds laid against the Kingsclere candidates were :— 4 to 1 Sainfoin, 10 to 1 Blue Green, 25 to 1 Right-away, and 200 to 1 each Gonsalvo and Orwell. These " prices " notwithstanding, Right-away (brother to Veracity) was the best of the lot. We all thought so. Unfortunately, however, he broke down badly during the race. I bought him for Mr. Low as a yearling at Doncaster for 1150 guineas. When a two-year-old he won four of the seven races in which he ran ; and at Liverpool, the following spring, won the Bickerstaffe Stakes. The fact that he did not race again until the St. Leger indicates the trouble we had with his legs; but, before

Doncaster we had, as we thought, got him fairly sound again. The St. Leger brought his racing career to a sudden end. If Right-away had been endowed with legs capable of standing more work the probability is he would have done big things on the Turf.

Another of the Kingsclere winners in 1890 was The Imp, by Robert the Devil. He secured the "Jubilee" Stakes at Kempton. At that time he belonged to Sir J. T. Mackenzie; but a fortnight later he was transferred to the Prince of Wales. He did not win again that season, but in 1891 was successful in handicaps at Manchester, Ascot, and Goodwood.

One of the yearlings that came to me from Crichel in 1889 was Common, bred by Lord Alington, who owned him in partnership with Sir Frederick Johnstone. He was a big brown colt by Isonomy out of Thistle, by Scottish Chief. At that time he was thought to be nothing out of the way. His appearance, indeed, was such, that he gave one the impression he would be useless on the Turf. He was not a horse at all—a bit here and a bit there, weedy and thin, with legs and joints everything they should not have been. Virtually he was a cripple. There was only one course to pursue with him, and that was to give him plenty of time to come to himself. Little by little I managed to build him up. Many months had sped by before

he began to show real improvement, but when the desired change did at last become manifest, he gathered strength fairly rapidly. No attempt was, however, made to race him as a two-year-old. Had we forced him at that stage the consequences would probably have been disastrous.

In the early spring of 1891 he shaped splendidly, and I was not at all surprised when he won a trial to which we subjected him on April 23 with a view to discovering what sort of a chance he had in the Two Thousand Guineas. The result of the gallop was as follows :

One Mile

Common, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Webb	1
Gay Minstrel, 3 yrs., 8 st.	.	.	Griffith	2
Gone Coon, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Barrett	3

Won by half a length ; two lengths between second and third.

Gay Minstrel had already that season run twice without showing much form ; on April 16 Gone Coon ran Friar Lubin to a head in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket.

When Common went to Newmarket for the Two Thousand Guineas, he travelled in a horse box for the first time since his arrival at Kingsclere as a yearling. During the journey he displayed considerable nervousness, especially when passing through the tunnels between Ludgate Hill and King's Cross. The fright he then got

caused him to break into a profuse perspiration. The sides of the box had been newly lime-washed, and when his moist quarters touched them the lime adhered to his coat. It will readily be imagined, therefore, that when we unboxed him at Newmarket he presented a somewhat quaint appearance. There were several people at the station anxious to get an early glimpse of Common, for it was known that he had won his trial. When he emerged from the box a thing of sweat and patches, one of the bystanders, after gazing at the comical-looking object for a few moments, exclaimed, "Well, of all the devils I have ever seen in my life, this beats the lot!"

Immediately prior to the Two Thousand, Common was walking round the paddock like an old cow. Sir Frederick Johnstone brought Prince Soltykoff to have a look at him. "He seems to be well named," was the Prince's dry comment. The colt, however, astounded the Newmarket people by winning the Guineas in a canter. M. Edmond Blanc's Gouverneur, trained by Tom Jennings, was favourite at 5 to 4, and both Peter Flower and Orvieto were at shorter odds than Common, against whom 9 to 1 was laid. M. Blanc, however, after inspecting the runners in the paddock before the race, said: "The horse I am most afraid of is Common." Orvieto finished second and Peter Flower third. After the race I heard Sir Frederick

Johnstone jokingly ask Prince Soltykoff if he could suggest a better name for the horse.

Common, of course, became forthwith a strong favourite for the Derby, and finally his supporters could get no more than 11 to 10 to their money. Even so, the price was a liberal one. It was a wretched Derby day—about as bad as that of the previous year when Sainfoin won, for rain fell heavily most of the afternoon. The prevailing conditions did not, however, impede Common in the least. A quarter of a mile from home he and Gouverneur drew right away from the others. The favourite gained a decisive lead at the distance, and, without being pressed, beat the French horse two lengths.

At Ascot, Common won the St. James' Palace Stakes, but in the contest for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park in July was beaten a length and a half and a short head by Surefoot and Gouverneur. Those who can call to mind the make and shape of Common will, I feel sure, agree with me that the Eclipse course was not suited to his build and action. His next, and last, race was the St. Leger. With odds of 5 to 4 laid on him, he won from M. Blanc's Révérend and Colonel North's St. Simon of the Rock; Mimi, the Oaks winner, finished fourth. Towards the end of the race Common's backers had a fright, for about half a mile from home he appeared to be beaten. But his game-

ness, courage and stamina pulled him through. He had, however, to be pushed pretty hard to beat Révérend a length.

Shortly before the St. Leger the owners of Common received from a representative of the Austrian Government an offer of 14,000 guineas for the horse. This was refused, though one of the conditions accompanying the offer was that Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone were to receive the St. Leger Stakes if the horse won. Two days after the race an offer of 15,000 guineas, made by Sir Blundell Maple, was accepted. This transaction caused quite a sensation, for it was the biggest sum that had ever been paid for a racehorse. The following Monday Sir Blundell received a telegram reading :

Would you accept 20,000 guineas for Common?
Wire reply. WALPOLE, Vienna.

Without taking time to consider this offer, Sir Blundell Maple, in his naturally grandiloquent way, sent the following message :

Thanks for offer. The English Turf requires Common's services. Money will not tempt me.

BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Common's new owner meant well. He believed that by refusing to part with the horse he was doing both English breeders and himself a good turn. He made a mistake. One way and

another Common lost him a bonny penny, for he was a disappointment as a stallion. The best of his sons and daughters were Nun Nicer (winner of the One Thousand Guineas), Osbeck, and Mushroom. When he went to the stud his fee was 200 guineas, but by 1910 it had come down to 19 guineas! Then, however, the achievements of Mushroom sent it up to 48 guineas, and at that figure it stood when Common died in December 1912, at Mr. Boyce Barrow's stud near Chelmsford. After Sir Blundell Maple's death in 1903 the horse was presented by the widow to Mr. Barrow.

It has repeatedly been stated that in deciding to start Common at the stud as a four-year-old Sir Blundell Maple disdained all advice to the contrary. This was not the case. He wanted the horse to remain in training, provided I would keep him at Kingsclere. I could not, however, accept Sir Blundell as a patron of the Kingsclere establishment because I was already training for so many owners. But this did not entirely exonerate Sir Blundell from blame in pursuing the course he did. I have always maintained that his judgment was at fault. If Common had raced as a four-year-old he would almost certainly have proved himself a great Cup horse, and he ought to have had the chance of so doing.

After Common had won the St. Leger I received the following letter from Lord Alington:

Porter, I send you a cheque for a thousand, and thank you also very much for all your trouble, not to mention skill, you showed in giving such good advice as to *not* training him as a two-year-old. Also for the splendid condition you brought him to the *three* posts. I think you won the races for us, not the horse. You are by far the best trainer in England.—Your friend,

ALINGTON.

P.S.—I am engaged to be married.

This handsome acknowledgment of my services was some consolation for the disappointment I felt when I found I must abandon the hope I had entertained of training Common to do big things as a four-year-old.

ORME AND LA FLÈCHE

THE name of Baron Maurice Hirsch appears in the Kingsclere list of winning owners for the first time in 1890. He had been "introduced" to the stable the previous year by the Prince. The Baron was born at Munich, 1831. His grandfather amassed wealth as a banker and financier, and he himself enlarged the fortune he inherited by undertaking big contracts for the construction of railways in Germany, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and Turkey. He also derived additional wealth through his wife. After the Franco-German war he settled in Paris. In 1887 a great sorrow befell him, for his son died that year. The son was a frequent visitor to England and had made many friends here. This led the Baron to come himself. He quickly made a position in society, and entered thoroughly into our sporting ways. In 1891 he won on the Turf stakes amounting to £7000, and in 1892 £35,000. These sums he divided among various charities. In 1893 his horses won £7500. To this amount he added an equal sum and handed

over to his almoner £15,000 for distribution. The Baron was a very amiable and generous man. He seemed fond of his horses, and I always got on well with him.

In 1889 Baron Hirsch bought several yearlings at Doncaster which came to Kingsclere, and also the Grand Prix winner, Vasistas. The latter won the Chester Cup in 1891. Among the yearlings were Rose du Barry and Romance, both of whom won as two-year-olds.

So far as racing is concerned the Baron's name will, however, always be associated chiefly with La Flèche. The Prince of Wales and he attended the Hampton Court Yearling Sale in 1890. His Royal Highness was greatly taken with La Flèche, a daughter of St. Simon and Quiver. So were many other good judges of bloodstock. Everybody, in fact, realised that she was going to make a big price. The Duke of Portland started the bidding for her with an offer of 3000 guineas. Lord Marcus Beresford, acting on behalf of Baron Hirsch, at once joined issue. Other bidders were Mr. Douglas Baird and Robert Sherwood, the latter representing Colonel North. All the while the Baron was apparently a careless and disinterested spectator, but when the hammer fell to Lord Marcus's bid of 5500 guineas, Mr. Edmund Tattersall called for "three cheers for Baron Hirsch and success to the Royal Stud." These were heartily

given. A chronicler rounded off his report of the scene with the words: "We *do* like to see people spend money, and if we think they are spending it rather foolishly, why, we cheer the louder! . . . No one pretends that when Baron Hirsch gave that extravagant price he was giving the value of the flesh, blood and bones he was purchasing." This comment reads rather oddly in the light of what La Flèche did on the Turf, to say nothing of her record as a brood mare. At that time, however, 5500 guineas seemed a staggering price for a yearling. It created a new record.

And so La Flèche came to Kingsclere to be trained. Other yearlings sent me in the autumn of 1890 were the Duke of Westminster's Orme; Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone's Goldfinch; and Baron Hirsch's Watercress. Orme and Goldfinch were two of the colts resulting from Ormonde's first season at the stud; Watercress was a colt (by Springfield out of Wharfedale) I bought as a foal from his breeder, Lord Falmouth.

It will, I think, be as well to dispose of Goldfinch right away. There is not much that need be said about him. He showed fine form as a two-year-old, but did not as a three-year-old fulfil the promise of his juvenile days. On May 15, 1891, I tried him three lengths better than the three-year-old Patrol at level weights, and on the 18th he started favourite

for and won a Biennial at Kempton Park. Tried again, a week before Ascot, he beat the two-year-old Polyglot at level weights by a head; behind them were three other two-year-olds, and Patrol. At the Royal Meeting Goldfinch won the New Stakes and Polyglot the Triennial. The only other race in which Goldfinch took part that season was the July Stakes at Newmarket. In that contest he was beaten a head by Flyaway. Leg trouble then overtook him, and we had to put him on one side for the remainder of the season. The following year I managed to get him through a preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas, but he broke down during the race, and finished unplaced behind Bona Vista. A good horse, his career was ruined by inherent unsoundness. Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone sold him to Mr. J. B. Haggin, the American breeder, for 4000 guineas. He sired many useful horses in the United States, where he died in 1914.

The first mention of La Flèche in my Trial Book occurs under date June 25, 1891. She was then of course a two-year-old. The record is :

Five Furlongs.

Windgall, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Barrett	1
La Flèche, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Chaloner	2
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	—	3
Rose du Barry, 3 yrs., 9 st.	.	.	—	4

Won by half a length; a length between second and third; three lengths between third and fourth.

Windgall was a colt by Galliard, owned by Baron Hirsch. At the beginning of April he ran third for the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton. Five weeks later he won at Kempton Park the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes, worth nearly £2700, beating The Smew, Bushey Park, and several others; and the following week carried off the Breeders' Plate at Newmarket. Massacre, a three-year-old colt by Muncaster, had on June 16 easily won a race over five furlongs at Windsor. The "tackle" was therefore pretty good.

It was in the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, on July 16, that La Flèche made her first public appearance. She started favourite, with odds of 6 to 4 laid against her. Bona Vista and Lady Hermit, two of her four opponents, were, however, also freely backed. The former had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, and Lady Hermit, owned by Colonel North, had won the Foal Stakes at Manchester, the Great Surrey Plate at Epsom, and the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge—all valuable races. La Flèche was, then, "taking something on," but she emerged from the ordeal with colours flying, beating Lady Hermit two lengths, with Bona Vista third, three-quarters of a length away. Her next two outings were at Goodwood, where she won the Lavant Stakes, beating Sir Blundell Maple's Priestess (who cost 4000 guineas as a yearling),

and the Molecomb Stakes. She ran only once more that season—in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. This race is of special interest in view of what happened the following year. La Flèche won by a length and a half from Mr. Noel Fenwick's Gossoon. Then, beaten six lengths, came Wisdom's son, Sir Hugo, who was destined to win a sensational Derby. The four races won by La Flèche as a two-year-old were worth £3415. No further evidence was needed to prove that Baron Hirsch was well advised when he gave 5500 guineas for the daughter of St. Simon.

In the meantime Orme had made a successful debut on the Turf. He was the fifth foal produced by St. Simon's sister, Angelica. The mare was sent, with other yearlings bred by Prince Batthyany, to be sold at Newmarket in July 1880. Mr. Taylor Sharpe, the breeder of Galopin, bought her for fifty guineas! It was not, however, until St. Simon had revealed his brilliance that the great bargain secured by Mr. Sharpe became apparent. Angelica did not race; whether she was ever in training I cannot say. She was put to the stud as a three-year-old, and in 1883 and 1884 bred fillies to Glendale and Cœruleus. There was no produce from her in either of the two following years. It would be in 1886 that she passed into the possession of the Duke of Westminster, for in 1887 she

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produced at Eaton the colt Blue Green by Mr. Sharpe's horse Cœruleus. The following year came Order (who went to America), by Bend Or; then Orme, by Ormonde.

When Orme reached Kingsclere as a yearling he showed great promise. The Duke was very fond of him, and the colt had not been many months under my care before I began to entertain great expectations regarding his future. On July 13, 1891, three days before La Flèche won her first race at Newmarket, we tried Orme as follows:

Five Furlongs.

Orme, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	Barrett 1
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb. . . .	Viney 2
Oran, 2 yrs., 8 st. . . .	— 3
Orville, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	— 4
Ortegal, 2 yrs., 8 st. . . .	— 5

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

La Flèche's victory in the race for the Chesterfield Stakes enabled us to gauge the merits of Orme pretty accurately. When tried three weeks previously, La Flèche, in receipt of 14 lb., had finished a length in front of Massacre, so that, judged collaterally, Orme was the sex allowance (3 lb.) and half a length behind the daughter of St. Simon—practically a length. This form enabled me to take Orme to Goodwood buoyed up with the hope and belief that

he would acquit himself with credit. And he did, for, with odds of 5 to 4 laid on him, he won the Richmond Stakes the first day, beating Flyaway (who was giving 9 lb.) by three-quarters of a length. The third day Orme won the Prince of Wales's Stakes very comfortably. The two races were worth nearly £4000.

Immediately after the Doncaster Meeting, at which Common won the St. Leger and La Flèche the Champagne Stakes, I received the following letter from the Duke of Westminster, who was in Scotland:

LOCH MORE, *Sept.* 12.

The stable is invincible. This is truly a great year for it and for you. Given the material, you certainly know how to make the best use of it.

So Golden Maze has turned out a good investment !

I should like to have a good reason for *not* running Orme for the Lancashire Plate on the 26th. I don't see why he should not go for it and win. His meeting with Flèche in the Middle Park will be very interesting, and I should back the colt.—Yours truly,

WESTR.

Golden Maze was a four-year-old filly by Bend Or I had bought from the Prince of Wales earlier in the year. When the Duke wrote his letter she had won me two races, and was successful in others later. As for the reference to Orme, I have no recollection of the circumstances which caused the Duke to write in the way he did. Whatever they were, Orme

competed for the Lancashire Plate at the Manchester September meeting. It was a prize of £11,000 for two-, three- and four-year-olds, with liberal allocations to the owners of the second and third, and also to the nominators of the three placed horses. There were nine runners, and Orme was one of four two-year-olds that took part. He was carrying considerably more weight than the other juveniles. Orme finished second, beaten half a length by Signorina. This result was naturally disappointing to ourselves. As a two-year-old in 1889, Signorina was, of course, extraordinarily brilliant and won all the nine races she ran. The following season, however, she lost her form, and was successful only once in five outings. In 1891 she had been beaten twice at Ascot, finishing second each time, before she met and defeated Orme at Manchester, and thereby occasioned us much discomfiture, for the Lancashire Plate was worth £8971 to the winner. By finishing second Orme placed £1500 to the credit of the Duke.

Let me add that I have no desire to make it appear we grudged the Chevalier Ginnistrelli his triumph. Signorina, a daughter of the mare Star of Portici, whom he brought with him from Italy when he settled down here, was "the apple of his eye," and he was entitled to a full measure of praise for the wonderful success which attended her efforts on the Turf, because

he trained the filly himself. After the lapse of nearly a score of years he could claim another and a greater triumph when he prepared Signorinetta, a daughter of Signorina, to win the Derby and Oaks of 1908. Who that witnessed it will ever forget the remarkable scene on Epsom Downs when, immediately after Signorinetta had won the Oaks, King Edward received the Chevalier in his box and, after congratulating him personally, took him to the front of the Stand and "presented" the proud Italian gentleman to the crowd surging and cheering below. It was one of those happy, spontaneous, graceful and tactful actions that so endeared the King to his people.

The Duke of Westminster was denied the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing Orme opposing La Flèche in the Middle Park Plate because, as we have already recorded, the filly ran no more that season after her victory at Doncaster. Kingsclere was, however, dually represented in the race, for we ran Sir Frederick Johnstone's Polyglot as well as Orme. There were ten runners, but Orme's superiority over his rivals seemed so pronounced that odds of 15 to 8 were laid on him. Speculators who put their money on the favourite experienced no anxiety, for he won easily by two lengths from Colonel North's El Diablo, with Mr. Noel Fenwick's filly Gantlet third. The latter, by Galopin, was

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subsequently bought for the Eaton Stud, and became the dam of Duke of Westminster, a colt who made some stir as a juvenile. A fortnight later Orme won the Dewhurst Plate, giving 6 lb. to El Diablo and beating him three-quarters of a length; and the following day he rounded off his two-year-old career by securing the Home-bred Foal Stakes from three moderate opponents. Orme, therefore, that season won five of the six races in which he ran, and, taking no account of the "place" money he secured at Manchester, captured stakes to the value of £8174. So far as the two-year-old form was acceptable as a guide, he was manifestly the best colt of his age.

I mentioned Baron Hirsch's colt Watercress as one of the good two-year-olds we had at Kingsclere that season. That he is entitled to be so described is shown by the record of a trial which took place on September 19:

Six Furlongs.

Watercress, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	. . .	Barrett	1
Massacre, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	. . .	—	2
Candahar, 2 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	. . .	—	3

Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

It will be noticed that, like La Flèche and Orme in the earlier trials, Watercress was receiving a stone from the three-year-old Massacre. As the gallop took place three months after those

by which La Flèche and Orme were tested, he was virtually meeting Massacre on 5 lb. better terms than they did; nevertheless, taking the trial as it stands, it shows him to have been very nearly their equal. We thought he was sure to win the Rous Memorial at Newmarket on October 2. He started a hot favourite, but was unaccountably beaten out of a "place." He was a big colt—too big to permit of his doing much as a two-year-old—and after his defeat at Newmarket we did not persevere with him any further that season.

The plans we had made for the racing campaign of 1892 were sadly upset by an outrage of which Orme was the victim. His first race was to have been the Two Thousand Guineas at the beginning of May. During the winter he had given every satisfaction, and when I began seriously to train him again his progress was all that could be desired.

A few days before the Guineas, Prince Adolphus of Teck, Lord Marcus Beresford (who managed the horses belonging to the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsch), and Mr. Portal paid a visit to Kingsclere, and at "stables" in the afternoon I accompanied them round the boxes. Presently we came to Orme, who was, as usual, wearing a muzzle because of his habit of trying to bite the metal strips on the walls of his box. I noticed some saliva dripping from the muzzle,

and after my visitors had departed went back to Orme to find out what was the matter. An examination revealed a swollen mouth.

The first idea to enter my head was that there must be some tooth trouble, and I at once sent a telegram to Loeffler, the horse dentist at Newmarket, requesting him to come to Kingsclere. He arrived the following day, and declaring that one of Orme's incisors was diseased, extracted it. We both examined the tooth. Loeffler asserted it was diseased. With that opinion I disagreed ; I satisfied myself that the tooth was perfectly sound. There was, no doubt, an offensive odour given off, but I protested that it was due to the decomposing food adhering to the tooth. Loeffler strongly resented the expression of my opinion, contradicting as it did his diagnosis, and he became very excited.

Anyhow, the removal of the tooth brought no relief to Orme. He became indeed rapidly worse, so I summoned Mr. Williams, the veterinary professor, who hastened to Kingsclere, together with his son. After a careful examination they told me that Orme had been poisoned. I had already come to the same conclusion. By now the tongue was so enlarged that Orme could swallow neither liquid nor solid food. All the symptoms pointed to mercurial poisoning. The hair of his coat began to come off, and

before long his skin looked as though it had been shaved with a razor.

For several days Orme hovered between life and death. It was almost a hopeless case. We did not leave him alone for a moment. His illness caused much excitement all over the country. The newspapers filled columns with trivial details, for reporters came in crowds to Kingsclere. *Punch* perpetrated the following:

Orme ! sweet Orme ! Orme is still off solid food and is kept alive entirely by Porter. It is the opinion of the best informed that "Porter with a head on" will pull him through. Smoking is not permitted in the stable, but there is evidence of there being several "strong backers" about.

The Duke of Westminster, who was naturally greatly distressed, authorised the publication of a notice which read:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD—POISONING OF ORME

Whereas, on the 21st of April last, at Kingsclere Stable, in the County of Hants, the racehorse Orme, the property of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, was wilfully poisoned, the above reward will be paid by the Duke of Westminster to any person who shall, within one month from this date, furnish such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the said crime. Information to be furnished to Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, Ely Place, Holborn, E.C.

We were unable to bring the crime home to the guilty individual. I, however, had strong reason for suspecting one of my employees ; but as the case against him was not conclusive, in a legal sense, I could do no more than discharge him. We found out that before Orme's illness became known to the public, this man hired a horse in the village and rode into Newbury, where he met some friends at an hotel. It is believed that he there imparted, as a great secret, the news that the colt would not run in the Derby. Needless to say there was little difficulty in making illicit but profitable use of this information. About the time the poison must have been given to Orme our stable lads held a concert, and I was afterwards told that the man I suspected was the only "lad" who did not attend the entertainment. That might have been a mere coincidence, of course, but it certainly tended to confirm my belief that he was the culprit.

Thanks to his wonderful constitution Orme managed to pull through—to that and the great probability that the ball containing the mercury did not get beyond his mouth. It was always extremely difficult to make Orme swallow a pill.

In July, three months after his illness began, Orme won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park ! I make bold to boast that in getting the horse fit enough for that effort I accomplished the most remarkable feat to which I can lay claim.

When he went to Sandown he was not, of course, the horse he ought to have been, but for a month or so he had picked up strength in an astonishing way, and I had no hesitation in advising the Duke to run him. His Grace was hugely delighted when he saw Orme defeat Orvieto by a neck. And so were the public. There was a great scene when Orme's number went up. For two or three minutes the Duke, who had watched the race sitting between the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Penrhyn, stood, hat in hand, bowing to the crowd as they cheered and cheered again. And many of my friends were good enough to shower congratulations upon me. I am bound to say I felt very proud indeed. George Barrett rode Orme and handled him very well. Orvieto and Orme, side by side, were in front of the field all the way up the straight. Barrett waited until a few strides from the post, and then suddenly shot Orme out to win by a neck.

We were not altogether unprepared for this happy result. Four days before the race I was able to place the following record in my Trial Book :

Orme, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	Webb 1
Ormuz, 6 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	Peak 2
Blue Green, 5 yrs., 9 st.	Barrett 3

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third.

The report current at Sandown on Eclipse day was that I had tried Orme to be 7 lb. better

than Blue Green. And so I had, plus six lengths ! If the full strength of the gallop had been known I fancy Orme, instead of starting with 5 to 4 laid against him, would have been an odds-on favourite. Blue Green had, it may be remembered, won the Alexandra Plate at Ascot a month previously.

At Goodwood a fortnight later Orme won the Sussex Stakes with some difficulty, for it was by a head only that he beat his stable companion Watercress. That race was over a mile. Though gaining strength every day Orme was not yet quite himself. His next outing was in the St. Leger, but before dealing with that contest we had better return to La Flèche and relate the story of her doings in the spring and summer of that year.

The filly's first race in 1892 was the One Thousand Guineas. She did so well in the early months of the year that we did not think it necessary to subject her to a formal trial before sending her to Newmarket. The public were so satisfied with her appearance that odds of 2 to 1 were freely laid on her for the Guineas, and she won the race readily by a length from The Smew and Adoration, with Gantlet, Lady Hermit, and two others behind.

La Flèche then "rested" until the Derby. Her chance at Epsom looked so good that she was practically backed against the field, which

included Bona Vista and St. Angelo (placed first and second in the Two Thousand), and M. Blanc's Rueil, who, a few days later, was to win the Grand Prix de Paris. At 100 to 9 Rueil started second favourite for the Derby.

This Derby was a race the recollection of which always arouses within me a feeling of annoyance. La Flèche finished second, beaten three-quarters of a length by Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo, one of the "outsiders." She would, if properly ridden, have won in a canter. Coming down the hill to Tattenham Corner, she was lying eight or ten lengths behind the leaders instead of being at their heels. There must have been something the matter with Barrett (La Flèche's jockey) that day. It was sheer madness or stupidity on his part to allow her to be so far behind at that stage. After entering the straight Barrett undoubtedly did his utmost to repair his mistake by pushing the filly along with all his persuasive powers, but he was asking her to do an impossibility. The long and the short of it is that the jockey rode a shockingly bad race, and thoroughly deserved all the blame he received. I believe he was chatting with some of the other jockeys in the early part of the race instead of concentrating his attention on the business in hand. Knowing as he did what La Flèche's abilities were, he despised her opponents. There were at that time

indications that Barrett's brain was slightly affected.

The defeat of La Flèche was a most grievous business for everybody associated with the Kingsclere stable. Baron Hirsch in particular was entitled to sympathy, for he had been literally robbed of the honour of leading in the winner of the Derby by gross carelessness on the part of his jockey. And Barrett's conduct all but deprived the Baron of the consolation he derived when La Flèche won the Oaks two days later. The tremendous but unavailing effort she made towards the finish of the Derby had seriously jeopardised her chance in the fillies' race. The interval of forty-eight hours was barely long enough to enable La Flèche, who had a very highly-strung temperament, to regain her normal condition. She won the Oaks, but it was by a short head only that she beat The Smew. Before the contest she was in a very nervous state and sweating freely. We allowed Barrett to ride her again, but not without misgivings. However, we had no fault to find with the way he now handled the filly. Although odds of 11 to 8 were laid on her, we should not have been in the least surprised if she had failed.

I did not saddle La Flèche again until Goodwood, two months later. She then won the Nassau Stakes, giving Broad Corrie 7 lb. and a length-and-a-half beating. This brings us again

to the point at which we broke off the story of Orme, because the St. Leger at Doncaster was the next race in which La Flèche took part. The contest was of particular interest to us, as well as to the public, for it was the first in which Orme and La Flèche opposed each other. It will be remembered that the Duke of Westminster, in the letter he wrote me twelve months previously, stated that if Orme and La Flèche met in the Middle Park Plate he should "back the colt." He used this language in a figurative sense, because he was not a betting man. Well, now that the two animals had at last come together, the public, adopting the Duke's view of their merits, made Orme favourite. Odds of 11 to 10 were laid on him, whereas 7 to 2 could be obtained about the filly.

So far as Orme was concerned the race was a veritable tragedy. He was again ridden by Barrett. There were rumours that the jockey had been "squared," and they reached the ears of the Duke of Westminster, who, rather foolishly, perhaps, warned Barrett that his riding would be closely watched. This nettled the jockey, and caused him to throw all discretion to the winds. Before half a mile had been covered he sent Orme to the front, and in front the colt remained until a furlong and a half from home. At that point the horse was beaten; he had run himself to a standstill. His retirement

left La Flèche and Sir Hugo at the head of the field. The filly quickly gained the mastery and won by two lengths from the Derby winner. And so the grief occasioned by the wilful tactics pursued by Barrett with Orme was to some extent assuaged by the satisfaction we obtained by the avenging of La Flèche's unlucky and disastrous defeat at Epsom. Sir Hugo was no duffer, but he was not a match for the daughter of St. Simon in a truly-run race.

The defeat of Orme stunned the public. Many people failed to understand how it had been brought about. The colt was in a rampageous mood in the paddock before the race, and that conduct brought upon him the accusation of being bad-tempered. Worse still, his collapse inside the distance caused him to be branded a coward, notwithstanding the wonderful gameness he had shown at Sandown and Goodwood. It was also suggested that Orme ought not to have been called upon to run at Goodwood after his severe race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown. There was some point in this criticism, because, as I stated in an earlier chapter, I always endeavoured, *when given a free hand*, to avoid running a horse likely to win the St. Leger between the Ascot and Doncaster meetings. But in the case of Orme, this and the other speculations referred to were wide of the mark. The real truth is that Orme was not naturally a stayer.

I never regarded him as being one. It follows therefore that the way he was ridden in the St. Leger was the one best calculated to bring about his defeat. It all came of the Duke aggravating Barrett by mentioning the insinuation against the jockey's good faith. There is, by the way, striking confirmation of my opinion regarding Orme's lack of stamina in the fact that the majority of his offspring were mere sprinters. He was a much better horse over a mile or a mile and a quarter than over a longer course. The St. Leger was his only race over a long distance. Still, it is just possible that but for his illness he would have won the Derby. He was tremendously good over his best distance. Orme, I may add, had a will of his own. When he went to the stud at Eaton his temper was soothed by giving him a paddock in which to exercise himself. It was unusual at that time to treat a stallion in this way, but nowadays the practice is quite a common and, I should say, a very sensible one.

Before the season ended Orme won four more races, all at Newmarket. They were the Great Foal Stakes, the Champion Stakes, the Limekiln Stakes, and the Subscription Stakes. In the Limekiln Stakes, run over the Rowley Mile, he gave El Diablo 9 lb. and beat him three lengths. That was on the Tuesday of the Houghton Meeting. On the Wednesday he won the Subscription Stakes, but on the Thursday failed

by a length and a half to give *El Diablo* 16 lb. in the Free Handicap, decided Across the Flat—ten furlongs. As this was his third race in three days he may have been a little stale. On the Limekiln Stakes form he ought successfully to have conceded the weight to Colonel North's horse.

After her victory in the St. Leger, *La Flèche* enlarged her sequence of triumphs by winning the Lancashire Plate (worth £7930) at Manchester, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, the Newmarket Oaks, and the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket. The Derby was the only race in which she was beaten as a three-year-old. These autumn races revealed her versatility, for the distances were eight, nine, ten, and twelve furlongs. She was, indeed, a splendid performer over every course. As to her staying power we never reached the end of it.

La Flèche's effort in the Cambridgeshire was a highly meritorious one, for she had 8 st. 10 lb. on her three-year-old back. Only two of her twenty-eight opponents carried more weight—the four-year-old *Buccaneer* (winner that season of the City and Suburban, Ascot Cup, and other good races), and *Miss Dollar*, a six-year-old, whose 10 lb. penalty for winning the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton raised her Cambridgeshire weight to 8 st. 11 lb. *La Flèche* was already so fit that, when training

her for the race, I gave her very light work just to keep her in condition. Some interested critics became very nervous and urged me to give her stronger gallops. As I refused to adopt their advice Baron Hirsch was appealed to, but he replied by telling me to exercise my own judgment. By that time the mare was getting her winter coat, and I felt certain she would "progress backwards" if I subjected her to much exertion. The result of the race amply justified the course I pursued. La Flèche started favourite at 7 to 2, and won by a length and a half from General Owen Williams's Pensioner, another three-year-old, to whom she was giving 34 lb. The General, by the way, had his revenge two days later, when Pensioner won the Old Cambridgeshire, beating Baron Hirsch's Windgall a head. I may add that if the Baron had not allowed me to have my own way in the matter of training La Flèche, I should at once have washed my hands of the whole business, and allowed some one else to have the responsibility of ruining her chance.

At the end of this season, 1892, the horses belonging to the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsch left Kingsclere to be trained by my friend Dick Marsh at Newmarket. As I have no wish to reopen an old sore I shall not gratify the curiosity of inquisitive mortals by relating the inner history of this separation. I had at

the time, however, the comforting assurance that the Prince and the Baron greatly regretted the necessity for severing their association with the stable. That assurance was later, on more than one occasion, reconveyed by His Royal Highness. As for Baron Hirsch his partiality for Kingsclere was revealed in a very tangible form twelve months afterwards, when he asked me to train for him again. I had to tell him it was impossible for me to take his horses back, for the good and sufficient reason that I had no vacant boxes.

The Baron then made an astonishing and very flattering proposal. "If," he said, "you are willing to sell, I will buy Kingsclere for £20,000. As my trainer I will pay you a salary of £1000. Further, I will place £100,000 in the bank, which shall be at your absolute disposal for the purchase of bloodstock, and you shall have the sole management of my horses. Any boxes I do not fill you can use for horses belonging to other owners." I could only express my thanks and my regret that I was unable to entertain the offer, because of my desire to act fairly to my older patrons. I recommended Baron Hirsch to place his horses with George Blackwell, who had been head man to Matt Dawson. He adopted my suggestion, but, unfortunately for Blackwell, about twelve months after the horses went to him, Baron Hirsch died.

Orme ran four times as a four-year-old. At Ascot he won the Rous Memorial Stakes, at Sandown the Eclipse Stakes a second time, and at Goodwood the Gordon Stakes; but at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting in October he was beaten three-quarters of a length by Sir Blundell Maple's colt Childwick (who cost 6000 guineas as a yearling) in the Limekiln Stakes over the Rowley Mile. He was trying to give Childwick 33 lb., or 26 lb. more than the weight-for-age allowance! Even so, odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Orme. The following year Childwick won the Cesarewitch in a canter. Both in the Eclipse at Sandown and in the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood Orme met La Flèche, now trained by Dick Marsh. At Sandown he was giving the customary sex allowance. The mare finished three and a half lengths behind him, the pair being divided by Baron Rothschild's *Medicis*, who ran Orme to half a length. La Flèche looked very well that day, but gave a disappointing show and was beaten half a mile from home. At Goodwood she shaped much better, for, giving 7 lb., Orme beat her a neck only.

In the autumn of that season Orme's legs began to give trouble, and at Newmarket, in the race in which Childwick beat him, a suspensory ligament gave way. That misfortune brought his career on the Turf to an end, and he retired

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to the stud at Eaton, to beget Flying Fox and many another useful winner. Good horse though he was as a two- and three-year-old, he was better still when four years of age. But even when at his best he was, I should say, from 7 lb. to 10 lb. behind his sire, Ormonde. Here is a summary of—

ORME'S RACING RECORD

Two Years Old (1891)

Won Richmond Stakes, Goodwood; 6 furlongs .	£1,062
Won Prince of Wales's Stakes, Goodwood; 6 furlongs	2,800
2nd to Signorina, Lancashire Plate, Manchester; 7 furlongs	—
Won Middle Park Plate, Newmarket; 6 furlongs .	2,505
Won Dewhurst Plate, Newmarket; 7 furlongs .	1,507
Won Home-bred Foal Stakes, Newmarket; 5½ furlongs	300

Three Years Old

Won Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park; 10 furlongs .	9,405
Won Sussex Stakes, Goodwood; a mile	822
Unplaced, St. Leger, Doncaster; 1¼ mile . . .	—
Won Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket; 10 furlongs .	645
Won Champion Stakes, Newmarket; 10 furlongs .	930
Won Limekiln Stakes, Newmarket; a mile . . .	821
Won Subscription Stakes, Newmarket; 6 furlongs .	400
2nd to El Diablo, Free Handicap, Newmarket; 10 furlongs	—

Four Years Old

Won Rous Memorial, Ascot; a mile	£930
Won Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park; 10 furlongs	9,902
Won Goodwood Stakes, Goodwood; 10 furlongs	497
2nd to Childwick, Limekiln Stakes, Newmarket; a mile	—
Total value of Stakes won	£32,526

He won 14 races, was placed second three times, and unplaced only once.

It may interest readers to have before them the racing achievements of La Flèche summarised in a similar way. Here, therefore, is—

LA FLÈCHE'S RACING RECORD

Two Years Old (1891)

Won Chesterfield Stakes, Newmarket; 5 furlongs	£770
Won Lavant Stakes, Goodwood; 5 furlongs	805
Won Molecomb Stakes, Goodwood; 6 furlongs	640
Won Champagne Stakes, Doncaster; 6 furlongs	1,200

Three Years Old

Won One Thousand Guineas, Newmarket; a mile 2nd in the Derby at Epsom (beaten three-quarters of a length by Sir Hugo); 1½ mile	3,650
Won the Oaks, Epsom, 1½ mile	5,270
Won Nassau Stakes, Goodwood; 1 mile	590
Won the St. Leger, Doncaster; 1¾ miles	5,400
Won Lancashire Plate, Manchester; 1 mile	7,930
Won Grand Duke Michael Stakes, Newmarket; 10 furlongs	456
Won Newmarket Oaks; 2 miles	552

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Won Cambridgeshire (Handicap), Newmarket; 9 furlongs £1,805

(La Flèche left Kingsclere at the end of her three-year-old career.)

Four Years Old

3rd Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park (beaten by Orme and Medicis); 10 furlongs
 2nd Gordon Stakes, Goodwood (beaten a neck by Orme, who gave her 7 lb.)
 3rd Lancashire Plate, Manchester (beaten by Racburn and Isinglass); a mile
 Won Lowther Stakes, Newmarket; 10 furlongs 1,025
 Unplaced Cambridgeshire (carried 9 st. 7 lb.), Newmarket; 9 furlongs
 Won Liverpool Autumn Cup (Handicap), carried 9 st. 6 lb.; 11 furlongs 1,060
 Unplaced Manchester November Handicap (carried 9 st. 11 lb.); 1 mile, 6 furlongs

Five Years Old

Won Ascot Cup, 2½ miles 2,620
 2nd Hardwicke Stakes, Ascot (beaten half a length by Ravensbury); 1½ mile
 Unplaced Prince Edward Handicap (carried 9 st. 7 lb.), Manchester; 1 mile
 Won Champion Stakes, Newmarket; 10 furlongs 930

£34,703

In 1896, shortly after the death of Baron Hirsch, La Flèche, covered by Morion, but barren, was sold at the Newmarket July Sales to Sir Tatton Sykes for 12,600 guineas. Her first

produce, a yearling filly by Morion named La Veine, was on the same occasion sold for 3100 guineas. It will be remembered that in recent years we saw the mare Flair, with the colt Gallon, by Gallinule, at foot, sold at Newmarket to Mr. F. C. Stern for 15,000 guineas. The following day Gallon was resold to Sir Ernest Cassel for 3000 guineas. This transaction reduced the price of Flair to 12,000 guineas, so that La Flèche still ranks as the brood mare who has made most money under the hammer. The most noteworthy of her produce have been Baroness La Flèche and John o' Gaunt. The following are the prices made by her yearlings sold by auction.

Born.		Guineas.
1895.	La Veine, b.f., by Morion	3100
1896.	Barren
1897.	Strong Bow, b. or br.c., by Morion	2700
1898.	Sagitta, b.f., by Isinglass	2300
1899.	Barren
1900.	Baroness La Flèche, br.f., by Ladas	5200
1901.	John o' Gaunt, b.c., by Isinglass	3000
1902.	Barren
1903.	Barren
1904.	Dead twins by Ladas
1905.	Not covered 1904
1906.	Arc de Triomphe, br.c., by Gallinule	4700
1907.	B.f., by Isinglass

Barren in 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, and 1912; not covered after 1911.

It will be seen, therefore, that the late Sir

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Tatton Sykes received 17,900 guineas for the five yearlings out of La Flèche which he sold, so that the mare, despite her irregular record, just about paid her way. She died at Sledmere, April 22, 1916.

THROSTLE AND MATCHBOX

THE wheel of Fortune now turned again in favour of the confederates, Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, for Matchbox and Throstle were among the yearlings that came to Kingsclere from Crichel in the autumn of 1892. The former was a colt by St. Simon out of the mare Matchgirl, a half-sister, by Plebeian, to the Derby winner St. Blaise, and to Candlemas; the latter a filly by Petrarch out of Thistle, and so half-sister to Common and Goldfinch. Regarded from the breeding point of view, these youngsters had, therefore, excellent credentials. The principle that you should "breed winners as winners have been bred" is sound theoretically, but when put into practice it yields a sorry crop of exceptions. Matchbox and Throstle, however, conformed to the rule, and in two seasons contributed over £15,000 to Kingsclere's winning total.

The name of Matchbox would have figured more conspicuously on the tablets of the Turf than it actually does but for the fact that he was

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foaled the same year as Ladas. I rated the son of St. Simon a good horse, but his rival was a better one. It was on June 5, 1893, that I tried Matchbox for the first time, with the appended result:

Five Furlongs

Rusina, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb. . . .	Cannon 1
Belle Winnie, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb. . . .	2
Matchbox, 2 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb. . . .	Moreton 3
Fragosa, 2 yrs., 8 st. 6 lb. . . .	4

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

Three days previously, at Epsom, Rusina won a Mile Handicap, and was then bought by Sir Frederick Johnstone for 260 guineas. A month later Matchbox was tried again as follows:

Five Furlongs

Matchbox, 2 yrs., 9 st. . . .	G. Chaloner 1
Belle Winnie, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb. . . .	R. Chaloner 2
Throstle, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb. . . .	Viney 3

Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

Throstle, I may say here, had taken part in a trial a week before this, to be beaten by the two-year-old Legal Tender (to whom she was giving 7 lb.) and by the three-year-olds Belle Winnie and Rusina, both conceding her a stone.

On July 14, at Sandown Park, Matchbox made his first appearance on the Turf in the race

for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. He cut a somewhat ignominious figure, for he finished third to Delphos and Glare, beaten six lengths and three lengths. Delphos was a son of Necromancer. He had evidently been highly tried, because, although this was his first outing, odds of 6 to 5 were laid on him. That season he took part in seven races and won six of them. Glare, who beat Matchbox three lengths, was to become the dam of Flair, Lesbia, and Vivid. The failure of Matchbox surprised us very much, because the previous day, at Newmarket, Throstle had run Speed to a head for the Chesterfield Stakes. True, Speed was giving her 10 lb., but he was already the winner of the Biennial at Ascot, and of the July Stakes at Newmarket.

Matchbox did not run again until the autumn. On September 30 I tried him once more, and again he did what I asked him to do, as the following extract from my book shows:

One Mile

Matchbox, 2 yrs., 9 st.	1
Legal Tender, 2 yrs., 7 st. 2 lb.	2
Throstle, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	3
Rusina, 3 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	4

Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

This test was arranged with a view to the Great Breeders' Stakes of £5000 at Kempton Park on

October 6, in which Matchbox and Throstle were engaged. I saddled both. Matchbox started favourite at 9 to 4 and won, beating Son o' Mine at level weights by a neck. Throstle was unplaced. Three weeks later, at Newmarket, Matchbox won the Criterion Stakes over six furlongs and the Dewhurst Plate over seven.

In the circumstances I felt justified, at the end of the season, in hoping that Matchbox would win one or more of the classic races the following year, even though Ladas had to be reckoned with. This colt of Lord Rosebery's was unbeaten as a two-year-old; he won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket. He was trained by Matt Dawson, so once more he and I were keen rivals.

This time Matt was to have the laugh of me and obtain a sort of a revenge for the defeats of Minting. Ladas and Matchbox met for the first time in the Two Thousand Guineas. If I tried our horse for that race there is no record of the gallop in my book. Odds of 6 to 5 were laid on Ladas, and he beat Matchbox quite comfortably by a length and a half. They met again in the Derby, and again Matchbox had to be content with second place. In the meantime Ladas had won the Newmarket Stakes, and so confident was the belief that he had nothing to

fear from his rival at Epsom that odds of 9 to 2 were laid on his winning the Derby. Matchbox, however, gave him a good race. The son of St. Simon was in front a mile from home, and was still leading when the field swept round Tattenham Corner into the straight. Ladas then tackled him, but it was not until they were nearing the goal that he gained the mastery to win by a length and a half. His victory was an extremely popular one, because Lord Rosebery was at the time Prime Minister. Other Premiers—notably Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby—had been patrons of the Turf, but this was the only time the first Minister of the Crown had led in the winner of the Derby, and the populace acclaimed the unique event in an uproarious manner.

Little did Matt Dawson, or anybody else, imagine that Ladas was not to win another race; yet so it turned out. He was third to Isinglass and Bullingdon (to whom I will refer presently) in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, second to Isinglass in the Eclipse Stakes, second to Throstle in the St. Leger, and fourth in his only race as a four-year-old. We are concerned only with his failure in the St. Leger, in which Matchbox opposed him for the third and last time.

A day or two after his defeat in the Derby Baron Hirsch bought Matchbox for £15,000 in the hope of winning the Grand Prix de Paris

with him. Although the Baron's horses were now being trained by Dick Marsh it was arranged that Matchbox was to remain for a time at Kingsclere, and in due course we took him over to France. Again he had to put up with second place, for he was beaten a neck by Dolma-Baghtche. At any rate the judge said so. Many of the onlookers were under the impression that Matchbox just won. Be that as it may, I feel sure he ought to have finished first. Morny Cannon, who rode him that day, was not seen at his best by any means.

At Goodwood Matchbox won the Sussex Stakes; and then came the St. Leger. By this time the colt had again changed hands, Baron Hirsch having sold him to the Hungarian Government for, I believe, £15,000, the sum he himself paid. The horse was not, however, to be delivered until after the St. Leger. As Throstle played so astonishing a part in the race at Doncaster we must briefly review her career up to this point.

A beautiful filly, Throstle's eyes were closed when she was born, and they remained closed for several weeks. It is my firm conviction that she never could see properly. As a two-year-old she ran three times, but, except in the Chesterfield Stakes, when she so nearly beat Speed, did not show much form. She, however, did much better as a three-year-old. After running un-

placed in the One Thousand Guineas, Throstle won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, finished fourth in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and won the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood. This last performance appeared to give her a good chance in the St. Leger, and I believe several people backed her at that time to gain "classic" honours at Doncaster. But for one failing we ourselves should have deemed her prospects as good as those of Matchbox, for she was an extraordinarily good stayer. Owing, no doubt, to her defective eyesight she had an unfortunate habit of bolting out of the course. She had done this both at home and in public, and we quite expected to see her bolt from the track when competing in the St. Leger. That is why our hopes were centred in Matchbox.

Having twice suffered defeat since the Derby, Ladas no longer inspired the confidence in his powers which caused him to start so hot a favourite at Epsom. We were, indeed, rather sanguine that Matchbox would at last beat him. That public opinion tended in the same direction is shown by the betting. Backers of Ladas had to lay only 11 to 10, and supporters of Matchbox could get no more than 2 to 1. Very few speculators gave a thought to Throstle. At 50 to 1 she was practically friendless. Both Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone stood, however, to win £1000 on her, just on the off

chance. Only twice in my life have I had so much as a £100 on a horse. At the Hampton Court Sale, at which Baron Hirsch bought La Flèche, a gentleman who was making a yearling "book" on the Derby of 1892 offered, in my hearing, 10,000 to 100 against Orme to the Duke of Westminster. The Duke, of course, did not bet; but, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps Porter will take the odds." I did, and made a good profit on the bet, because, after Orme had shown his form as a two-year-old, the holder of the "book" came to me and asked if I would lay him £5000 to £1000. I readily consented, and thereby made a clear £900. I also had £100 on Matchbox for the St. Leger. At the last moment I thought it prudent to "insure" my bet by backing the favourite, and laid £110 to £100 on Ladas. Imagine, therefore, my chagrin when I saw Throstle, after Ladas had got the better of Matchbox, swoop down on Lord Rosebery's colt close home and beat him three-quarters of a length.

In one sense this result was stupefying, but only because the expected had not happened. Throstle's proclivity to bolt was in abeyance that day. She ran as straight as a die, and her great staying power came to her aid after Ladas and Matchbox had run themselves out by their endeavours to get the better of each other. There was also another factor that may have

contributed to her success. She was ridden by Morny Cannon, who was in irresistible form during the first three days of that Doncaster Meeting, for he had no fewer than ten winning mounts.

The very next race in which Throstle ran—the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket—she bolted out of the course! In the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton, in October, she had to carry 8 st. 9 lb. and could only finish fourth. The burden was too heavy, and the distance—a mile—too short. She was then bought by the Duke of Westminster, and went to the Eaton Stud. Missel Thrush, by Orme, was one of her produce. She was a real good mare, but handicapped by defective eyes.

On leaving England, Matchbox went to the Kisber Stud in Hungary. He turned out a successful sire, for in fifteen seasons his sons and daughters won 557 races worth £157,575. The best of his get were Con Amore (winner of the Austrian Derby in 1904), Falb, Horkay, Lord Firebrand, and Nunquam Dormio. Several of his daughters have proved successful brood mares.

The promised allusion to Bullingdon need only be a brief one. So few mares have won the Derby that it necessarily follows a comparatively small number of horses have had Derby winners for sire and dam. Bullingdon

was one of them, for he was by Melton out of Shotover. The Duke of Westminster bred him. Courage was a conspicuous trait in his character. He was one of the most lion-hearted horses I ever had in my stable. The first time out he ran Ladas to a length and a half in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. At Goodwood, after winning a good trial at Kingsclere (giving 21 lb. and a length beating to Legal Tender), he captured the Ham Stakes, beating St. Florian, the sire of Ard Patrick, half a length; and also the Prince of Wales's Stakes, in which he gave Glare 6 lb. and defeated her a neck, Speed being unplaced. In October at Newmarket, Glare, however, managed to turn the tables in the contest for the Buckenham Stakes.

The following year Bullingdon accompanied Matchbox to the post for the Derby. A week before the race I tried him over a mile and a half to give the three-year-old Grey Leg—the winner that spring of the City and Suburban—a six-lengths' beating at level weights. He ran well for about six furlongs at Epsom. His best race was however that for the £10,000 Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, in which, receiving 18 lb. for a year, he ran Isinglass to a head. A fortnight later he won the Midsummer Plate. At Liverpool in the autumn he broke his leg by kicking against the wall of his box, and we had to destroy him.

The best of the two-year-olds at Kingsclere in 1894 were Tarporley and Kissing Cup, both belonging to the Duke of Westminster. By St. Simon out of Ruth, by Scottish Chief, Tarporley gave promise of developing into a high-class horse, but unfortunately, in the late autumn, injured one of his legs and had to be turned out of training. Just before Ascot I tried him to beat four other two-year-olds and the four-year-old Joyful. He finished a neck in front of Kissing Cup, giving her 3 lb. Tarporley was a biggish horse and had somewhat outgrown his strength as a yearling. At Ascot, after running unplaced for the Coventry Stakes the first day, he won the Windsor Castle Stakes the fourth day. We were quite prepared for this, because in the meantime Kissing Cup had carried off the New Stakes, so we felt justified in assuming that Tarporley had not run up to his trial form in the Coventry. At Goodwood, Tarporley secured the Prince of Wales's Stakes, but was beaten in the Middle Park Plate and in a race at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting. Then he met with the accident which brought his racing career to a premature conclusion. He went to the stud at Theakston Hall, near Bedale, in North Yorkshire, and did fairly well as a sire. Some of his daughters have been successful brood mares. He was eventually leased to go to France.

Kissing Cup started only twice as a two-year-

old. As already stated, she won the New Stakes at Ascot, but was beaten out of a place in the National Produce Stakes at Sandown Park. The best she could do the following season was to run second in the Yorkshire Oaks. She was by Hampton out of Sterling Love. Mr. J. Simons Harrison bred her, and I bought her as a yearling at Doncaster for the Duke, paying 2400 guineas. It must be said that she did not quite realise expectations, though she bred useful animals in Goblet, Racing Cup, and Cupbearer.

Another two-year-old that carried the Duke of Westminster's colours in 1894 was Star Ruby, by Hampton out of Ornament, and therefore half-brother to Sceptre and Collar. He was a long way behind Tarporley and Kissing Cup in the pre-Ascot trial, and ran unplaced in a race at Stockbridge. When tried again just before Goodwood, Tarporley failed by a length to give him 14 lb. We thought, therefore, he had a chance of winning the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood, but he made a poor show. Directly afterwards Mr. J. B. Haggin, the American breeder, made the Duke an offer for Star Ruby, which was accepted, and the colt went forthwith to the United States. There, as a three-year-old, he won ten races, and two more in 1896. At the stud Star Ruby was a success. Among his offspring were Africander and Rubio, the latter a winner of the Grand National. My recollection

is that the Duke received only 1000 guineas for him.

Matchmaker, a half-brother, by Donovan, to Matchbox, was another of the juveniles at Kingsclere in 1894. In the second of his two outings that year he was beaten a neck for the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. As a three-year-old we tried him over a mile to be four lengths behind Le Var; still, he was good enough to win the Prince of Wales's Stakes and "Derby" at Ascot. Matchmaker was just a useful horse—not in the same class as Matchbox. Le Var, too, was only moderate. He managed to win, as a three-year-old, the £10,000 Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket—then a mile race—but was favoured with a big allowance. Sir Visto, the Derby winner, whom he beat, was giving him a lot of weight.

Son of a Gun, a four-year-old by Petrarch, was also a contributor to the Kingsclere total of £22,000 odd in 1894. He belonged to Mr. Francis Alexander, who had recently joined the stable, and won both the Summer and Autumn Cups at Liverpool, beating Bushey Park in the one and Avington in the other.

We had a nice lot of two-year-olds in 1895, and thirteen of them won races. In the list were the Duke of Westminster's Omladina, Labrador, Rampion, Helm, Hartford, Regret, and Attainment; Mr. Low's colt by Galopin out

of Hall Mark, afterwards named Zebac ; and the filly Meli Melo, whom Sir Frederick Johnstone and I owned jointly.

In October 1893 Lady Stamford sold several of her brood mares and foals. The late Count Lehndorff gave 1550 guineas for Geheimniss, covered by Saraband, and the Duke of Westminster bought the mare's filly foal by Royal Hampton for 700 guineas. This was Omladina. She was a flyer as a two-year-old. Her first race was the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood. The week before the meeting I tried her as follows:

Five Furlongs

Rampion, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Helm, 2 yrs., 9 st.	2
Omladina, 2 yrs., 9 st.	3
Joyful, 5 yrs., 10 st.	4

Won by half a length ; a neck between second and third ; a length between third and fourth.

That we were well satisfied by this performance is proved by the fact that Omladina started favourite for her race at Goodwood. She and Lord Crewe's filly, Flitters, ran a dead-heat for first place, and the stakes were divided. The following afternoon Rampion won the Molecomb Stakes.

This outing opened Omladina's eyes to the serious business of racing. At Doncaster she readily won the Champagne Stakes, and at the

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Newmarket First October Meeting the Hopeful Stakes. Her next race was the Middle Park Plate, with a view to which the following trial took place:

Six Furlongs

Omladina, 2 yrs., 8 st. 8 lb.	.	.	H. Chaloner	1
Regret, 2 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	.	.	Wilson	2
Grey Leg, 4 yrs., 10 st. 1 lb.	.	.	Chaloner	3
Helm, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Sutcliffe	4
Rampion, 2 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	.	.	Moreton	5
Shaddock, 2 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	.	.	Cannon	6

Won by half a length; three lengths second and third; neck third and fourth.

The Middle Park Plate that year was won by St. Frusquin; Omladina, beaten half a length, finished second; Persimmon, four lengths away, was placed third. Omladina was merely receiving the 3 lb. sex allowance from the two colts, so that her performance looked an uncommonly good one. The following week she rounded off her juvenile record by winning a £1000 race at Sandown Park—the Great Sapling Plate.

Early the following year I discovered two things about Omladina: she had not made normal progress through the winter, and she lacked stamina. When tried over a mile before the One Thousand Guineas, she cut a poor figure, as the appended record shows:

One Mile

Attainment, 3 yrs., 8 st.	1
Royal Corrie, 4 yrs., 8 st.	2
Labrador, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	3
Shaddock, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	4
Helm, 3 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	5
Omladina, 3 yrs., 9 st.	6
Regret, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	7

Won by four lengths; two lengths second and third; one length third and fourth; one length fourth and fifth; three-quarters of a length fifth and sixth.

After this we abandoned all hope of seeing her win the One Thousand, for which, nevertheless, she started favourite, the public relying, of course, on her two-year-old form. She was unplaced. That she had not entirely lost her speed she demonstrated by winning the Fern Hill Stakes over five furlongs at Ascot. At Goodwood she was again beaten over a mile, and the Duke, deciding that he had had her long enough, sent her to the Newmarket December Sales. There she was bought for 2300 guineas by Sir Blundell Maple under Lord Exeter's conditions. For her new owner she ran several times as a four-year-old, but without winning. At the stud she was a disappointment, and in 1904 was sold to go to Germany.

Labrador was a good little colt by Sheen out of Ornament. As his breeding indicates, he came from the Eaton Stud. In his first season

on the Turf he won the July Stakes at Newmarket and the Ham Stakes at Goodwood; in each of the other three races in which he ran that year he finished second—to Nenemoosha at Ascot, to St. Frusquin at Sandown, and to Santa Maura at Goodwood. The following year he showed consistent form and proved himself quite a good stayer. A week after he had finished third in the trial in which Omladina cut up so badly he ran third to St. Frusquin and Love Wisely in the Two Thousand Guineas. At Ascot he won a Triennial, and then, after three other successes, and a failure in the Eclipse Stakes, was a good second to Persimmon in the St. Leger. Indeed, he that day gave the backers of the Prince's horse rather a fright. Persimmon, however, cannot have been himself at Doncaster. Labrador ran and won three times more that season, his last outing being in the Champion Stakes, in which he defeated Marco, Sir Visto, and Whittier. When four years of age he won a Triennial at Ascot, was third for the Liverpool Summer and Autumn Cups, and second for the Goodwood Cup to Count Schomberg. Kept in training for another season, he failed to maintain his reputation. Inasmuch, however, as the ten races he won were worth £9315, he paid his way well, and was not the least successful of the offspring of Ornament.

Regret, a colt by Sheen out of Farewell, was another product of the Eaton Stud. Like his dam,

he was not as honest as he might have been; indeed, he eventually became a pronounced rogue. He could have done much more on the Turf than the records show he accomplished. He was one of those horses who display their best form on the training ground, and more than once he gave us a shock by his public exhibitions. It was not until the late autumn of 1895 that he ran his only race as a two-year-old, and then won the Houghton Stakes, beating Symington. Odds of 15 to 2 were laid on him. This was due to his having, in a trial three weeks previously, given Omladina 2 lb. and run her to half a length. Regret's first outing the following year was in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. He finished a good third to St. Frusquin and Persimmon. The winner was giving him 9 lb. and Persimmon 12 lb. Regret started favourite, for he had encouraged us to believe he could win this £10,000 prize by giving 14 lb. to the four-year-old Royal Corrie in a trial and running him to half a length. In the Eclipse Stakes Regret, receiving 10 lb., was second to St. Frusquin, beaten a length and a half, and later in the year he finished fourth to Persimmon, Sir Visto, and Laveno in the Jockey Club Stakes. He won three races that season. We kept him in training for another two years, but he was never again first past the post. In one way and another he was a very exasperating beast.

Another of our two-year-olds in 1895 was the colt Piety, by Satiety. Carrying Sir Frederick Johnstone's colours, he won the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old race at Sandown Park. He was afterwards sold to Mr. J. S. Morrison, who transferred him to Mr. G. C. Dobell. The latter, who was a good friend of mine, raced in partnership with Mr. G. M. Inglis. They won the Manchester Cup with Piety in 1897. Mr. Dobell was a man prominent in the commercial life of Liverpool. John Corlett and I often stayed with him for the Liverpool and Chester meetings. Mr. Dobell had a great regard for the late James Waugh, and generally had one or two horses in training with him. Piety was one of them.

I have mentioned that Zebac, then known as the Hall Mark colt, was one of our two-year-old winners in 1895. His owner, Mr. Willie Low, also had St. Bris, by St. Simon, in training at Kingsclere that season, but we did not race him until the following year, and then not until Goodwood, where he won the Gratwicke Stakes over a mile and a half from Burgonet, his only opponent. Three days previously the following trial took place:

One Mile

Rampion, 3 yrs., 9 st.	1
Zebac, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	2
St. Bris, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	3
Omladina, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	4

Won by half a length; a neck between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

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Zebac had won a Biennial, and Omladina the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot. At Goodwood, Rampion was second to Phoebus Apollo for the Chesterfield Cup, and Omladina was unplaced for the Nassau Stakes.

St. Bris's second race was the Brighton Cup. In this he was called upon to give a lot of weight to his opponents and made no show. Then came the Cesarewitch, for which he was handicapped at 6 st. 6 lb. As we knew he was a good stayer it appeared to us that he had a great chance. Starting at 10 to 1, and ridden by Kempton Cannon (Morny's younger brother, who afterwards became one of our leading jockeys and won the Derby on St. Amant), St. Bris won the Cesarewitch in a canter by four lengths. This was the only time I saddled the winner of that long-distance handicap. In 1897 St. Bris won the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, and ran fourth in the Cesarewitch, carrying 8 st. 2 lb. He was a good, honest stayer, and just a useful handicapper. Sold to go to France, he there became a very successful sire.

The Duke of Westminster's Shaddock, by St. Serf, was also one of the two-year-olds of 1895. He ran only once that year, and then finished second in the New Stakes to Roquebrune, the dam of Rock Sand. The following year he did useful service by winning six races off the reel. He was a pretty good horse. Then

there was the Duke's Conroy, by Bend Or. His only race as a juvenile in 1895 was the Criterion at Newmarket, in which he ran Prince Soltykoff's Aureus to a neck. The first time out the following year he was successful in the Ascot Derby, beating Positano and Bay Ronald. Positano, I may mention, shortly afterwards went to Australia, where he became a famous sire. One of his offspring was the brilliant Poseidon. Bay Ronald, of course, became the sire of Bayardo and Dark Ronald.

None of the two-year-olds in my care in 1896 was of outstanding merit; still, half-a-dozen of them managed to win races that season, among them being Mr. Low's Kilkerran and Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone's Vesuvian, Zarabanda, and Butter. The last-named won three good races as a three-year-old, but was always half asleep, and his legs gave us a lot of trouble.

Passing on to 1897, we come to the then two-year-olds, Batt, Collar, Calveley, Ameer, Lowood, and Orpah, owned by the Duke of Westminster; Hawfinch, Celada, Everleigh, and St. Jessica, who belonged to me; Mr. Alexander's Mandorla; and Mr. Low's Winsome Charteris, Hall Mark filly, and Hermiston. Collar and Calveley ran only once each as juveniles; the former was unplaced in the Middle Park Plate, and Calveley was beaten a head in the Rous

Memorial at Newmarket. Both won races as three-year-olds.

Collar, a colt by St. Simon out of Ornament, won his first two races as a three-year-old—the Trial and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot; then, after two unsuccessful outings, he was sold to go to South Africa, where he won several times before going to the stud. After Sceptre, who was three-parts sister to him, had revealed her brilliance, Collar was brought back to England by Mr. William Allison, and for the remainder of his life was located at the Cobham Stud. He got a host of winners, some of them quite useful.

By St. Serf out of Sandiway, Calveley won four small races as a three-year-old, but did not attain his best form until the following season, when he won the Esher Stakes, the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood (in which his stable companion Hermiton was second), and the Great Yorkshire Handicap and Cup at Doncaster. In his only other outing, a £1000 Handicap at Kempton, he was placed second. The Duke then sold him to the late Sir John Thursby, who, after failing to get a race out of him—Calveley eventually broke down—parted with him to the Germans, for whom he did well as a sire.

Batt was a brown colt by Sheen out of Vampire, and therefore a half-brother to Flying Fox, about whom I shall have a good deal to say in the next chapter. The first of his races as a two-year-old

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was the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. He was unplaced. We did not run him again until the autumn. On September 25 he took part in a trial, the record of which reads :

Six Furlongs

Lowood, 2 yrs., 7 st. 10 lb.	K. Cannon	1
Batt, 2 yrs., 9 st.	M. Cannon	2
Calveley, 2 yrs., 9 st.	—	3
Collar, 2 yrs., 9 st.	—	4
Ameer, 2 yrs., 9 st.	—	5
Shapfell, 2 yrs., 9 st.	—	6

Won by two lengths ; half a length between second and third ; half a length between third and fourth ; four lengths between fourth and fifth.

Lowood, by St. Serf out of Rydal, had, when racing for the first time, run second to Mauchline in the Gimcrack Stakes at York, and five days later finished fourth to Disraeli (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas the following year) in the Champion Breeders' Stakes at Derby. At the Houghton Meeting, at the end of October, Batt, an even-money favourite, won the Criterion Stakes, beating Sir Blundell Maple's Royal Footstep, who was giving him 8 lb., by a neck. Airs and Graces, destined to win the Oaks, was behind them. Three days later Batt won the Houghton Stakes. We regarded him merely as a useful sort of colt—nothing very grand.

Batt's first engagement the following year was

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in the Two Thousand Guineas, and on the Saturday before the race I tried him as follows:

One Mile

Calveley, 3 yrs., 8 st.	1
Batt, 3 yrs., 9 st.	2
Lowood, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	3
Collar, 3 yrs., 9 st.	4

Won by three-quarters of a length; same between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

The previous week Calveley had run third, beaten four lengths, to Jeddah in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. We had little cause to hope Batt would win the Guineas, yet he started second favourite to Ninus. He was unplaced behind Disraeli, Wantage, and Ninus. So was Jeddah. A fortnight later Batt won the Payne Stakes over the Rowley Mile, but he had nothing much to beat.

Then came the Derby won by Jeddah, a 100 to 1 chance. This result astounded the public, and we were no less surprised when we saw Batt finish second to the outsider, beaten three-quarters of a length only. Curiously enough, Jeddah and Batt were foaled at Eaton in adjoining boxes almost at the same moment, and it may interest some to know that the Derby winners Sainfoin and Flying Fox were born in the same box as Jeddah. Shortly after Jeddah

and Batt were born, the Duke of Westminster went to have a look at them. After he had inspected Jeddah he said to his stud-groom: "You will never rear that foal, Chapman." Three years later, when the colt had won the Derby, the Duke jocularly said to Chapman: "It would have been as well if you had let Jeddah 'go.' You struggled night and day to rear him, and he has rewarded you by beating our horse in the Derby!"

Jeddah was in the same stable as Dieudonné, both being trained by Dick Marsh. When a two-year-old, Dieudonné won the Imperial Stakes at Kempton, beating Cyllene, who was giving 10 lb., by three-quarters of a length. A few days later he won the Middle Park Plate, beating Disraeli three lengths, with Wildfowler third, a head away. It was scarcely surprising, therefore, that Jeddah, especially after his failure in the Two Thousand, was supposed to have no chance of beating Dieudonné in the Derby. The fact of the matter was Jeddah could stay much the better of the pair. That his success at Epsom was no fluke was pretty well proved when, at Ascot, in the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes over a mile and five furlongs, he gave Batt 6 lb. and a five-lengths' beating, and again when he finished second to Wildfowler in the St. Leger.

Later that year Batt was second to Velasquez in the Eclipse Stakes, third to Dieudonné and

Cap Martin in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and "placed" in two other races. He also won the Doncaster Stakes and the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket. Although by no means a top-sawyer, he did not, therefore, do by any means badly. In 1899 he was second for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, and then second to Uncle Mac, beaten half a length, in the Chester Cup. After running unplaced for the Ascot Stakes he was sold to go to South America, where he did fairly well at the stud.

Hawfinch, a son of Goldfinch, was bred by Mr. J. Terry, of Emsworth, Sussex, from whom I leased him. He was an incorrigibly lazy colt—almost too idle to go to sleep. When he was passing the stands at Newmarket on his way to the Dewhurst Plate starting-post, his sluggish gait excited the jeers of the crowd. Some one shouted to Sam Loates, who was on his back: "Shall we come and give him a push?" When actually racing, however, Hawfinch was another animal altogether. This was his only outing as a two-year-old. He won by a neck from Ninus, with Dieudonné third. Both were giving him weight. Directly afterwards he was sold to Mr. Horatio Bottomley for, I think, £3000. The following year, as I was driving up to the course at Goodwood with a poor specimen of a horse in the shafts, Mr. Bottomley passed me in a carriage drawn by a pair of beautiful horses.

When I reached the course Mr. Bottomley happened to be the first man I saw. I said to him: "Those were fine horses you were sitting behind just now. Mine was the slowest I have ever seen." "Nay," he replied, "you sold me the slowest." He referred to Hawfinch. All the same, he won three races with the son of Goldfinch, including the London Cup at Alexandra Park.

FLYING FOX

It would be, I think, in 1893 that the Duke of Westminster asked me to buy for him a brood mare. Shortly afterwards I noticed that Vampire, a four-year-old by Galopin out of Irony, by Rosebery, was entered in a sale at Newmarket. As a two-year-old she had won the Priory Stakes of £500 at Lewes, and a £200 race at Newmarket in eight starts. I went to see her, and she seemed to satisfy the Duke's requirements. Hearing, however, that a high reserve had been placed on her I did not trouble to attend the sale. The same afternoon I came across Lord Hindlip (as he afterwards became) and he said to me: "I thought you were going to buy Vampire this morning." "Yes," I replied, "I did intend to bid until I heard that the reserve of 1000 guineas originally fixed had been raised to 1500 guineas." "Well," said he, "she wasn't sold, and if you still want her you can buy her privately." I agreed to take Vampire if the price was not more than a thousand, and the negotiations were quickly concluded.

When the mare reached Eaton it was discovered that she had a very spiteful disposition. One day she mauled one of the stud employees, and the Duke thereupon came to the conclusion that he would rather be rid of her. He mentioned the matter to me, and I told him that if he was determined to part with the mare I would take her myself. His Grace thereupon changed his mind, and Vampire remained at Eaton. Her first foal was a colt by Gonsalvo (son of Fernandez), and in a fit of temper she killed it. Then came Batt, by Sheen; and in 1896, Flying Fox by Orme.

Vampire had been mated with Orme, who returned to her the Galopin blood with only one free generation, because, owing to her excitable state when she had a foal at foot, it was deemed inadvisable to send her away to a stallion that might have appeared more suitable so far as blood lines were concerned. Otherwise the Duke would certainly not have risked the apparently dangerous inbreeding to "hot" Galopin blood. The risky experiment produced, however, a wonderful result.

I saw Flying Fox for the first time at Eaton whilst he was a yearling, and told the Duke that he struck me as a colt with a "Derby look" about him. The colt had not been very long at Kingsclere before he began to show great promise. Even at that early stage of his career

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he was, however, inclined to be somewhat mulish, and I have always thought it was just as well he left the Turf at the end of his three-year-old days, for had he remained in training a third season he would, I am convinced, have caused us a lot of trouble. He had undoubtedly inherited some of his dam's wilful temperament. As a set off against this the sire and dam had transferred to the colt their strong constitutions, for Flying Fox was one of the toughest horses I ever had under my care.

The first race in which Flying Fox ran was the New Stakes at Ascot. The previous week we tried him, with the following result:

Six Furlongs

Flying Fox, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Ameer, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	2
Frontier, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	3
Sark, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	4

Won by three lengths; six lengths between second and third; one length between third and fourth.

These four horses were all sired by Orme. Six weeks earlier Ameer had won the Tudor Plate at Sandown Park, and the "test" satisfied us that Flying Fox was extremely good. The secret leaked out, and the colt started favourite for the New Stakes at 5 to 4. He won, beating Musa, who finished second, by three-quarters of a length. The following year Musa won the Oaks.

Flying Fox's next outing was at Stockbridge in July. There he won the Foal Stakes quite readily from No Trumps, who was his only opponent. He did not see a racecourse again until the first week of October, when he competed at Kempton Park for the valuable Imperial Produce Stakes, a six-furlong race. On this occasion also he was favourite at 5 to 4. He had nine opponents, but the only one believed to have a chance of beating him was Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt, St. Gris, who was receiving 5 lb. from Flying Fox. St. Gris had won the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and run the Prince of Wales's Eventail to a head in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at the same meeting. On the strength of this performance St. Gris had many backers at Kempton, and started a 3 to 1 chance. He beat Flying Fox by a head. I thought at the time, think now, and always shall think, that Flying Fox ought to have won that race. At the same time I was never quite satisfied with him that season. I felt that he was a better colt than he was showing himself.

A week after the Kempton race Flying Fox was beaten a length and a half by Caiman in the Middle Park Plate. The race was, as usual, run on the Friday. On the Tuesday Caiman had won the Clearwell Stakes, Eventail (who had beaten St. Gris at Goodwood) being unplaced. So Caiman, an American-bred colt,

owned by Lord William Beresford, started an equal favourite with Flying Fox for the Middle Park Plate. It was a funny sort of race, and when it was over I was by no means convinced that the best horse had won. Caiman, by the way, was receiving 3 lb. from Flying Fox.

Tod Sloan, who rode Caiman that day, refers to this race in his reminiscences. He writes:

I shall always remember the Middle Park Plate which I won on Caiman, with Flying Fox second. I should say that Caiman was one of the poorest class horses who ever won the race, and it really was a shame that a horse like Flying Fox, a superior animal in every way, should have been done out of what he so much deserved. I repeat, Caiman was one of the most overrated horses I ever knew. The truth was I understood him, and had him under such perfect control that it was possible to do more with him than with perhaps any horse of similar stamp. . . .

In the race the other jockeys let me make my own pace, "Morny" (Cannon) holding off on his crack until the place at which he generally began his run. We went slower and slower, till we got almost to a walk just before striking the rise out of the Dip. I was watching him and saw him preparing to come along. So I shot mine out before he got moving, and *stole* the race, Flying Fox, although going great guns, not having quite time enough to get up. I hope it does not seem that I am claiming for myself too much judgment at the expense of others, but without any brag or bounce I must say that there was such a hopeless ignorance of pace among the majority of those riding in the race that I suppose I managed to

kid them, and so got where I did. I always consider that, however much of a "general" I may have been in some races in my career, I can shake hands with myself on that Middle Park Plate being the greatest achievement of my life.

After the race Lord William Beresford, Charlie Mills, and others came round, saying what a marvellous horse Caiman was. But they wouldn't give me any credit for the win; they kept on repeating that Caiman was the greatest of his age in training. And they stuck to it too, even though I told them he was far behind horses which were unquestionably inferior to Flying Fox.

Sloan goes on to state that he was convinced Flying Fox was the best horse he had seen in England. No one will accuse the famous American jockey of ever having been guilty of hiding his light under a bushel; still, there is perhaps a good deal of truth in his explanation of the way in which Flying Fox came to be beaten in the Middle Park Plate. I am not adopting his story as "gospel"; I merely quote it as an interesting expression of opinion.

A fortnight later Flying Fox won the Criterion Stakes, giving Sinopi (a gelding by Marcion, who had won the Findon Stakes at Goodwood) 12 lb. and a length-and-a-half beating. This achievement brought Flying Fox's two-year-old career to a close. That season he had taken part in 5 races, and won three worth £2681. It was not a bad record, but one which ought to have been improved upon.

During the ensuing winter all went well with Flying Fox, and when, on April 15, eleven days before the Two Thousand Guineas, we tried him over a mile, we confidently expected him to come out of the ordeal triumphantly. He did not disappoint us, for the result of the gallop was as follows :

One Mile

Flying Fox, 3 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	.	.	M. Cannon	1
Frontier, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	.	.	Moreton	2
Batt, 4 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	.	.	Pratt	3
Clean Gone, 3 yrs., 7 st. 11 lb.	.	.	Gannon	4
Princess Mary, 3 yrs., 8 st. 0 lb.	.	.	Rouse	5
Calveley, 4 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	.	.	Dibbin	6

Won easily by half a length ; two lengths between second and third ; three lengths between fourth and fifth ; one length between fifth and sixth.

On April 11, at Newmarket, Batt had finished second, beaten a neck in the Craven Trial Plate, at Newmarket, and Clean Gone had run third in the Biennial. All doubt concerning the value of the trial tackle seemed to be dissipated when, on April 21, Calveley easily won the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park. On the 26th Flying Fox, with odds of 6 to 5 laid on him, won the Two Thousand Guineas. Without any difficulty he beat his old opponent Caiman two lengths. The latter was second favourite at 5 to 1. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Trident, winner of the Newmarket Biennial, was third, three lengths behind the second.

The Derby was Flying Fox's next race. He was not specially tried for this, for we knew him to be fit and well. The betting was : 5 to 2 on Flying Fox, 6 to 1 against Holocauste, 15 to 1 bar two. Holocauste was a grey colt by Le Sancy, and owned by M. J. de Bremond. On April 16 he won a Biennial at Longchamps, on May 4 the Prix de la Rochette over eleven furlongs, and on May 14 the Prix Lupin over ten furlongs. In the French Derby, on May 28 (the Sunday before Epsom), he ran third to Perth and Velasquez, finishing two lengths behind the winner. At Epsom Holocauste broke a leg coming round Tattenham Corner, and had to be destroyed.

Flying Fox won the Derby by two lengths, Damocles finishing second. The latter had that spring won the Nork Park Plate at Epsom and the Tudor Plate at Sandown Park. If there was a semblance of a race between the two towards the finish it was certainly not because Flying Fox's superiority was measured by the two lengths which separated them when they passed the judge. In making this statement I do not wish to appear to hold an exalted idea of the merits of Flying Fox. I have always thought he was a good horse ; but when, after all these years, one dispassionately scrutinises the character of the horses he was called upon to beat, it may well be he was not so

wonderful as we were at the time inclined to think.

Sloan rode *Holocauste* in the Derby ; he was given the mount only the night before the race. Here is his description of the contest up to the moment when the French horse met with his accident :

At last, at the sixth attempt, we were off. We went up the hill to the top and raced down to Tattenham Corner. I was a neck in front of *Flying Fox*, and to my delight saw that *Morny* had got his whip out on the favourite. Before that I hadn't really the remotest idea of actually beating him, and anyhow I should have had no pretensions to do so if it hadn't been for those false starts.

I got *Morny* on the rails, and I was going as easily as possible, whereas *Flying Fox* got the stick again. We crossed the tan road and had only about a furlong and a half to go ¹ with *Flying Fox* well beaten by this time, and *Holocauste* not having been called on for any effort at all. Suddenly something happened ; I thought I had been cut into. There was a shock, and it was as much as I could do to keep in my saddle. The poor beggar rolled from side to side, but he didn't come down as many have asserted he did. He was a horrible sight with his leg broken off short ; in fact, the stump was sticking in the ground. . . .

I was never more certain that I had another horse positively beaten than I was that day about *Flying Fox*. There wouldn't have been a close finish even, for I was

¹ From the tan road to the winning-post is about four furlongs.

going so easily; there was any amount left in M. de Bremond's horse.

Sloan is, of course, entitled to his opinion; what would have happened if Holocauste had not come to grief is, after all, a matter of conjecture. The following is the record of that year's Derby in the *Racing Calendar* :

The one hundred and twentieth renewal of the Derby Stakes of 6000 sovs. by subscription of 50 sovs. each, h.ft., or 5 sovs. if declared, with 600 sovs. added, for three-year-olds; colts 9 st., and fillies 8 st. 9 lb.; the nominator of the winner received 500 sovs., the owner of the second 300 sovs., and the owner of the third 200 sovs. out of the Stakes. About 1½ miles. (264 subscriptions, 75 of whom paid 5 sovs. each—£5450.)

Duke of Westminster's b.c. Flying Fox, by Orme	M. Cannon	1
Mr. W. R. Marshall's ch.c. Damocles . . .	S. Loates	2
Mr. J. A. Miller's br.c. Innocence. . . .	Halsey	3
Mr. H. Barnato's ch.c. My Boy	J. Watts	4
Lord Dunraven's bl.c. Desmond	F. Pratt	—
M. J. de Bremond's gr.c. Holocauste . . .	Sloan	—
Mr. T. L. Plunkett's b.c. Oppressor . . .	T. Loates	—
Mr. R. A. Oswald's b.c. Scintillant . . .	O. Madden	—
Mr. H. Pack's b.g. Jo I so I (late Ballyleck) .	W. Bradford	—
Mr. Fairie's b.c. Matoppo	Rickaby	—
Mr. E. J. Rose's br.c. Sir Reginald . . .	Allsopp	—
Mr. Elliot Galer's br.c. Beautiwick . . .	Palmer	—

Betting: 5 to 2 on Flying Fox, 6 to 1 against Holocauste, 15 to 1 Damocles, 20 to 1 Oppressor, 33 to 1 each Desmond and My Boy, 50 to 1 Innocence, 66 to 1 Scintillant, 100 to 1 Sir Reginald, and 200 to 1 each Jo I so I, Matoppo, and Beautiwick. Won by two lengths, a length between second and third, and three-quarters of a length between third and fourth. Holocauste broke his leg and was destroyed.

Flying Fox was the last of the seven horses I saddled to win the Derby. My "record" for the greatest of races is: seven wins, eight seconds, two thirds, and seven unplaced.

In the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000 at the Newmarket First July Meeting we ran Flying Fox and also Lord Alington's Royal Emblem. The latter was a three-year-old colt by Royal Hampton out of Thistle, and therefore half-brother to Common. This was his first race, and we had no reason for thinking highly of his chance. On May 15 he was tried over a mile and finished third, at level weights, to the four-year-old Calveley and the three-year-old Frontier, beaten a length and half a length. Flying Fox in the Princess of Wales's Stakes gave Royal Emblem, who finished second, 17 lb. and beat him three lengths. The four-year-old Ninus, giving Flying Fox 6 lb., came in third, two lengths away.

At Sandown Park, on July 14, Flying Fox won the Eclipse Stakes, the Duke's Frontier, receiving 3 lb., finishing second, beaten a length. The Duke gave the stakes won by Flying Fox, on this occasion amounting to £9285, to the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Rhyl, North Wales. A presentment of a fox, which serves as a weather-vane on the roof of the institution, commemorates the gift, which was promised to a deputation of

governors, who waited on the Duke, in the event of Flying Fox winning the race.

Caiman once again opposed Flying Fox in the St. Leger at Doncaster, and this time he was beaten three lengths by the son of Orme, Scintillant (who that year won the Cesarewitch) being third. Odds of 7 to 2 were laid on the son of Orme, who, three weeks later, won the Jockey Club Stakes, giving Scintillant 11 lb. and a four-lengths' beating, so that he won all three £10,000 races. At Doncaster Flying Fox was in an excited mood. Morny Cannon had to dismount at the starting-post and soothe him by feeding him with tufts of grass. Once the race had started, however, Flying Fox paid strict attention to business, and ran with bull-dog determination.

With his victory in the Jockey Club Stakes the racing career of Flying Fox came to an end, for just as the year 1899 was closing the Duke of Westminster died. I had trained his Grace's horses for eighteen seasons, and throughout that period our relations had been of a most harmonious character. He was one of the kindest of men—a nobleman in every sense of the word. I missed him sorely. Kingsclere never seemed quite the same after his death.

Flying Fox was unbeaten as a three-year-old and won six races worth £37,415. The previous season his two successes yielded £2681, so that, exclusive of "place money," the value of the

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stakes with which he was credited amounted to £40,096. Here is a summary of

FLYING FOX'S RACING RECORD

Two Years Old (1898)

Won New Stakes, Ascot; started favourite 5 to 4. Musa second, beaten three parts of a length; Dismay third, four lengths behind	£1,792
Won Stockbridge Foal Stakes; gave 11 lb. to No Trumps, his only opponent	283
2nd to St. Gris (rec. 5 lb.), beaten a head, Imperial Produce Stakes, Kempton
2nd Middle Park Plate, beaten a length and a half by Caiman (rec. 3 lb.)
Won Criterion Stakes, Newmarket; St. Gris, at level weights, unplaced	606

Three Years Old

Won 2000 Guineas, beating Caiman two lengths; 6 to 5 on Flying Fox	4,250
Won the Derby, 5 to 2 on Flying Fox; Damocles second, beaten two lengths; and Innocence third	5,450
Won Princess of Wales's Stakes, Newmarket; Royal Emblem (rec. 17 lb.) second; 6 to 4 on Flying Fox, who won by three lengths; Musa, winner of Oaks (rec. 9 lb.), unplaced	7,190
Won Eclipse Stakes, Sandown; gave 3 lb. to the Duke of Westminster's Frontier and won by a length; 100 to 14 on Flying Fox	9,285
Won St. Leger; beat Caiman three lengths; 7 to 2 on Flying Fox	4,050
Won Jockey Club Stakes; gave Scintillant 11 lb. and beat him four lengths; fortnight later Scintillant carrying 7 st., won the Cesarewitch	7,190

£40,096

At Kingsclere, on Thursday, March 8, 1900, the late Duke of Westminster's horses in training were sold by Messrs. Tattersall under the hammer. Nineteen lots were disposed of and they made the remarkable total of 70,440 guineas. Flying Fox was sold for 37,500 guineas (£39,375). He was bought by M. Edmond Blanc. This was, at the time, an unheard-of sum for a racehorse, and was stigmatised as ridiculous. Events proved that the son of Orme and Vampire was one of the greatest bargains ever secured at an auction sale. He was sent over to his new owner's stud near Paris, and there he begat winners on the flat, in France alone, of races worth £203,369 in the twelve seasons ending July 24, 1914, when the great war put a stop to racing in the Republic. The following table shows the achievements of the offspring of Flying Fox in France :

	Races.	Value.
1903 . . .	9	£6,067
1904 . . .	25	52,834
1905 . . .	34	45,270
1906 . . .	28	19,336
1907 . . .	29	14,160
1908 . . .	23	12,560
1909 . . .	22	9,726
1910 . . .	10	3,699
1911 . . .	17	4,255
1912 . . .	12	4,976
1913 . . .	27	28,286
1914 (to July 24) .	7	2,200

£203,369

There were 84 individual winners by Flying Fox in France. Of these, 56 carried M. Blanc's colours and won stakes amounting to £152,588. Ajax and Gouvernant were included in Flying Fox's first "crop." As a three-year-old, Gouvernant won the French Two Thousand and the Prix du President de la République; Ajax won the French Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. Ajax retired to M. Blanc's stud as a stallion; Gouvernant was sold to the Austrian Government for £20,000.

Among the products resulting from Flying Fox's second season at the stud were Jardy, Val d'Or and Adam—all owned and raced by M. Blanc. In the spring of their three-year-old careers they were the victims of a severe epidemic of influenza, Adam being the worst sufferer. Jardy, who had won the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket, was afflicted with the fever when he ran second to Cicero in the Derby at Epsom, beaten three-quarters of a length. Val d'Or won the French Two Thousand and also the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, beating Cicero, who was giving 3 lb., by half a length. In later years Sais, a daughter of Flying Fox, won the French One Thousand; Madree, sold to the Sir Rholand stable in Italy, won the Grand Prix Ambroisien of £4000 at Milan; and then, in 1913, came Dagor, winner of the French Two Thousand and Derby. Jardy and Val d'Or

were sold to Argentine breeders for £30,000 each, and Adam, who I believe realised £16,000, went to the United States, but was afterwards sent back to Europe and bought by the Austrians. Just before the war broke out in August 1914 negotiations were pending for the sale of Dagor to the Austrians. Roughly speaking, M. Blanc sold sons and daughters of Flying Fox for £100,000. So the purchase of the son of Orme and Vampire for £39,375 resulted in a gross return of about £250,000 within fifteen years !

The chief individual winners by Flying Fox have been :

	Value of Stakes Won.
Gouvernant	£29,196
Ajax	26,197
Dagor	20,152
Val d'Or	19,750
Fils du Vent	9,587
Jardy	8,807
Madree	7,068
Sais	6,217

With the exception of Madree, these animals were all bred and raced by M. Blanc.

Excluding the races won by Jardy and Val d'Or, the offspring of Flying Fox won in England, on the flat, 37 races worth £13,334. His winners in this country were The Welkin, Royal Fox, High Flyer, Blankney II., Flitaway, Brooklands, Whyte Melville, Myram, Moyglare, Sarena, Woodstock, Romeo, Prairie Fire, and

Jarnac II. The Welkin and Blankney II. are now at the stud in Australia.

It was on my strong recommendation that M. Blanc bought Flying Fox. When, a few years later, I visited his stud he said to me, as we were looking at the son of Orme, "This is one of the best investments I ever made. Everything you have recommended me to buy has turned out well." On the occasion of my second marriage he gave me, as a wedding present, a subscription to Flying Fox. When the mare—Miss Unicorn, by Gallinule—returned to England from her visit to the horse I sold her to the present Duke of Westminster.

Flying Fox died at M. Blanc's stud on March 21, 1911. If he was not entitled to be called a "smasher" as a racehorse, he was, as I have shown, a phenomenally successful stallion. In one respect he exhibited a characteristic which distinguished the male line he so successfully helped to maintain. Doncaster, Bend Or, Ormonde, Orme, and Flying Fox, all in direct succession, did best the first year or two they were at the stud. The table I have given, showing the value of the races won by the progeny of Flying Fox in France, reveals the fact that the achievements of his stock, after the third year, dwindled to comparatively slender proportions until Dagor came on the scene in 1913. It only remains to be added that Ajax in France

and Jardy in the Argentine, particularly the latter (who died in 1917), upheld the fame of the family as one that produces sires of the highest class.

Coming back to the sale at Kingsclere in 1900, I find that ten of the lots made four figures. They were :

	Bought by	Price, Gs.
Calvey, 5 yrs., b.h. by St. Serf—Sandiway. . . .	Sir J. Thursby	7900
Goblet, 3 yrs., gr.c. by Grey Leg—Kissing Cup . . .	Sir J. B. Maple	5000
Vane, 3 yrs., br.f. by Orme— Vampire	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	4300
Manchuria, 3 yrs., b.f. by Orme —Gantlet.	Mr. S. B. Joel	2300
Good Luck, 4 yrs., ch.g. by Royal Hampton—Farewell .	Mr. A. F. Basset	2100
Garb Or, 2 yrs., ch.c. by Bend Or—Bright Alice . . .	Mr. T. S. Jay	1900
Grey Bird, 2 yrs., gr.c. by Grey Leg—Throstle . . .	Duke of Westminster	1900
Ormenus, 2 yrs., ch.c. by Orme —Ruth	Mr. S. Darling	1700
Rydal Mount, 2 yrs., br.f. by St. Serf—Rydal . . .	Duke of Westminster	1700
Quest, 2 yrs., b.f. by Orme— Quetta	Mr. Brodrick Cloete	1000

Missel Thrush, then a three-year-old, by Orme out of Throstle, was purchased on behalf of the young Duke for 900 guineas, but four months later was resold for 410 guineas. Owing to leg trouble, he never raced.

Several of the late Duke's brood mares and all his yearlings went into the ring at Newmarket the following July. Mr. J. W. Larnach gave 2200 guineas for the nineteen-year-old Sandiway with a colt by Orme; the Duke of Devonshire 1150 guineas for Bright Alice (by Macheath) with a colt by St. Frusquin; Mr. R. W. Cox 850 guineas for Farewell with a colt by Grey Leg, and 840 guineas for Ruth with a colt by Grey Leg; and Sir Blundell Maple 900 guineas for the Hermit mare St. Mary, covered by Bend Or. On the same occasion the stallion Grey Leg was sold to Mr. Lewisohn for 2600 guineas.

The yearlings were sold two days later, and the prices some of them made created a sensation. The following results were recorded :

	Bought by	Price, Gns.
Bright Grey, gr. or br.c. by Grey Leg—Bright Alice .	Mr. J. Barker	320
Consort, ch.c. by Orme— Console	Mr. R. Sievier	700
St. Benet, b.c. by Bend Or— St. Mary	Duke of Westminster	1,250
Kentmere, b.c. by Orme— Rydal	Sir J. Kelk	540
Just Cause, ch.c. by Best Man —Farewell	Duke of Westminster	440
Duke of Westminster, b.c. by Orme—Gantlet . . .	Mr. R. Sievier	5,600
The Gatherer, gr.c. by Grey Leg—Ruth	Duke of Westminster	2,400

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	Bought by	Price, Gs.
Cupbearer, b.c. by Orme—		
Kissing Cup	Duke of Westminster	9,100
Flying Lemur, b.c. by Orme		
—Vampire	Duke of Westminster	5,700
B.f. by Orme—Throstle .	Mr. J. W. Larnach	1,750
Sceptre, b.f. by Persimmon—		
Ornament	Mr. R. Sievier	10,000
Snowflake, b.f. by imp. Tren-		
ton—Sandiway . . .	Mr. R. Sievier	5,500
Total (for twelve lots) . . .		43,300

Up to that time, the highest price ever paid for a yearling sold by auction was the 6000 guineas Sir Blundell Maple gave for Childwick. It will readily be understood, therefore, that the company assembled round the ring at Newmarket gasped when Cupbearer was run up to 9100 guineas. And then, a few minutes later, we heard the hammer fall on Mr. Sievier's bid of 10,000 guineas for Sceptre. That figure held its place as a "record" for a yearling until, at the Doncaster Sales this year (1919), Lord Glanely gave 11,500 guineas for a colt by Swynford out of Blue Tit. Cupbearer, who was a wayward beast, caused us bitter disappointment. Sceptre, on the other hand, turned out a splendid bargain. Until after she had been beaten in the Lincolnshire Handicap as a four-year-old, she remained the property of Mr. Sievier, who, during the greater part of the time he had her, trained the filly

himself. She won all the classic races except the Derby, and, for Mr. Sievier, stakes to the value of £25,650.

At the end of March 1903 she was sold for £25,000 to Mr. (now Sir) William Bass, for whom she won the Jockey Club Stakes and other races worth £12,633, so that the famous mare's aggregate of winnings was £38,283. As I contemplate these figures my mind dwells on the scene in the Sale Paddock at Newmarket when Sceptre was under the hammer. We were the underbidders for her. Mr. Cecil Parker, the Duke of Westminster's agent, did the "nodding," and he began to perspire with excitement as the price rose to 8000 guineas, then to 9000, and on further. After Mr. Sievier had offered 10,000 guineas Mr. Parker refused to proceed further although I urged him to go on. Mr. Sievier's good luck was our misfortune. It was, however, more than good luck that came to the buyer's aid that day. He displayed a confident judgment and a fearless determination to beat all opposition. All the same, while I am compelled to give him this credit, I have always regretted that Sceptre did not come to Kingsclere, as she would have done had the old Duke been spared to us a while longer.

LA ROCHE AND WILLIAM THE THIRD

IN the late autumn of 1898 the Duke of Portland's horses, which had been trained by George Dawson at Newmarket, came to Kingsclere. Among the yearlings sent from Welbeck was the filly La Roche, by St. Simon out of Miss Mildred, by Melton. Lord Berkeley Paget had, I understood, a half share in the youngster. On April 17, 1899, we tried La Roche with five other two-year-olds, with the appended result :

Five Furlongs

.303, 2 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	1
La Roche, 2 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	2
St. Vigila, 2 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	3
.450, 2 yrs., 9 st. 5 lb.	4
Amnesty, 2 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	5
The Crack, 2 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	6

Won by a length ; two lengths between second and third ; three lengths between third and fourth.

A daughter of Carbine (a great Australian horse imported to England by the Duke of Portland

in 1895), .303 did not win as a two-year-old; and it was not until the Doncaster September Meeting that La Roche first earned winning brackets by gaining a victory in the Prince of Wales's Nursery—a prize her sire himself won in most impressive style. Before that she had run three times—twice unplaced, and second to Dum Dum in the Acorn Stakes at Epsom. In the autumn La Roche was unplaced in a £1000 Nursery at Kempton, and then ran third in the Osmaston Nursery at Derby.

This was scarcely "classic" form; but there was encouragement in the fact that the performance at Doncaster proved La Roche to be endowed with stamina, for the Prince of Wales's Nursery is a mile race. It was staying power that brought her into prominence the following year. We tried her as follows on April 27, 1900 :

One Mile

Elopement, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	.	.	.	1
Simon Dale, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	.	.	.	2
La Roche, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	.	.	.	3
Missel Thrush, 3 yrs., 8 st. 9 lb.	.	.	.	4

Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third; three lengths between third and fourth.

A month previously, at Liverpool, Elopement had won the Union Jack Stakes; on May 2 he started favourite, at 15 to 8, for the Two

Thousand Guineas and finished fourth to Diamond Jubilee. Two days later La Roche, a 100 to 8 chance, ran fourth in the One Thousand, beaten by Winifreda, Inquisitive, and Vain Duchess. We did not try her again before the Oaks, her next race. Over the longer distance I was quite prepared to see her give a better display than she did at Newmarket. Nor was I disappointed, for she won the Oaks, and easily too, beating Merry Gal (dam of White Eagle) by three lengths, with Lady Schomberg third. Winifreda and Inquisitive were both unplaced.

Then came the Manchester Cup. For this she was handicapped at 6 st. 11 lb., but a 10 lb. penalty, incurred by winning the Oaks, raised her weight to 7 st. 9 lb. Even so, she started favourite at 7 to 4, and won in a canter by six lengths. La Roche was indeed a clinker over a mile and a half at that time.

At York, in August, she won the Yorkshire Oaks (a mile and a half), giving no less than 19 lb. to Inquisitive and 5 lb. to Vain Duchess, both of whom had beaten her over a mile at level weights in the spring. She then started an odds on favourite for the Doncaster Cup (2 miles) in September, but just failed to give 7 lb. to King's Courier and 10 lb. to Merry Gal. The Newmarket Oaks was merely a canter for her, and her last race was the Cambridgeshire

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of that year. She was called upon to carry 8 st. 11 lb. and failed, the nine furlongs not being far enough to enable her to show to advantage. La Roche was unquestionably a high-class filly, especially when running over her best distance. The Duke of Portland now acquired from Lord Berkeley Paget his half share, and La Roche went to the stud at Welbeck. Among the several winners she has bred are Cannobie and Sir Berkeley, and also Almissa who went to Australia, where he won the Australian Cup and other races.

Manners, a bay colt by St. Simon out of Tact, was one of the Duke of Portland's horses that came to Kingsclere in the autumn of 1898. He was then a two-year-old and had been beaten in six races. We raced him three times as a three-year-old. At Ascot he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes and ran second to Ninus in the Hardwicke Stakes; while at York, in August, he captured the Great Yorkshire Stakes. After three unsuccessful outings the following year, he was sold and went to Germany. Manners was a good stayer, but as a racehorse only a second-rater.

Among the first batch of yearlings that came to me from Welbeck was the brown colt Simon Dale, by St. Simon out of Ismay, a daughter of Isonomy. With a view to his fulfilling an engagement in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood—

his first race—I tried him as follows on July 22, 1899:

Six Furlongs

Good Luck, 3 yrs., 10 st.	. . .	M. Cannon	1
Simon Dale, 2 yrs., 9 st.	. . .	Dibbin	2
Granite, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	. . .	K. Cannon	3
Goblet, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	4
St. Vigila, 2 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb.	5
Amphlett, 2 yrs., 8 st. 1 lb.	6

Won by three-quarters of a length; a length and a half between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

Good Luck (the Duke of Westminster's) had won the Trial Stakes at Ascot and also a race at Sandown, so that, by running him to three-quarters of a length on terms 13 lb. worse than weight-for-age, Simon Dale afforded us much satisfaction. Goblet, moreover, had won a Biennial at Ascot. In the Ham Stakes, Simon Dale had only one opponent—Mr. Arthur James's The Gorgon, who was to become the dam of Gorgos, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. She had won the New Stakes at Ascot, and been placed third and second in her two subsequent races. Nevertheless, odds of 100 to 30 were laid on Simon Dale, who gave the filly 4 lb. and beat her easily by two lengths.

Simon Dale's next outing was at Doncaster, where, in the Champagne Stakes, he met his match in Lord William Beresford's American-bred gelding Democrat. Ridden by Sloan, the

latter beat the Duke of Portland's colt a head after a thrilling finish. That season Democrat won seven of the eleven races in which he took part, including the Middle Park and the Dewhurst Plates, in both of which he beat Diamond Jubilee. Simon Dale ran fourth in the Middle Park Plate, and, giving weight to all his opponents, was, a fortnight later, also unplaced in the Criterion Stakes.

During the ensuing winter Simon Dale made normal progress, and, as already recorded, finished second in the trial over a mile on April 27, beaten two lengths at level weights by Elopement, with La Roche, receiving 7 lb., three lengths behind him. He did not run that season until the Derby, and then finished second to Diamond Jubilee, who won by half a length only. This form was no doubt somewhat flattering to Simon Dale, because I could not regard him as being more than a useful colt. For a few moments, just after he had passed Disguise II. and taken second place about a furlong from home, it seemed likely that Simon Dale would catch and beat the Prince's horse; but Diamond Jubilee struggled on very gamely and held his own to the end. There was then a soul-stirring scene. A report (premature as it turned out) had reached the course early in the afternoon that Lord Roberts had entered Pretoria, and while the Prince of Wales stood on the steps

of the Jockey Club Stand, hat in hand, the surging crowd that had swarmed on to the race-track fervently sang the National Anthem.

At Ascot, Simon Dale won the Prince of Wales's Stakes in a canter from some moderate opponents ; but three days later he was easily, and unaccountably, beaten in the Hardwicke Stakes. His only other race that season was in the Eclipse Stakes, won by Diamond Jubilee ; he finished fourth. He did not run again, and died in 1902.

Elopement, who finished first in the gallop when Simon Dale and La Roche were tried, was a colt by Right-away bred and raced by Mr. W. M. Low. As a two-year-old he won the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, and the Clearwell at Newmarket, and the following year carried off the September Stakes at Sandown Park, as well as the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool in the spring. He was placed fourth in the Two Thousand Guineas (for which he started favourite) and also in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Ultimately he went to Germany, where he was a fairly successful sire.

I now come to William the Third, a horse of whom I cherish very happy recollections. Foaled in 1898, and reared at Welbeck, he was a bay colt by St. Simon out of Gravity, by Wisdom out of Enigma. Gravity was bred by the late Mr. A. Hoole, a farmer at Hinnington near Shifnal, in Shropshire. Mr. Hoole's first

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venture in the way of bloodstock was the purchase of Wisdom, whom he secured at Tattersall's for fifty guineas. Requiring mares to put to the horse he went to Shrewsbury market, and there bought two or three, one being Enigma. He paid £34 for her ! When Wisdom died he was standing at a fee of two hundred guineas. As a yearling, Gravity was sold for 500 guineas to Tom Wadlow, who, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hoole, trained at Stanton, near Shifnal. He passed her on to Mr. W. H. Fenwick, who raced her twice, without success, as a two-year-old, and then sent her to the paddock. Mr. Fenwick kept her until 1893, and then disposed of her to Mr. P. Aldworth. It was in 1896 she became the property of the Duke of Portland. In 1897 she bred, to St. Simon, a filly named St. Edana, who never raced, and, covered by Royal Hampton, went to France in 1900. Then came William the Third.

When William (as we used to call him) reached Kingsclere as a yearling, he was a light, shelly colt ; indeed, I do not exaggerate when I say that he looked weedy and weak. There was certainly nothing in his appearance to suggest he would develop into the great horse he became. It was obvious he required time to mature. He steadily improved, especially through the spring of his two-year-old career. On June 28, 1900, we gave him a test gallop with the following result :

Five Furlongs

St. Vigila, 3 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb.	Rouse	1
Sabot, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	Shaw	2
William the Third, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb. . .	Moreton	3
Cuckney, 2 yrs., 8 st. 4 lb.	Gallon	4

Won by a length; a length between second and third;
six lengths between third and fourth.

The Duke of Portland's St. Vigila won, as a two-year-old, a Nursery at Sandown Park. Prior to the trial she had run unplaced in the Oaks, and a few days later finished a good third in a handicap at Newmarket.

It was abundantly evident that William the Third was not yet ready for racing. But he continued to improve, and also to show indications that staying was his forte. In September we were furnished with evidence which conclusively proved he would show to advantage in contests calling for stamina. On the 8th of that month he was tried as follows:

One Mile

William the Third, 2 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb. . .	Shaw	1
St. Aldegonde, 2 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb. . . .	Gallon	2
Mannlicher, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	Moreton	3
Columbian, 2 yrs., 8 st. 10 lb.	Rouse	4

Won by a length; three lengths between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

On September 14 St. Aldegonde ran in the Prince of Wales's Nursery, a mile race, at

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Doncaster, and, giving 3 lb., was second, beaten three-quarters of a length by Mackintosh.

William the Third made his first and only public appearance as a two-year-old in the Clearwell Stakes over the T.Y.C. (5 f. 140 yds.) at Newmarket in the autumn. The distance was not far enough to bring out the best that was in him, and he failed to make a show. The race was won by Mr. Lorillard's Exedo from Osboch and Zip. Odds of 6 to 1 were laid against William the Third. Even at this stage he was nothing like properly furnished; indeed, I may say here that he did not attain to full development until he was a five-year-old.

He progressed steadily during the ensuing winter. His first "trial" as a three-year-old was a public one. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting he competed for the Wood Ditton Stakes, run over the Ditch Mile. There was a big "field" of moderate horses; but, notwithstanding the character of the opposition, "William" was easy to back at 10 to 1. He, however, spread-eagled his opponents, and won in a common canter by six lengths from Tantalus and Ormeus, who had started equal favourites. This smashing performance told us all we wanted to know about William the Third. It did away with the necessity of subjecting him to a home trial, and, as a matter of fact, he was not privately tried that season.

Eight days after his victory at Newmarket, William ran in the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park. This race was then a nine-furlong handicap. Our colt was weighted at 6 st. 5 lb., and was ridden by Childs, an apprentice who claimed a 5 lb. allowance. William, therefore, actually carried 6 st. What a chance to bet upon! The public, however, did not realise what a "good thing" he was, for they backed St. Nydia (giving 22 lb.) at 4 to 1 and Cateran Lad (giving 20 lb.) at 9 to 2 to beat him. The bookmakers laid 7 to 4 against the son of St. Simon! Needless to say they had to pay over him, for he won as he liked by six lengths from St. Nydia. He had at least a stone in hand that day.

William the Third had not been nominated for the Two Thousand Guineas; but he competed in the Newmarket Stakes ($1\frac{1}{4}$ mile) and won, but by a head only, from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Doricles, who had finished second (two lengths behind Handicapper) in the Two Thousand Guineas a fortnight previously. The betting between William the Third and Doricles had been very close—2 to 1 against William and 9 to 4 Doricles. I could not understand the form, for I expected to see William win easily.

Then came the Derby. The favourite was Volodyovski, a colt by Florizel II., owned by

Lady Meux, but leased to the American sportsman Mr. W. C. Whitney. Volodyovski had been easily beaten, when unfit, by St. Maclou and Magic Mirror in the Newmarket Biennial in April; but in the meantime had satisfied his trainer, Huggins, an American; and there was no denying that, on his two-year-old form, "Voly" was the best of his year. In the betting on the Derby there was a disposition to give William the Third the "cold shoulder." The public preferred not only Volodyovski, but also Floriform (who had not previously run that year), Handicapper (quite naturally perhaps), and Revenue, who also had not run that year. Against William the Third 100 to 7 was offered, Ian being at the same price.

Volodyovski won the Derby by three-quarters of a length; William the Third finished second, four lengths in front of Veronese. In my opinion Morny Cannon did not make the most of his opportunity that day. Instead of "waiting in front" as he might have done on a good stayer, he lay behind in the early part of the race, and gave William too much to do after rounding Tattenham Corner. But this view was not, I frankly admit, borne out by the result of the race for the Hurst Park Lennox Stakes in August, when, again over a mile and a half, William the Third, receiving 3 lb., beat Volodyovski by a head only. This form practically confirmed the

Derby running to an ounce, and it may be fairer to admit that at that time Volodyovski was the better of the two. One is, perhaps, too much inclined to estimate William the Third's abilities in the light of the form he afterwards developed—form which was far and away superior to that he revealed as a three-year-old. Moreover, if the Derby and the race at Hurst Park had been run over two miles instead of a mile and a half, Volodyovski, I am convinced, would have been beaten on both occasions.

Unfortunately, William the Third was not engaged in the St. Leger, in which Doricles beat Volodyovski by a neck. He was allowed to walk over for the September Stakes at Sandown Park; and his only other outing that season was the Kempton Park Stakes (mile and a half) in October. He ran unplaced to Epsom Lad, Santoi, and Volodyovski. William did not "race" at all that day, and I can only say I was very disappointed by his performance.

As a four-year-old William the Third was a vastly improved horse. He had furnished nicely and was much stronger than in the previous season. We no longer had any occasion to worry about him. I have said that staying was his real game, and the Ascot Cup, his first race in 1902, revealed his superlative stamina. There were eleven runners, among them Osboch, Santoi, Black Sand, King's Courier, La Camargo,

Cheri, Cap and Bells II., First Principal, and Volodyovski. Very seldom does the Ascot Cup bring out so big a "constellation." At Epsom that year Lord Wolverton's Osboch had won the Coronation Cup, beating Volodyovski, Santoi, Black Sand, and King's Courier; at Kempton, the same week, Santoi won the Coronation Commemoration Stakes, beating Volodyovski, Floriform, Pietermaritzburg, and Pistol; First Principal had that year won the City and Suburban Handicap; in the autumn Black Sand was returned the winner of the Cesarewitch; King's Courier was a Doncaster Cup winner; Volodyovski and Cap and Bells II. were, respectively, winners of the Derby and Oaks; La Camargo was a winner of the French Oaks and of the Grand Prize of Baden, and one of the best stayers ever bred in France; Cheri had won the French Two Thousand and the Grand Prix de Paris.

The Duke of Portland's Mannlicher was sent to the post to make a good pace for William the Third, and the formality of declaring to win with William was adopted. This was, perhaps, a needless precaution. By Carbine out of the Oaks winner Memoir, Mannlicher was a fairly useful horse, but not in the same class as William the Third. It is worth while reproducing the report of this race from the *Calendar*:

Gold Cup, value £1000, with £3000 in specie (of which the second received £700 and the third £300), added to a Sweepstakes of £20 each, half forfeit; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, six, and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares allowed 3 lb. Starting at the Cup post and going once round, about 2½ miles (57 subscribers—£3660).

Duke of Portland's b.c. William the Third by

St. Simon, 4 yrs.	M. Cannon	1
Lord Wolverton's b.c. Osboch, 4 yrs.	Maher	2
Mr. G. Edwardes' b. or br.h. Santoi, 5 yrs.	Piggott	3
Mr. A. Stedall's b.h. First Principal, 5 yrs.	W. Lane	4
Mr. J. Buchanan's b.h. Black Sand, 5 yrs.	Valdez	—
Lord Ellesmere's ch.c. King's Courier, 5 yrs.	C. Jenkins	—
Duke of Portland's br.c. Mannlicher, 4 yrs.	K. Cannon	—
M. M. Caillault's br.c. Cheri, 4 yrs.	J. Reiff	—
M. A. Abeille's b.f. La Camargo, 4 yrs.	M'Intyre	—
Mr. Foxhall Keene's b. or br.f. Cap and Bells II., 4 yrs.	Spencer	—
Mr. W. C. Whitney's b.c. Volodyovski, 4 yrs.	J. H. Martin	—

Betting: 2 to 1 against William the Third, 9 to 2 Osboch, 8 to 1 each La Camargo, Santoi, and Cheri, 10 to 1 Volodyovski, 100 to 8 First Principal, 100 to 7 Cap and Bells II., 33 to 1 each Black Sand and King's Courier. Won by five lengths; three lengths between second and third.

The victory gained that day by William the Third called forth unstinted admiration. Until about six furlongs from home he was at the tail end of the field, but before another three furlongs had been traversed was leading. Thereafter he sailed along at his ease. His triumph was hailed with popular approval. There was hearty cheer-

ing when he passed the winning-post, again when he returned to the unsaddling enclosure, and yet again when the "all right" was signalled. His performance astonished the French sportsmen who had come over expecting to see either La Camargo or Cheri win the Cup. They could hardly believe their eyes when they beheld their two companions so hopelessly beaten. The discomfiture they endured was all the greater because not only had they anticipated "lifting" the Cup, they also believed Amer Picon, their candidate for the Alexandra Plate, run the following day, would be successful, but now realised that William the Third was unbeatable in the latter contest.

There were six runners for the Alexandra Plate—a three-mile race. One was Osboch, to whom William had to give 10 lb. The extra half-mile more than counterbalanced the additional weight, however, and with Mannlicher once more acting as a pace-maker, the son of St. Simon made his antagonists look mere platers by gaining a six-lengths' victory. Osboch again finished second, and the French horse, Amer Picon (by Le Saggitaire, and owned by Count de Ganay), was third.

The public now knew as well as we did what manner of horse William the Third was. When he went to the post for the Doncaster Cup, accompanied once more by Mannlicher, and

opposed again by Santoi (who must have hated the sight of him), odds of 10 to 1 were laid on. Inasmuch as William the Third won by eight lengths from his stable companion, with Santoi beaten a head for second place, it will be understood that those who had the temerity to speculate on his chance endured no anxious moments.

A "walk over" for the Lowther Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting was followed a fortnight later by a duel with King's Courier (later the property of Lord Ellesmere) for the Limekiln Stakes, which resulted in "William" winning by two lengths. Two days later there came one of the extraordinary happenings which abound in the history of the Turf. In the race for the Jockey Club Cup over the Cesarewitch course of $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles—a course ideally suited to him—William the Third was beaten a length by Mr. J. Buchanan's Black Sand, who, two weeks previously, had carried 8 st. 2 lb. to victory in the Cesarewitch. This result completely mystified us. Some well-meaning people advanced the excuse that William the Third was not fit. This suggestion was nonsensical; if he had not been fit I should not have allowed him to run. His defeat was beyond explanation; that is the long and the short of the incident.

Little did we know at the time that this was

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to be William the Third's last appearance on a racecourse. We confidently looked forward to his winning the Ascot Cup again the following season, and to that end I gave him a thorough preparation. Turning to my Trial Book I find the following entry made on June 10, 1903:

Two Miles

William the Third, 5 yrs., 8 st. 13 lb. . . .	M. Cannon 1
Friar Tuck, 4 yrs., 7 st. 9 lb.	Hardy 2
Throwaway, 4 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb.	Molloy 3

"A good rough gallop. William won easily."

The race for the Ascot Cup was run eight days later. On the Monday morning of Ascot week it was very wet, so I decided to leave William the Third at Kingsclere, because I did not want him to travel in the wet and cold. He had his final gallop that Monday, and required nothing more than canters on the Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. It was arranged that he should go to Ascot on the Wednesday. I left home on Monday with the other horses that were to run that week. Barely had I reached the racecourse the following day when I was handed a telegram from my head man, Moreton, informing me that William the Third had met with an accident. Without delay I travelled back to Kingsclere, and on arriving there found that William had split a pastern. While doing his canter that morning he must have struck a flint in the ground, which was very heavy.

I was, of course, terribly disappointed, for I regarded William the Third at that time as one of the greatest horses over long distances we had ever seen on the Turf. He had steadily improved with age, and, as a five-year-old, was better than he had ever been. A very quiet, kind horse, and a good "doer," he never gave us any trouble. When racing, his heart was always in his work. He had greater length and scope than the generality of St. Simon's sons; he was more of the Isonomy type. When he had fully developed he was a picture of a horse, and I was particularly fond of him.

I defy anybody to name two better horses over distances than William the Third and Isonomy. Regarded purely as stayers, they were unquestionably the best horses I trained. The way in which William the Third developed after his two-year-old days afforded one more illustration of the wisdom of not attempting to force a youngster who is obviously backward and requires building up.

With time and treatment we might, perhaps, have got William the Third into racing trim again, but we did not think it worth while to persevere. His reputation was beyond all cavil, and so it was decided that he should retire to the stud. Some time elapsed before he was sound enough to make the journey from Kingsclere to Welbeck. As a sire he was a success, though

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he did not achieve all that his ardent admirers expected. He dropped dead at Welbeck on February 25, 1917. His record as a sire of winners to the close of the 1918 season is as follows:

	Winners.	Races.	Value.
1907 . . .	5	6	£2,649
1908 . . .	9	15	5,681
1909 . . .	11	18	6,248
1910 . . .	16	36	20,874
1911 . . .	19	42	20,405
1912 . . .	19	30	12,672
1913 . . .	17	27	12,801
1914 . . .	20	36½	21,883
1915*. . .	4	5	1,830
1916*. . .	6	7	5,024
1917*. . .	6	6	973
1918*. . .	2	3½	1,013½
		<hr/> 232	<hr/> £112,053½

* Racing conducted on very restricted lines owing to the War.

The most notable of his offspring are Battleaxe, Ardentrive, Third Trick, William the Fourth (third in the Derby), Merry Jack, Winkipop (winner of the One Thousand), King William, Willonyx (winner of the Ascot Cup, Cesarewitch under record weight, etc.), Wrinkler, Willaura, Wilfrid, Ultimus, Roseworthy, William of Orange, Queen's Man, Karenza, Taslett, Birlingham, Nassau, Pilliwinkie, Roseland, Trois Temps, and Nassovian.

It is my privilege to claim the credit of breeding Willonyx, the best of William the Third's

sons. His dam Tribonyx had a varied history. Bred in Ireland in 1902, by Captain Greer, she was by Gallinule out of Fervour, by Chippendale. She was sold as a yearling at the Newmarket July Sales, 1903, to Mr. P. P. Gilpin for 340 guineas. The following year she ran three times, without success, in the name of Mr. A. W. Davis, but before the end of that season passed into the possession of Mr. J. Musker, who sent her to the Newmarket December Sales in 1904. She was then bought by Mr. E. Bird for 45 guineas. The following July she again came into the sale ring at Newmarket as the property of Mr. Alfred Stedall, and I secured her for 100 guineas. She was then in foal to St. Maclou, but slipped twins. I mated her with William the Third, and the following year she produced Willonyx. I was then living at Strattons, near Kingsclere, but in the autumn of that year sold the property to go and live at Newbury. As I had no accommodation for brood mares at my new home, I disposed of Tribonyx and another mare to M. Edmond Blanc for £1000 each, and sold their foals to Sir John Robinson for £900 the pair. When offered for sale at Doncaster the following year, Willonyx did not make his reserve, but was afterwards sold privately to Mr. C. E. Howard, for whom he won ten races worth £11,217, and, on retiring to the stud, commanded a fee of 300 guineas. For a while

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his offspring raced with little success, but it was difficult to believe he would have to be classed a failure as a sire. Sure enough, he has latterly come into considerable prominence owing to the achievements of his sons Air Raid and Silonyx—both good stayers.

LAST YEARS AT KINGSLERE

AMONG the horses at Kingsclere in 1901 were Mr. Alexander's Throwaway and Mr. (now Lord) Faber's Pietermaritzburg. Throwaway, a son of Right-away, was a two-year-old that season, and won races at Bath and Liverpool. At Chester in 1902 he picked up the Dee Stakes, and in the autumn won the Liverpool Cup after running a dead-heat with King's Courier, who, a five-year-old, was conceding 8 lb. Throwaway did not win a race in 1903, and at the end of that season left Kingsclere. In 1904 he won the Ascot Cup, and I was very pleased indeed to see him do so for his owner's sake. I may say, however, that when he was under my care, Throwaway was at least two stone behind William the Third.

Pietermaritzburg, by St. Simon out of Sea Air, was one of several horses owned by Mr. George Faber that came to me in the autumn of 1900. He was then a two-year-old. His only race had been the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster, in which he was unplaced. As a three-

year-old he won the Tudor Plate at Sandown Park, the Durham Produce Stakes at Stockton, and the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, the three prizes making a total of nearly £9000. In the Jockey Club Stakes he defeated Epsom Lad six lengths, with Diamond Jubilee third, another four lengths away. In the St. Leger, Pietermaritzburg ran fourth to Doricles, Volod-yovski, and Revenue; and in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, run over a mile and three-quarters, was second to Osboch, with Doricles two lengths behind him. The following year he ran unplaced in the Coronation Commemoration Stakes at Kempton and was second to Veles in the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000 at Newmarket. After two or three seasons at the Heath Stud, Newmarket, where he commanded a fee of 25 guineas, he was sold to an Argentine breeder. He was phenomenally successful as a stallion in South America. In 1911 his offspring won stakes worth over £44,000.

In 1896, after producing Flying Fox, Vampire was again put to Orme and bred the filly Vane, who won the Bretby Stakes as a two-year-old. Then, as the result of an alliance with Grey Leg, came the filly Grey Lady, who never raced. Put once more to Orme, Vampire threw, in 1899, the colt Flying Lemur, for whom the present Duke of Westminster paid 5700 guineas at the sale of his grandfather's yearlings. The youngster dis-

appointed us as a two-year-old, for he ran four times without winning. At Ascot he was unplaced for the New Stakes, and at Goodwood ran third to Duke of Westminster and Game Chick for the Richmond Stakes. On October 12 I tried him to beat the two-year-olds St. Benet and Cupbearer, and the three-year-old Grey Bird, over six furlongs, but the form did not amount to much because Flying Lemur ran unplaced in the Middle Park Plate, won by Minstead from Csardas and Port Blair. He, however, very nearly won the Criterion Stakes, for he was beaten two heads only by Ballantrae and Snowberry.

On April 24 the following year I recorded the appended trial in my book:

One Mile

Flying Lemur, 3 yrs., 9 st.	1
Duke of Westminster, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	2
Cupbearer, 3 yrs., 9 st.	3
Gatherer, 3 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.	4
Caro, 3 yrs., 9 st.	5

Won by a neck; half a length between second and third; half a length between third and fourth, and a head between fourth and fifth.

I appended a note which reads: "Duke of Westminster ought to have won by two lengths; was crossed by Flying Lemur."

The trial had been arranged for the special benefit of Duke of Westminster, who was engaged

in the Two Thousand Guineas, run six days later. This was the colt by Orme out of Gantlet for whom Mr. Sievier gave 5600 guineas at the sale of the old Duke's yearlings. As a two-year-old he won the two races in which he took part—the New Stakes at Ascot and the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. In the latter he gave Flying Lemur 8 lb. and beat him two lengths. During the ensuing winter Mr. Faber bought Duke of Westminster, paying £20,000 for him. He proved a bad bargain, although seemingly worth the money at the time he was purchased. Mr. Faber had the offer of Sceptre at £15,000 when he bought Duke of Westminster. As he had a strong leaning towards the colt I chose him instead of the filly. In regard to this matter, which occasioned a good deal of ill-natured gossip, I may be allowed to point out that when the late Duke of Westminster's yearlings came up for sale my advice was that the present Duke should buy Sceptre, but I made no recommendation with regard to the Orme-Gantlet colt. That shows what I thought of the two animals at that time.

In the Two Thousand Guineas Duke of Westminster started, at 4 to 1, an equal favourite with his former stable companion Sceptre. The filly won easily from Pistol and Ard Patrick; the colt ran "nowhere." The disappointment this failure caused was accentuated by Duke of Westminster's wretched displays in the Derby and the

Cambridgeshire, his only other outings that season. As a four-year-old he won the Rous Memorial at Ascot, beating Flotsam and Royal Lancer. This, however, was only a momentary flicker of the form he possessed as a two-year-old. His record subsequent to his juvenile days does not, indeed, bear thinking about. At the stud, too, he did very little.

Flying Lemur did not run until Ascot, where he won the Derby, and finished second to Sceptre in the St. James's Place Stakes. These efforts completed his racing record. He was sold to Mr. J. Musker, who put him to the stud. In 1906, at Mr. Musker's great dispersal sale, the brother to Flying Fox was bought by the Austrians for 7500 guineas. He died a week or two after his arrival in Austria.

On May 29, 1902, Flying Lemur took part in our Derby trial, the result of which was:

One Mile and a Half

Friar Tuck, 3 yrs., 9 st.	1
Flying Lemur, 3 yrs., 9 st.	2
St. Aldegonde, 4 yrs., 8 st.	3
Caro, 3 yrs., 9 st.	4

Won by a length; ten lengths between second and third.

Friar Tuck was a brown colt by Friar's Balsam out of a mare by Galopin. He belonged to the Duke of Portland. His only races as a two-year-

old were in a Biennial at Ascot, and the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket in the autumn. In both he ran unplaced.

When I tried him over a mile on May 3, 1902, he was beaten at level weights, a neck and a length, by the three-year-olds St. Benet and Just Cause. This form looked a little better when, four days later, Just Cause won the Roodeye Maiden Plate at Chester; and two days later still Friar Tuck himself won the May Plate at Kempton Park. Then came the Derby trial which he won. We had little cause, however, to expect Friar Tuck to distinguish himself at Epsom. Sceptre, winner of the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, was a raging hot favourite for that year's Derby, while Pekin and Ard Patrick were also strongly fancied candidates. Against Friar Tuck odds of 100 to 7 were laid. Ard Patrick won by three lengths from Rising Glass, with Friar Tuck third, another three lengths away. Sceptre, who ran a long way below her true form, finished fourth. In the St. Leger, Friar Tuck was again placed third, Sceptre and Rising Glass being in front of him. He, however, won three other races that season, and so paid his way very well. It may be said of him that he was just a useful sort of horse. He went to India when a four-year-old, and then to Australia, where he was at the stud a few seasons.

In 1902 we had good two-year-olds in the Duke of Portland's Greatorex, a bay colt by Carbine out of Mrs. Butterwick ; and Mr. Low's Littleton, a colt by Right-away. When they were tried on June 11 with Miss Unicorn (a six-year-old I had bought at Epsom for 450 guineas after she had won a Selling Plate on June 4) the result was:

Five and a Half Furlongs

Littleton, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	1
Greatorex, 2 yrs., 8 st. 11 lb.	2
Miss Unicorn, 6 yrs., 9 st. 4 lb.	3

Three others also ran.

Won by a neck ; three lengths between second and third.

I tried the two-year-olds again on September 25 over six furlongs. The result then was:

Greatorex, 2 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	1
Littleton, 2 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	2
Songcraft, 2 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	3
Fairfield, 2 yrs., 9 st. 1 lb.	4

Won in a canter by two lengths ; two lengths between second and third ; four lengths between third and fourth.

Eight days after the first trial Greatorex ran second to Sir E. Cassel's Sermon for the New Stakes at Ascot, beaten a length and a half. He started favourite at 7 to 4. The same week he won the Foal Stakes at Hurst Park, beating

Hammerkop four lengths; and at the beginning of September the Champion Breeders' Stakes at Derby. After the second trial, which must have been with a view to testing the merits of Littleton, Greatorrex was beaten a head for the Middle Park Plate by Flotsam, Rock Sand coming in third. There can, however, be little doubt that the form, so far as Rock Sand was concerned, was all wrong, for in the Dewhurst Plate, a fortnight later, Rock Sand won easily from King Edward's Mead, Greatorrex being third only. After this Greatorrex unfortunately went wrong in his wind, and no more was seen of him on a racecourse. He went to South Africa, where he has done extremely well at the stud.

Littleton only ran once as a two-year-old—at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, an hour after Greatorrex had so nearly won the Middle Park Plate. He was strongly backed to win a Maiden T.Y.O. Plate, but ran badly, Caravel winning in a canter, with Littleton unplaced. The following year, however, Littleton, who had won a five-furlong trial on June 12, captured the Trial Plate at Ascot. In the autumn of that year he won in succession the Great Tom Plate at Lincoln, the Derby Gold Cup, and the Final Plate at Manchester. After Mr. Low's death, Littleton, a good little horse with a nice turn of speed, was acquired by my friend Mr. Oscar W. Rayner, and has since

stood at Chieveley, a few miles from Newbury, where Feather Bed keeps him company. There have been several very useful winners by Littleton.

None of the Kingsclere horses distinguished themselves in 1903. The total of stakes won that year, £4319, was the smallest since 1876. The chief contributor was Mr. Alexander's colt, Andover, a two-year-old by Right-away out of Sister Lumley. He ran second to the smart filly Barbette in the Gimcrack Stakes at York, and won the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby. At the end of the season he left Kingsclere, along with Mr. Alexander's other horses, to be trained by Braime at Burbidge, and in 1905 won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot.

The loss of Mr. Alexander's patronage and that of other owners at the same time was the result of the establishment of the Kingsclere stable on a new basis. The property was taken over by a syndicate, the members of which were the Dukes of Portland and Westminster, Mr. F. Gretton and myself. The change was suggested by the two Dukes. A limited liability company was formed and registered under the name "Kingsclere, Limited." The members of the syndicate held equal shares. The company bought Kingsclere from me. I undertook the management of the company and continued to act as trainer. The change involved the departure of the horses belonging to Mr. George

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Faber, Mr. W. Low, and Mr. F. Alexander. The few horses Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone had in training remained, and shortly afterwards it was arranged that two or three of Lord Crewe's horses should also be accommodated at Kingsclere; but apart from these the boxes were at the disposal of the members of the syndicate only.

In 1904 the chief contributors to a total of £19,942 were the Duke of Portland's Darley Dale and Pamflete; the Duke of Westminster's Grey Plume and Rydal Head; and the Earl of Crewe's Polymelus. Darley Dale was a three-year-old colt by St. Simon out of Ismay, and therefore brother to Simon Dale. He did not run as a two-year-old; in 1904 he started three times. He made his first public appearance in the Ascot Derby, which he won, beating King Edward's Chatsworth and four others, one of them being Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's Topiary, who was afterwards bought by Mr. August Belmont and became the dam of Tracery, by Rock Sand. A trial on April 22 that year resulted thus :

One Mile

Grey Plume, 3 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb.	.	.	Watts	1
Rydal Head, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	.	.	Cannon	2
Darley Dale, 3 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	.	.	Jones	3

Three others ran.

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third.

Nine days before this gallop Grey Plume had won the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket, and then run second to Airlie in the Craven Stakes. Rydal Head was unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas.

Before Ascot, on June 9, there was a trial, the record of which reads:

One Mile and a Half

Percussion, 3 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.	1
Rydal Head, 3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	2
Count Hannibal, 3 yrs., 7 st. 7 lb.	3
Darley Dale, 3 yrs., 8 st. 12 lb.	4

Won by a head; four lengths between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

The same morning the following trial also took place:

Six Furlongs

Grey Plume, 3 yrs., 9 st. 10 lb.	M. Cannon	1
Polymelus, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	Moreton	2
Pamflete, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	C. Cannon	3

Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

At Ascot Grey Plume won the Trial Stakes; Polymelus ran second in the Triennial; Pamflete was third to Cicero and Vedas in the Coventry Stakes; Rydal Head won the Prince of Wales's Stakes; and Darley Dale won the Ascot Derby.

Darley Dale was a nice horse, but not quite in the top class. On July 15 he and Rydal Head

were placed respectively first and second in the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 at Sandown Park. This was the third time I had saddled the first two horses in this event.

Polymelus was one of the few horses Lord Crewe sent to me. He made his début at Ascot in the Triennial, and ran second to Petit Bleu. Then he was unplaced in the National Breeders' Stakes at Sandown, won by Cicero. His first success was gained at Goodwood, where he won the Richmond Stakes. After running second in Convivial Produce Stakes at York he won the Rous Memorial at Newmarket. He was then unplaced in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton and in the Middle Park Plate, but wound up the season by winning the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket.

As a three-year-old Polymelus ran eleven times. He won the Triennial at Ascot (beating Llangibby), the Durham County Produce Stakes, the Duke of York Stakes at York, and the Gatwick Stakes. In three other races he finished second and was once placed third. One of his seconds was the St. Leger, in which Challacombe beat him.

This was the last of him so far as I was concerned, because I gave up training at the end of 1905. And it was also the end of him as far as Lord Crewe was concerned, because he was, before the next season came round, sold to Mr.

David Faber. He remained in that gentleman's possession only until the following September. On the morning of the 27th of that month he was offered for sale at Newmarket. The two chief bidders for him were Mr. Sol Joel and Frank Hartigan, the trainer. The latter had, it was stated, a limit of 4000 guineas, but when this sum was eventually offered by Mr. Joel, Hartigan, after a little hesitation, bid another hundred. Mr. Somerville Tattersall then turned to Mr. Joel, who, however, seemed disinclined to go on. Mr. Tattersall pointed out that the horse was going much too cheaply, and then added: "He has a chance in the Jockey Club Stakes this afternoon, and will probably win the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton on his second to Aurum II. in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester." "Yes, perhaps so," replied Mr. Joel; "but they won't let you bet on him." "But," came the rejoinder, "he may also win the Cambridgeshire, and then you will be able to bet as much as you like." The upshot was that Mr. Joel made another bid. The moment he did so Hartigan walked away from the ring, and Mr. Joel became the owner of Polymelus at 4200 guineas.

And a rare bargain he made. The son of Cyllene failed in the Jockey Club Stakes, but justified Mr. Tattersall's prophecy by winning the Duke of York Handicap in a canter by five

lengths, and then carried a 10 lb. penalty to victory in the Cambridgeshire, for which, at 11 to 10, he started the hottest favourite in the history of the race. At the stud Polymelus has of course been a conspicuous success. Bred by Lord Crewe, he was a horse with beautiful action, but during the time he was at Kingsclere I never had him quite to my satisfaction. More often than not he was "staring" in his coat—a sure sign that all is not as it should be.

Polymelus in 1905 won £5685 of the total of £8301 : 10s. credited to my horses that year. Plum Centre accounted for £2025. He belonged to Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone. Sir Frederick had joined the Kingsclere stable in the time of Sir Joseph Hawley, and here he was with me to the very end. During all those years our relations were always of the most amicable character, and I am sure our long association was severed with mutual regret. On October 24, 1905, Polymelus won the Gatwick Stakes. He was the last of the long list of winners trained at Kingsclere during my time there.

Towards the end of 1905 I came to the conclusion it was time I relieved myself of the anxieties incidental to a trainer's life. I had been "in harness" forty-two years, dating from the time when I became allied with the fortunes of Sir Joseph Hawley. Moreover, experience had proved to me that the emoluments I received

as a trainer merely provided sufficient to live upon. There was no surplus to put in the bank. Any money I have saved has come to me in the form of presents from my patrons and as the result of fortunate speculations in bloodstock. If I had been a betting man I might, perhaps, have acquired wealth. On the other hand, I might not ! Betting never appealed to me.

The Kingsclere Syndicate, as constituted in 1903, was broken up. Mr. Gretton and I sold our shares to the Dukes of Portland and Westminster, who appointed William Waugh my successor.

Naturally, I experienced a pang of regret when the day arrived on which I quitted Park House, with the inception and development of which I had been so closely associated. Apart from the wrench of leaving the home invested with so many happy and tender memories, there was the parting with the Kingsclere friends with whom I had lived and worked for the social and material welfare of the village. The separation was not, however, then to be as pronounced as it afterwards became, for I bought a property called Strattons, two miles or so along the road to Newbury. There I had some paddocks in which I was able to keep two or three brood mares, and these, together with other interests, kept me active.

A scheme over which I had long pondered now began to assume more definite shape—that

of forming a racecourse on the outskirts of Newbury. Many and many a time, when travelling by rail between Newbury and London, I had cast covetous glances at the level stretch of land immediately to the south of the railway, and within half a mile of Newbury station. It always seemed to me an ideal situation for a racecourse. When I thought of the large number of training stables within a radius of a few miles—those at Lambourn, Wantage, Ilsley, East Wiltshire, and North Hampshire—I convinced myself that the enterprise I had in mind was sure to be a success.

The land I wanted belonged to Mr. Lloyd H. Baxendale, of Greenham. Having decided that I would endeavour to convert my ideas into tangible form, I approached the owner, and found him willing to sell. My next step was to have sketch plans and particulars prepared. Armed with these I boldly approached the Jockey Club with a view to securing a provisional licence. They were not as ready to approve my scheme as I had hoped; indeed, they applied to it a liberal douche of cold water. The chief objection raised was that there was already a sufficient number of racecourses in England. My arguments to the contrary did not seem to convince the Stewards, and I had to come away without receiving a definite answer to my application.

This interview took place in the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket. When I got outside I happened to meet King Edward.

"Hullo ! Porter," he exclaimed, " what have you been after ? "

" I've been trying, your Majesty, to persuade the Stewards of the Jockey Club to grant me a licence for a racecourse at Newbury."

" And what do they say ? "

" They think there are already as many meetings as are required, and they have not yet given a definite answer."

" Are those the plans you have under your arm ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Then come and see me in the morning, and bring them with you."

The interest which the King thus manifested in the venture cheered me very much. I duly kept my appointment with his Majesty, explained to him the plans, and expounded the details of the scheme so far as they had been worked out. When I left I felt I had secured a powerful ally.

My next interview with the Jockey Club Stewards was conducted in a very friendly atmosphere, and I got the licence without further trouble. Possibly the way was made all the easier for me because just at that time the Northampton Meeting was on its last legs ; its abandonment had, in fact, been announced.

I now proceeded to get an option on the land on which the proposed racecourse was to be made, and the terms of purchase were soon satisfactorily arranged. A promoting syndicate was next organised. In this I was joined by Mr. Baxendale. When in due course the company was formed the shares were not offered to the public, but were readily placed privately, big "blocks" being taken by the Duke of Westminster, Lord Howard de Walden, Sir Ernest Cassel, Mr. J. Musker, Mr. Buchanan, and other gentlemen. Everybody I approached gave their support very readily, and we soon got all the money required. I am happy to say that those who supported me have had no cause to regret their action, because from the first a steady dividend has been paid.

When the Newbury racecourse scheme began to take shape, I sold Strattons and bought my present home at Newbury, which, in honour of the greatest horse I or any one else ever trained, I called "Ormonde House." In my capacity as managing director of the racecourse my time was pretty fully occupied, especially while it was in the construction stage. From the first I determined that we would strive to the utmost to provide the best racecourse to be found in England. The praise bestowed on the results of our efforts convinced us we had almost, if not quite, succeeded.

From the outset the racing at Newbury enjoyed a large measure of popularity. So much so, indeed, that before many months had elapsed we had to enlarge the accommodation for the public. Never a year has passed—except during the war—without some structural improvement being made, the cost always being easily met out of the revenue. I take advantage of this opportunity gratefully to acknowledge the splendid way in which the Great Western Railway Directors supported us. By fulfilling their undertaking to construct a racecourse station and run special trains from Paddington to Newbury within the hour—the distance is practically fifty-three miles—and at a first-class fare of ten shillings return, they virtually ensured the success of our venture. I trust I shall not be thought unduly boastful when I state that the Newbury Racecourse is an accomplishment of which I am intensely proud.

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Let me close on a personal note. The wife who had been my constant helpmate and companion and a devoted mother to my children since the days when I was at Findon, passed to her long rest in 1902. Two years later I married Miss Pilsbury. I humbly give thanks to God for the happiness that has been vouchsafed to me in my home life.

APPENDIX

WINNERS TRAINED BY JOHN PORTER

CLASSIFIED UNDER THEIR OWNERS

The dates in parentheses following the names of the horses are those of the years in which the animals won their races while trained by John Porter. In some cases, of course, the horses won other races either before coming to, or after leaving, Kingsclere. No account is here taken of those additional successes.

	Races Won.	Value.
SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S		
COLUMBA (1863), b.f. by Charleston . . .	2	£710
WASHINGTON (1863-4), ch.c. by Charleston . . .	3	800
ST. ALEXIS (1863), br.g. by Stockwell . . .	1	770
MERRY WIFE (1864), b.f. by Beadsman . . .	1	50
BEDMINSTER (1864), b.c. by Newminster . . .	2	1,700
WOLDGA (1864), b.c. by West Australian . . .	1	635
CARYOPHYLLUS (1865), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	1	50
CALLIPOLIS (1865), ch.f. by Charleston . . .	1	100
ARGONAUT (1865), b.h. by Stockwell . . .	3	3,210
ARAPEILE (1866), bl.f. by Beadsman . . .	1	1,050
PALMER, THE (1866-8), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	10	4,635
RED SHOES (1866), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	1	50
STAR, THE (1866), br.c. by Gemma di Vergy . . .	1	225
BLUE GOWN (1867-9), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	19	13,162
GREEN SLEEVE (1867), b.f. by Beadsman . . .	2	5,435
ROSICRUCIAN (1867-71), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	12	6,230
VABALATHUS (1867), br.h. by Lambton . . .	1	50
SATYR (1867-8), ch.c. by Marsyas . . .	2	1,040
COTYTTO (1867), br.f. by Musjid . . .	1	800
MORNA (1868-9), b.f. by Beadsman . . .	5	2,950
PERO GOMEZ (1868-9), b.c. by Beadsman . . .	8	15,570

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	Races Won.	Value.
FAKIR (1868), b.g. by Musjid . . .	1	£65
ASTEROPE (1869), b.f. by Asteroid . . .	4	1,850
KING COPHETUA (1869), b.c. by Asteroid . . .	1	75
SIDEROLITE (1869-70), b.c. by Asteroid . . .	9	2,250
LICTOR (1869-70), b.c. by Lambton . . .	4	1,065
VAGABOND (1869), br.g. by Musjid . . .	1	175
WAIF (1869-70), br.f. by Thormanby . . .	2	150
DAISY QUEEN (1870), ch.f. by Asteroid . . .	1	30
PANDORE (1870), b.f. by Newminster . . .	1	50
ALAVA (1871-73), b.c. by Asteroid . . .	2	1,000
BETHNAL GREEN (1871-2), bl.c. by Beadsman . . .	4	1,695
DERELICT (1871), br.f. by Tim Whiffler . . .	1	800
GOURA (1872), b.f. by Beadsman . . .	1	100
FONTARABIAN (1872-3), ch.c. by Fitz-Roland . . .	3	650
RAGUSA (1872), b.f. by Fitz-Roland . . .	1	230
POLYHYMNIA (1873), b.f. by Asteroid . . .	1	170
	<hr/> 115	<hr/> £69,577

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY and SIR F. JOHNSTONE'S

XI (1867-9), b.c. by General Williams. . .	10	£1,880
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MR. T. E. WALKER'S

VICTOR (1873), b.c. by Victorious . . .	1	£200
TAPIOCA (1873), ch.f. by Macaroni . . .	1	130
MORTON BAGOT (1873), bl.h. by Master Bagot . . .	2	140
FIRST WATER (1873), ch.c. by Flaxman . . .	1	40
BANK NOTE (1874), ch.g. by Lecturer . . .	3	370
NOVAR (1874), b.c. by Scottish Chief . . .	3	1,075
HERMIA (1878-9), br.f. by Hermit . . .	3	589
ELIZABETH (1879), b.f. by Statesman . . .	2	813
	<hr/> 16	<hr/> £3,357

MR. F. GRETTON'S

GOURBI (1873-4), b.h. by West Australian . . .	2	£150
LITTLE BOY BLUE (1874-5), b.c. by Macaroni . . .	3	235
GRAND DUCHESS (1874), br.f. by The Duke . . .	2	134

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	Races Won.	Value.
LAIRD OF GLENORCHY (1875), ch.c. by		
Breadalbane	1	£170
ALGARSYFE (1875), ch.c. by Cambuscan	1	190
DOURO (1875), ch.c. by The Duke	1	100
BANK NOTE (1874-7), ch.g. by Lecturer	5	470
CHESTER (1875), b.c. by Macaroni	2	200
NOVAR (1875), b.c. by Scottish Chief	1	50
LADY ATHOLSTONE (1876), ch.m. by Blair		
Athol	4	580
PIBROCH (1876), ch.c. by Blair Athol	1	50
PAGEANT (1876-8), b.g. by Elland	8	4,933
KINGSCLERE (1876-7), b.c. by Lord Clifden.	3	520
DOMIDUCA (1876), br.f. by The Miner	2	190
COLLEGIAN (1876), ch.c. by Oxford	2	210
JOHN KNOX (1876), br.c. by Scottish Chief	1	85
SCOTCH REEL (1876), ch.f. by Scottish Chief	2	116
RETROSPECT (1876), b.c. by Speculum	1	50
MACADAM (1876-7), ch.c. by Young Monarque	3	310
ALGEBRA (1876), br.h. by The Duke	3	200
DOVEDALE (1877), b.m. by Beadsman	2	230
SINGLETON (1877-8), b.c. by The Duke	7	1,119
MONK (1877-9), ch.c. by Hermit	3	605
SULEIMAN (1877-8), br.h. by Knight of the		
Crescent	2	225
SAMARIA (1877), b.f. by Martyrdom	3	330
ALAMEDA (1877), br.f. by Pero Gomez	2	360
HARBINGER (1877-8), b.c. by Pero Gomez	3	1,090
RED HAZARD (1877-9), b.c. by Rosicrucian	5	1,945
SISTER LOUISE (1877), b.f. by Scottish Chief	1	100
ISONOMY (1877-8), b.c. by Sterling	10	10,382
CREMATION (1877-8), br.c. by Victorious	3	412
MONTÉ CARLO (1877), br.c. by Young		
Trumpeter	2	240
HERMIA (1878-9), br.f. by Hermit	1	147
REMORSE (1878), b.f. by Hermit	2	202
DUNKERRY (1878), ch.g. by Julius	5	1,047
LA GITANA (1878), b.f. by Julius	2	285
ANTIÉNT PISTOL (1878-80), br.c. by Master		
Fenton	8	1,434
PHILOMEL (1878), br.f. by Nuneham	1	100

454 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

	Races Won.	Value.
KNIGHT OF THE CROSS (1878), bl.c. by Rosi-crucian	1	£102
ROSALIND (1878-80), b.f. by Rosicrucian	9	1,439
ADMIRAL, THE (1878), ch.c. by Sterling	1	110
EFFIE DEANS (1878), b.f. by Strathconan	1	350
FRYISH (1878), ch.c. by Thunderbolt	1	190
RYEGRASS (1878), ch.f. by Wild Oats	1	145
SOLOMON (1879), br.h. by Solon	1	500
DOMINICA (1879), ch.f. by Nuneham	4	604
CAIRNGORM (1879), ch.c. by Strathconan	1	100
WESTBOURNE (1879), b.c. by Oxford or The Duke	3	1,212
CHIOS (1879), ch.c. by Nuneham	3	537
LEAD ON (1879), br.c. by The Duke	1	117
AMBER WITCH (1880), b.f. by Nuneham	1	544
PRESTONPANS (1880), b.c. by Prince Charlie	1	800
FERNANDEZ (1880), b.c. by Sterling	1	748
GEOLOGIST (1880), br.c. by Sterling	1	327
ZETLINGER (1880), b.c. by Sterling	1	100
SIDERAL (1881), br.h. by Siderolite	2	382
EMINENCE (1882), br.g. by Cardinal York	1	167
	145	£37,670

MR. JOHN GRETTON'S

JUPITER (1878-80), br.c. by Thunderbolt	5	£897
DRAYCOTT (1879-81), ch.f. by Nuneham	2	362
LANJARON (1879-80), bl.f. by Nuneham	3	637
MISS SHARPE (1879-80), br.f. by Nuneham	3	659
CID, THE (1880-1), br.c. by Nuneham	2	202
MARTINIQUE (1880), bl.f. by Nuneham	1	100
POMERANIA (1880), br.c. by Nuneham	2	489
WATERMARK (1880), br.c. by Playfair	1	100
ALHENDIN (1881), br.f. by Nuneham	1	100
CABALLO (1881), ch.c. by Nuneham	1	128
GUADIX (1881), bl.f. by Nuneham	1	102
HENLEY (1882-4), bl.c. by Nuneham	4	847
CHESTNUT FILLY (1882), by Nuneham-Saga	1	110
ZORILA (1882), ch.f. by Nuneham	1	102
REMEMBER (1882), b.c. by Sterling	2	315
LOCKSLEY (1883), b.c. by Brown Bread	1	177

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	Races Won.	Value.
ST. MARTIN (1884), br.c. by Nuneham . . .	1	£102
PTOLEMY (1884-5), b.c. by Nuneham . . .	3	1,137
CINTRA (1885), b.f. by Isonomy . . .	1	100
ROSALIND (1885), ch.f. by Nuneham . . .	1	197
EMSCOTE (1886), ch.c. by Nuneham . . .	1	147
MIGUEL (1888), bl.c. by Fernandez . . .	1	350
APOLLO (1888), br.c. by Hampton . . .	2	357
GONSALVO (1890-1), b.c. by Fernandez . . .	4	2,065
GROAT (1891), b.f. by Plebeian . . .	1	102
ROSALIA (1891-2), b.f. by Fernandez . . .	3	300
BAY FILLY (1894), by Apollo—Rosalind . . .	1	100
KOS (1894), b.f. by Melanion . . .	1	895
BAD TIMES (1895), b.f. by Fernandez . . .	1	100
ALLESBY (1898-9), b.c. by Royal Hampton . . .	2	319
EL CAPITAN (1899), b.c. by Miguel . . .	1	100
	55	£11,698

MR. JOHN PORTER'S

MONK (1879-80), ch.c. by Hermit . . .	4	£456
MEADOW SWEET (1883), b.f. by Springfield . . .	1	102
CLIPPER (1884), ch.f. by Doncaster . . .	1	102
KING'S CROSS (1887), ch.c. by Childeric . . .	2	294
MON DROIT (1887), ch.f. by Isonomy . . .	5	2,657
EMILY JANE (1889), ch.f. by Barcaldine . . .	1	102
BEV JONES (1891), ch.c. by Thurio . . .	3	489
GOLDEN MAZE (1891), ch.f. by Bend Or . . .	2	467
ADDERLEY (1894), ch.f. by Ayrshire . . .	1	435
AMY ROBERTS (1894), br.f. by Kilwarlin . . .	2	246
CHINKARA (1895), b.f. by Galopin . . .	1	222
BLUE DUN (1896), ch.c. by Queen's Counsel . . .	1	471
CELADA (1897), ch.f. by Morion . . .	1	484
HAWFINCH (1897), ch.c. by Goldfinch . . .	1	1,297
NO FOOL (1897), b.c. by Wiseman . . .	1	1,183
ST. JESSICA (1897), b.f. by St. Symphorien . . .	1	100
CROWBOROUGH (1898-1900), b.f. by Crowberry . . .	4	1,025
MERCENARY (1899), b.f. by Janissary . . .	1	136
COUNTESS HELENA (1901), ch.f. by St. Angelo . . .	1	170
	34	£10,438

456 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

	Races Won.	Value.
SIR ROBERT JARDINE and MR. PORTER'S		
SAINFOIN (1889-90), ch.c. by Springfield . . .	2	£1,389

SIR F. JOHNSTONE and MR. PORTER'S		
MÈLI MÈLO (1895), ch.f. by Melanion . . .	1	£552

EARL OF STAMFORD'S

CENSER (1880-2), b.g. by See Saw . . .	4	£643
GROBY (1881), b.c. by Pero Gomez . . .	2	257
ROSEBUD (1881), b.f. by Pero Gomez . . .	4	712
GEHEIMNISS (1881-2), br.f. by Rosicrucian . . .	7	6,789
DISCOUNT (1881), ch.c. by Sterling . . .	1	185
POST OBIT (1881), br.c. by Sterling . . .	1	587
INCOGNITA (1881-2), b.f. by Winslow . . .	4	1,473
PANSY (1881), b.f. by Winslow . . .	1	100
RAVISSANTE (1882), br.f. by Clanronald . . .	1	210
ELIACIN (1882), b.c. by Parnasse . . .	3	398
REVERSE, THE (1882), br.c. by Pero Gomez . . .	1	138
POSTE RESTANTE (1882), br.h. by Sterling . . .	1	260
GOLD MASTER (1882), br.c. by Rosicrucian . . .	1	210
	31	£11,962

LORD B. PAGET'S

MOKANNA (1881), b.c. by Adventurer . . .	2	£254
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LORD ALINGTON and SIR F. JOHNSTONE'S

WEDLOCK ¹ (1881), br.f. by Wenlock . . .	1	..
SIREN (1882-4), br.f. by Cremorne . . .	2	£227
ST. BLAISE (1882-3), ch.c. by Hermit . . .	7	8,337
GEHEIMNISS (1883-4), br.f. by Rosicrucian . . .	11	4,307
SPECTRUM (1883), br.c. by Speculum . . .	1	102
LUMINARY (1884-5), br.c. by Beauclerc . . .	5	4,656
MATCH GIRL (1884), b. or br.f. by Plebeian . . .	2	750
MERRY THOUGHT (1885), b.f. by Hilarious . . .	1	172
PAMPAS GRASS (1885), b.f. by See Saw . . .	1	157
CANDLEMAS (1886-8), b.c. by Hermit . . .	5	4,593
KINGFISHER (1886-9), b.c. by Heron . . .	4	1,502

¹ Ran a dead heat in a match.

	Races Won.	Value.
PENELOPE (1886), b.f. by Shifnal	1	£152
SPOT (1886-7), ch.c. by Springfield	3	1,217
POLYNESIA (1887), b.f. by Barcaldine	1	102
SPUD (1887), ch.f. by Hampton	1	197
FRIAR'S BALSAM (1887-8), ch.c. by Hermit	8	9,737
QUEEN ANNE (1887), b.f. by Heron	1	237
THE SHREW (1887), b.f. by Springfield	5	1,785
DOTLET (1888), br.f. by Chippendale	1	147
SIMONIA (1888), ch.f. by Peter	2	427
KINGSCOTE (1889), b.c. by Childeric	1	2,997
TOUCH-ME-NOT (1889), ch.f. by Muncaster	1	102
BENA (1889-90), b.f. by Petrarch	3	1,522
TICKLE (1889), b. or br.f. by Touchet	1	102
DESPOT (1890), b.c. by Althotas or Zealot	1	100
FUSE (1890), ch.f. by Bend Or	1	1,800
HUSBANDMAN (1890), ch.c. by George Frederick	1	100
BACH (1891), b.c. by Barcaldine	1	294
COMMON (1891), br.c. by Isonomy	4	15,960
GOLDFINCH (1891), ch.c. by Ormonde	2	2,464
POLYGLOT (1891), ch.c. by Bend Or	1	593
MATCHBOX (1893), b.c. by St. Simon	3	5,958
KENNY (1894), b.f. by Marden	2	742
RUSINA (1894), ch.f. by Beaudesert	1	147
THROSTLE (1894), b.f. by Petrarch	3	7,925
MATCHMAKER (1895), b.c. by Donovan	4	4,505
LE VAR (1895), b.c. by Isonomy	1	8,995
ROYAL CORRIE (1895-8), b.c. by Royal Hampton	5	1,037
PIETY (1895), ch.c. by Satiety	1	462
VESUVIAN (1896-7), b.c. by Royal Hampton	2	3,067
ZARABANDA (1896-7), br.f. by Saraband	3	918
AIR GUN (1897), br.f. by Ayrshire	1	100
BUTTER (1897), b.c. by Springfield	3	2,133
HERALD (1902), ch.g. by Straiton	1	100
LONG TOM (1902), br.c. by Ladas	1	100
YOU GO OFF (1903), ch.f. by Sir Hugo	1	100
PLUM CENTRE (1905), ch.c. by Persimmon	2	2,025
	114	£103,152

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	Races Won.	Value.
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S		
COLUMBINE (1882), b.f. by Doncaster . . .	1	£102
GOLSPIE (1882), b.f. by Doncaster . . .	1	200
SHOTOVER (1882), ch.f. by Hermit . . .	5	12,205
WHIPPER-IN (1882-6), ch.c. by Hermit . . .	13	5,584
INCENDIARY (1882-3), ch.h. by King Lud . . .	3	381
CANDAHAR (1882), b.c. by Scottish Chief . . .	1	150
SANDIWAY (1883-5), ch.f. by Doncaster . . .	11	7,981
DUKE OF RICHMOND (1883-4), b.c. by Hampton . . .	4	2,082
SPECTRE (1883), b.f. by Speculum . . .	1	720
PAN (1883), b.c. by Sterling . . .	1	393
WHEATSHEAF (1884), b.f. by Adventurer . . .	1	250
CAMBUSMORE (1884-6), b.c. by Doncaster . . .	7	4,758
DONATELLO (1884), b.c. by Doncaster . . .	2	341
FAREWELL (1884-5), ch.f. by Doncaster . . .	2	4,055
THIRLMERE (1884), ch.f. by Doncaster . . .	1	102
WHITE NUN (1884), b.f. by Hermit . . .	1	325
KENDAL (1885), ch.c. by Bend Or . . .	6	4,053
ORMONDE (1885-7), b.c. by Bend Or . . .	16	28,465
NEWTON (1885), br.c. by FitzJames . . .	3	1,472
METAL (1885), b. or br.c. by Sterling . . .	2	861
FREEDOM (1886), ch.f. by Bend Or . . .	1	950
CORACLE (1886), bl.c. by Hermit . . .	1	528
WHITEFRIAR (1886), ch.c. by Hermit . . .	3	932
STEEL (1886), bl.c. by Sterling . . .	1	167
ORBIT (1887-8), ch.c. by Bend Or . . .	6	12,679
OSSORY (1887-8), ch.c. by Bend Or . . .	5	5,358
SAVILE (1887), br.c. by Hampton . . .	3	1,334
ST. MIRIN (1887), br.c. by Hermit . . .	2	1,250
FLEUR DE LYS (1888), b.f. by Bend Or . . .	1	950
ORMUZ (1888-92), ch.c. by Bend Or . . .	8	3,004
RYDAL (1888), ch.f. by Bend Or . . .	4	920
DORNOCH (1888), b.c. by Sterling . . .	1	157
BEN STROME (1889), b.c. by Bend Or . . .	2	249
ORWELL (1889-90), b.c. by Bend Or . . .	3	1,683
BLUE-GREEN (1889-92), br.c. by Cœruleus . . .	5	3,742
LOZENGE (1889), b.f. by St. Simon . . .	1	196
ADIEU (1890), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	1	430
ORION (1890-1), ch.c. by Bend Or . . .	4	3,440

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	Races Won.	Value.
GRACE CONROY (1891), b.f. by Esterling . . .	1	£460
ORME (1891-3), b.c. by Ormonde . . .	14	32,526
BUNBURY (1892), b.c. by Isonomy . . .	1	274
MINERA (1892), b.f. by Hermit or Galopin . . .	1	224
BULLINGDON (1893-4), b.c. by Melton . . .	3	3,530
CAYENNE (1894), ch.c. by Pepper and Salt . . .	1	556
JOYFUL (1894), b.c. by Galopin . . .	4	471
KISSING CUP (1894), b.f. by Hampton . . .	1	1,790
TARPORLEY (1894), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	2	3437
RAMPION (1895), ch.c. by Amphion . . .	1	580
CAMPION (1895), b.c. by Bend Or . . .	1	194
HELM (1895-6), b.f. by Morion . . .	3	4,377
GREY LEG (1895), gr.c. by Pepper and Salt . . .	2	1,070
OMLADINA (1895-6), br.f. by Royal Hampton . . .	5	3,886
HARTFORD (1895), b.c. by St. Serf . . .	1	919
BADDILEY (1895), b.c. by Sheen . . .	1	560
LABRADOR (1895-7), br.c. by Sheen . . .	10	9,315
REGRET (1895-6), b.c. by Sheen . . .	4	3,343
ATTAINMENT (1895), b.f. by Wisdom . . .	2	450
CONROY (1896), b.c. by Bend Or . . .	1	1,125
SHADDOCK (1896), b.c. by St. Serf . . .	6	5,852
SIMOON (1896), b.f. by St. Simon . . .	1	300
BATT (1897-8), br.c. by Sheen . . .	5	3,318
BLUE WATER (1897), b.f. by Blue-Green . . .	1	400
GUERNSEY (1897), br.c. by Bend Or . . .	1	495
LOW MOOR (1897), ch.h. by Swillington . . .	2	451
ORPAH (1897-8), ch.f. by Orme . . .	2	863
AMEER (1898), b.c. by Orme . . .	2	967
CALVELEY (1898), b.c. by St. Serf . . .	8	3,692
COLLAR (1898), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	2	2,872
FLYING FOX (1898-9), b.c. by Orme . . .	9	40,096
FRONTIER (1898-9), ch.c. by Orme . . .	2	2,717
PRINCESS MARY (1898), b.f. by Bend Or . . .	1	600
VANE (1899), b.f. by Orme . . .	1	400
GOOD LUCK (1899), ch.g. by Royal Hampton . . .	3	1,171
GOBLET (1899), br.c. by Grey Leg . . .	1	1,214

240 £246,944

LORD GROSVENOR'S

REPRIEVE (1883), b.f. by Queen's Messenger . . .	5	£4,189
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CAPTAIN BAYLEY'S

	Races Won.	Value.
RAKER, THE (1883), b.f. by Scottish Chief .	2	£228

LORD DOWNE'S

HARMATTAN (1884), b.c. by Kisber . . .	1	£989
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MR. BRODRICK CLOETE'S

CHERRY (1884), ch.f. by Sterling . . .	3	£4,777
PARADOX (1884-5), b.c. by Sterling . . .	6	14,413
	<hr/> 9	<hr/> £19,190

EARL OF PORTSMOUTH'S

GULES (1885), b.c. by Tomahawk . . .	1	£152
BROWN FILLY (1889), by Standard—Bryony .	1	100
TABLEAUX VIVANT (1890), b.c. by Trappist .	1	147
	<hr/> 3	<hr/> £399

EARL SPENCER'S

COBBLER (1886), b.c. by Pedometer . . .	1	£102
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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES' (afterwards KING EDWARD VII.)

COUNTERPANE (1886), ch.f. by Hermit . . .	1	£195
LADY PEGGY (1886), ch.f. by Hermit . . .	1	102
GALLIFET (1889), ch.c. by Energy . . .	1	102
SHAMROCK II. (1889), ch.c. by Petrarch . .	1	102
NANDINE (1890), b.f. by Wisdom . . .	1	157
PIERETTE (1890-1), b.f. by Mask . . .	5	1,877
BARRACOUTA (1891), b.f. by Barcaldine . .	1	1,065
COUNTY COUNCIL (1891), ch.c. by Isonomy .	1	550
IMP, THE (1890), b.c. by Robert the Devil .	3	1,194
VERSAILLES (1892), b.c. by Hampton . . .	2	1,234
VIGIL, THE (1892), b. or br.f. by Ben Battle	1	190
	<hr/> 18	<hr/> £6,768

CAPTAIN BOWLING'S

Races Won. Value.

DEVA (1886), b.f. by Rosicrucian . . .	1	£102
CARRASCO (1886-7), b.c. by Speculum. . .	3	1,299
	4	£1,401

SIR J. T. MACKENZIE'S

UPSET (1886-9), br. or bl.c. by See Saw . . .	7	£2,999
LORD ARTHUR (1886), b.c. by The Duke . . .	1	310
SAINT, THE (1889), ch.c. by Peter . . .	2	1,480
KELPIE, THE (1889), b.f. by Robert the Devil . . .	1	292
CLOUDBERRY (1890), b.f. by Macheath . . .	1	620
IMP, THE (1891), b.c. by Robert the Devil . . .	1	2,700
	13	£8,401

MR. W. LOW'S

HALL MARK (1887-8), ch.f. by Sterling . . .	2	£202
GAY HAMPTON (1888-9), b.c. by Hampton . . .	3	2,832
BLANTON (1888), ch.c. by Mask . . .	2	249
NAPOLEON (1889), br.c. by Galopin . . .	1	365
MYSTERY (1889), ch.f. by Muncaster . . .	2	247
RIGHT-AWAY (1889-90), b.c. by Wisdom . . .	6	2,554
STAR OF ERIN (1889), b.f. by Master Kildare . . .	1	500
GONE COON (1890 and 1892), b.c. by Galopin . . .	5	1,933
PATROL (1890), br.c. by Galopin . . .	2	205
PROFIT (1892-4), br.f. by Wisdom . . .	5	1,411
ROYAL DOUGLAS (1892), b.g. by Royal Hampton . . .	2	200
TRAPEZOID (1892), ch.f. by Trappist . . .	1	144
LIEBERSHEDE (1893), ch.f. by Hampton . . .	1	200
GOLF JUAN (1893), b.c. by Peter . . .	1	100
GARTER QUEEN (1894), ch.f. by Bend Or . . .	1	830
ZEBAC (1895-6), b.c. by Galopin . . .	9	3,493
KILKERRAN (1896), br.c. by Ayrshire . . .	1	475
ST. BRIS (1896-7), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	3	2,905
HERMISTON (1897-8), b.c. by Right-away . . .	5	545
SANS TACHE (1897), ch.f. by Right-away . . .	1	182
WINSOME CHARTERIS (1897-8), ch.f. by Bend Or . . .	2	1,125

462 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSLERE

	Races Won.	Value.
ESMERALDA II. (1898), b.f. by Right-away .	1	£100
MARK FOR'ARD (1898), b.c. by Right-away .	2	1,257
RHOMBOID (1899), b.c. by Martagon .	1	100
ELOPEMENT (1899-1900), br.c. by Right-away	5	3,558
LITTLETON (1903), b.c. by Right-away .	1	720
PRINCESIMMON (1903), br.c. by Persimmon .	1	100
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	67	£26,532

MR. Y. R. GRAHAM'S

LANOLIN (1889), b.c. by Privilege . . .	1	£112
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MR. MARCUS DALY'S

INVERNESS (1890), ch.c. by Cymbal . . .	2	£595
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SIR JAMES MILLER'S

SAINFOIN (1890), ch.c. by Springfield . . .	2	£6,501
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MR. FRANCIS ALEXANDER'S

SNAFFLE (1884), b.c. by Childeric . . .	1	£217
CANADA (1890), b.f. by Robert the Devil .	1	100
LUNAR ECLIPSE (1890-1), b.c. by Xenophon	3	732
MÉROVÉE (1892), b. or br.c. by Charibert .	1	100
SON OF A GUN (1894), b.c. by Petronel . .	2	2,000
THEALE (1896), b.f. by Donovan . . .	1	100
MANDORLA (1897), b.f. by Hampton . . .	1	201
QUASSIA (1898-1900), b.f. by Blue-Green .	5	1,134
SOLENNIS (1898-9), ch.c. by Lourdes . . .	3	888
WOLF'S HOPE (1898), br.c. by Wolf's Crag .	3	761
ABBOTT'S ANNE (1901), br.f. by Right-away	4	1,886
THROWAWAY (1901-2), b.c. by Right-away .	4	2,169
PART MALT (1902-3), b.f. by Deuce of Clubs	2	277
ANDOVER (1903), br.c. by Right-away . .	1	955
BITTERS (1903), br.f. by St. Serf . . .	1	185
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	33	£11,705

APPENDIX

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Races Won. Value.

BARON HIRSCH'S

ROSE DU BARRY (1890), b.f. by Pursebearer.	3	£871
ROMANÉE (1890), br.f. by Galopin . . .	1	512
LA FLÈCHE (1891-2), br.f. by St. Simon . .	12	29,068
MASSACRE (1891-2), ch.c. by Muncaster . .	6	605
VASISTAS (1891-2), b.h. by Idus	4	1,626
WINDGALL (1891-2), b.c. by Galliard . . .	4	5,129
HIGHLAND BUCK (1892), b.c. by Highland Chief	1	117
POPPŒA (1892), ch.f. by Mask	1	100
ROYAL SCOT (1892), ch.c. by Rosebery . .	1	441
WATERCRESS (1892), br.c. by Springfield .	3	4,106
MATCHBOX (1894), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	3	1,656
	<hr/> 39	<hr/> £44,231

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S

CATARINA (1892), ch.f. by Poulet	1	£180
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COLONEL PAGET'S

OVERCAST (1892), b.c. by Ossian	1	£136
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LORD MARCUS BERESFORD'S

SIMON DE MONTFORT (1892), br.c. by St. Simon	1	£436
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LORD CREWE'S

ORMEAU (1899), ch.c. by Orme	1	£400
SAINT LUNDI (1899-1900), b.f. by St. Serf .	5	1,969
ST. AMOUR (1901), b.c. by St. Serf	1	450
FOLKLORE (1901), ch.f. by Donovan	1	100
POLYMELUS (1904-5), b.c. by Cyllene . . .	7	8,028
MARLIACEA (1905), b.f. by Martagon . . .	1	192
	<hr/> 16	<hr/> £11,139

464 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

	Races Won.	Value.
DUKE OF PORTLAND'S		
DISMAY (1899), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	1	£225
LA ROCHE (1899), b.f. by St. Simon . . .	5	8,976
MANNERS (1899), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	2	2,785
ST. VIGILA (1899), b.f. by St. Simon . . .	1	187
SIMON DALE (1899-1900), br.c. by St. Simon	3	3,950
LATHERONWHEEL (1899), b.c. by Sheen . . .	1	395
WANTAGE (1899), b.g. by Sheen	2	223
LA FORCE (1901), b.f. by St. Simon	1	850
MANNLICHER (1901-2), br.c. by Carbine . . .	2	763
ST. ALDEGONDE (1901), b.f. by St. Simon . .	1	1,050
RACING CUP (1901), br.f. by Grey Leg . . .	2	740
WILLIAM THE THIRD (1901-2), b.c. by St. Simon	10	13,577
SIR EDGAR (1901), b.c. by Kendal	1	707
FRIAR TUCK (1902), br.c. by Friar's Balsam.	4	2,583
GREATOREX (1902), b.c. by Carbine	2	2,150
SCRIBE, THE (1903-4), b.c. by Isinglass . . .	2	562
BRAUNEBERG (1903), br.c. by Ladas	1	177
DARLEY DALE (1904), b.c. by St. Simon . . .	2	10,410
PAMFLETE (1904), b.f. by St. Simon	4	2,564
ST. OSWALD (1905), b.c. by St. Simon	1	535
	48	£53,409

MR. GEORGE FABER'S

LOVEITE (1901), br.f. by St. Frusquin. . . .	2	£2,850
PIETERMARITZBURG (1901), b.c. by St. Simon	3	8,853
ICE MAIDEN (1901-2), b.f. by Kendal	3	1,761
RAFT, THE (1902), ch.h. by Orme	1	462
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (1903), b.c. by Orme	1	920
	10	£14,846

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S (Grandson of Ormonde's owner)

FAR BEST (1901), b.f. by Best Man	1	£167
GREY BIRD (1901), gr.c. by Grey Leg.	1	177
ST. BENET (1901), b.c. by Bend Or	1	759

APPENDIX

465

	Races Won.	Value.
FLYING LEMUR (1902), b.c. by Orme . . .	1	£1,325
JUST CAUSE (1902), b.c. by Best Man. . .	1	177
GREY PLUME (1903-4), gr.c. by Grey Leg . .	4	2,055
POLYDORE (1904), b.c. by Orme.	1	197
DAPPLE GREY (1904-5), gr.c. by Sir Hugo .	2	382
RYDAL HEAD (1904), br.c. by St. Frusquin .	1	1,875
TANKARD (1905), b.c. by Orme	2	1,808
BOKAAL (1905), b.f. by St. Serf	1	102
	16	£9,024

MR. F. GRETTON'S (son of Mr. John Gretton)

DON CONQUEST (1900), ch.c. by Donovan . .	1	£144
CORSAYR (1902), ch.c. by Ayrshire	1	100
HAI (1904), b.f. by Ayrshire	1	100
AUK (1904), b.c. by Orme	1	191
ZELIS (1905), b.f. by Glenwood	1	100
	5	£635

SUMMARY

	No. of Winners.	No. of Races Won.	Value.
Duke of Westminster	74	240	£246,944
Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone . .	48	114	103,152
Sir Joseph Hawley	37	115	69,577
Duke of Portland.	20	48	53,409
Baron Hirsch	11	39	44,231
Mr. F. Gretton	57	145	37,670
Mr. W. Low	27	67	26,532
Mr. Brodrick Cloete	2	9	19,190
Mr. Geo. Faber	5	10	14,846
Mr. John Gretton	31	55	11,698
Earl of Stamford	13	31	11,962
Mr. Francis Alexander	15	33	11,705
Earl of Crewe	6	16	11,139

466 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

	No. of Winners.	No. of Races Won.	Value.
Mr. John Porter	19	34	£10,438
Duke of Westminster (2nd)	11	16	9,024
Sir J. T. Mackenzie	6	13	8,401
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	11	18	6,768
Sir James Miller	1	2	6,501
Lord Grosvenor	1	5	4,189
Mr. T. E. Walker	8	16	3,357
Sir J. Hawley and Sir F. Johnstone	1	10	1,880
Captain Bowling	2	4	1,401
Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. Porter	1	2	1,389
Lord Downe	1	1	989
Mr. F. Gretton	5	5	635
Mr. Marcus Daly	1	2	595
Sir F. Johnstone and Mr. Porter	1	1	552
Lord Marcus Beresford	1	1	436
Earl of Portsmouth	3	3	399
Lord B. Paget	1	2	254
Captain Bayley	1	2	228
Lord William Beresford	1	1	180
Colonel Paget	1	1	136
Mr. Y. R. Graham	1	1	112
Earl Spencer	1	1	102
	<hr/> 425	<hr/> 1063	<hr/> £720,021

ANNUAL RECORD OF WINNERS TRAINED BY JOHN PORTER

			Number of Winners.	Number of Races Won.	Value.
1863	.	.	3	5	£2,180
1864	.	.	4	5	2,485
1865	.	.	3	5	3,360
1866	.	.	4	4	1,425
1867	.	.	8	20	14,385
1868	.	.	7	23	20,605
1869	.	.	11	29	16,802
1870	.	.	8	19	3,610
1871	.	.	4	5	3,810
1872	.	.	4	6	1,925
1873	.	.	8	10	1,445
1874	.	.	5	11	1,954
1875	.	.	7	10	945
1876	.	.	12	22	2,576
1877	.	.	16	28	7,660
1878	.	.	21	42	10,765
1879	.	.	16	39	10,430
1880	.	.	18	23	9,710
1881	.	.	17	27	7,541
1882	.	.	21	33	22,417
1883	.	.	14	34	20,929
1884	.	.	22	48	28,288
1885	.	.	16	31	29,369
1886	.	.	19	34	30,424

468 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

			Number of Winners.	Number of Races Won.	Value.
1887	.	.	17	42	£26,634
1888	.	.	17	29	24,476
1889	.	.	24	37	17,135
1890	.	.	25	37	23,234
1891	.	.	22	44	44,893
1892	.	.	24	51	52,345
1893	.	.	6	11	20,495
1894	.	.	16	27	22,672
1895	.	.	18	34	28,469
1896	.	.	15	33	26,730
1897	.	.	20	23	12,761
1898	.	.	18	36	17,246
1899	.	.	23	39	56,113
1900	.	.	7	14	13,192
1901	.	.	17	28	26,211
1902	.	.	13	23	17,470
1903	.	.	11	11	4,319
1904	.	.	10	18	19,942
1905	.	.	8	13	10,644
				<hr/> 1063	<hr/> £720,021

Add the Sums credited to horses that
 were placed second or third . . . 67,562

Grand Total of Winnings . . . £787,583

HORSES TRAINED BY JOHN PORTER THAT WON STAKES TO THE VALUE OF £2000 AND OVER

	Races Won.	Value £.	Chief Events in which Successful.
FLYING FOX (1898-9)	9	40,096	New Stakes, Criterion Stakes, TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, DERBY, ST. LEGER, Prin- cess of Wales's Stakes, Eclipse Stakes, Jockey Club Stakes.
ORME (1891-3)	14	32,526	Richmond and Prince of Wales's Stakes at Good- wood ; Middle Park Plate, Dewhurst Plate, Eclipse Stakes (twice), Champion Stakes.
LA FLÈCHE (1891-2)	12	29,068	Chesterfield Stakes, Cham- pagne Stakes, ONE THOU- SAND GUINEAS, OAKS, ST. LEGER, the Cambridge- shire Stakes.
ORMONDE (1885-7)	16	28,465	Criterion Stakes, Dewhurst Plate, TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, DERBY, ST. LEGER, Hardwicke Stakes (twice), Champion Stakes.
COMMON (1891)	4	15,960	TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, DERBY, ST. LEGER.
PERO GOMEZ (1868-9)	8	15,570	Middle Park Plate, Criterion Stakes, ST. LEGER, Royal Stakes.

470 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE

	Races Won.	Value £.	Chief Events in which Successful.
PARADOX (1884-5)	6	14,413	Dewhurst Plate, Two THOUSAND GUINEAS, Grand Prix de Paris, Champion Stakes.
WILLIAM THE THIRD (1901-2)	10	13,577	Newmarket Stakes, Ascot Cup, Alexandra Plate, Doncaster Cup.
BLUE GOWN (1867-9)	19	13,162	THE DERBY, Ascot Cup.
ORBIT (1887-8)	6	12,679	Eclipse Stakes.
SHOTOVER (1882)	5	12,205	TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS and DERBY.
GEHEIMNISS (1881-4)	18	11,096	THE OAKS.
DARLEY DALE (1904)	2	10,410	Eclipse Stakes.
ISONOMY (1877-8)	10	10,382	Ascot Cup (twice), Doncaster Cup, Cambridge-shire, Manchester Cup, Ebor Handicap.
FRIAR'S BALSAM (1887-8)	8	9,737	New Stakes, July Stakes, Middle Park Plate, Dewhurst Plate, Champion Stakes.
LABRADOR (1895-7)	10	9,315	July Stakes, Sandringham Cup, City of London Foal Stakes, Champion Stakes.
LE VAR (1895).	1	8,995	Princess of Wales's Stakes.
LA ROCHE (1899)	5	8,976	THE OAKS, Manchester Cup.
PIETERMARITZBURG (1901).	3	8,853	Jockey Club Stakes.
ST. BLAISE (1882-3)	7	8,337	THE DERBY.
POLYMELUS (1904-5)	7	8,028	Richmond Stakes, Criterion Stakes, Gatwick Stakes.
SANDIWAY (1883-5)	11	7,981	Prendergast Stakes, Coronation Stakes, Liverpool Summer Cup.
THROSTLE (1894)	3	7,925	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Goodwood), Coronation Stakes, ST. LEGER.

	Races Won.	Value £.	Chief Events in which Successful.
SAINFOIN (1889-90)	4	7,890	THE DERBY.
MATCHBOX (1893-4)	6	7,614	Criterion Stakes, Dewhurst Plate.
ROSICRUCIAN (1867-71)	12	6,230	Criterion Stakes, Alexandra Plate, Ascot Stakes.
SHADDOCK (1896)	6	5,852	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot) and Hardwicke Stakes.
WHIPPER-IN (1882-6)	13	5,584	Chiefly handicaps.
GREEN SLEEVE (1867)	2	5,435	Middle Park Plate and Prendergast Stakes.
OSSORY (1887-8)	5	5,358	Prince of Wales's and St. James's Palace Stakes, Ascot.
WINDGALL (1891-2)	4	5,129	Spring Two-Year-Old Plate (Kempton), Liverpool Autumn Cup.
PAGEANT (1876-8)	8	4,933	Chester Cup (twice).
CHERRY (1884).	3	4,777	Epsom Grand Prize.
CAMBUSMORE (1884-6)	7	4,758	St. James's Palace Stakes (Ascot) and Great Foal Stakes (Newmarket).
LUMINARY (1884-5)	5	4,656	July Stakes, Hurstbourne Stakes, Molecomb Stakes.
PALMER, THE (1866-8)	10	4,635	Ascot Derby, Free Handicap, Liverpool Autumn Cup.
CANDLEMAS (1886-8)	5	4,593	Epsom Grand Prize.
MATCHMAKER (1895)	4	4,505	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot), Ascot Derby.
HELM (1895-6)	3	4,377	Coronation Stakes.
REPRIEVE (1883)	5	4,189	National Breeders' Produce Stakes (Sandown Park).
WATERCRESS (1892)	3	4,106	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot).
FAREWELL (1884-5)	2	4,055	ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.
KENDAL (1885)	6	4,053	July Stakes.

472 JOHN PORTER OF KINGSLERE

	Races Won.	Value £.	Chief Events in which Successful.
SIMON DALE (1899-1900)	3	3,950	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot).
IMP, THE (1890-1)	4	3,894	Kempton "Jubilee" Handicap.
OMLADINA (1895-6).	5	3,886	Champagne Stakes.
BLUE-GREEN (1889-92)	5	3,742	Alexandra Plate, Lowther Stakes.
CALVELEY (1898).	8	3,692	Doncaster Cup.
ELOPEMENT (1899-1900)	5	3,558	Windsor Castle Stakes (Ascot), Clearwell Stakes, Union Jack Stakes.
BULLINGDON (1893-4)	3	3,530	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Goodwood).
ZEBAC (1895-6)	9	3,493	Free Handicap (two-year-old), Ascot Biennial.
ORION (1890-1)	4	3,440	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Goodwood), Champion Stakes.
TARPORLEY (1894)	2	3,437	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Goodwood).
REGRET (1895-6)	4	3,343	St. George's Stakes (Liverpool).
BATT (1897-8).	5	3,318	Criterion Stakes.
ARGONAUT (1865)	3	3,210	City and Suburban.
VESUVIAN (1896-7)	2	3,067	Dewhurst Plate, St. James's Palace Stakes.
ORMUZ (1888-92)	8	3,004	Free Handicap (three-year-old).
UPSET (1886-9)	7	2,999	Stewards' Cup (Goodwood).
KINGSCOTE (1889).	1	2,997	Epsom Grand Prize.
MORNA (1868-9)	5	2,950	Champagne Stakes, Nassau Stakes.
ST. BRIS (1896-7)	3	2,905	Cesarewitch Stakes, Alexandra Plate.
COLLAR (1898).	2	2,872	Hardwicke Stakes.
LOVEITE (1901)	2	2,850	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Goodwood).

	Races Won.	Value £.	Chief Events in which Successful.
GAY HAMPTON (1888-9)	3	2,832	Kempton Park Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes.
MANNERS (1899)	2	2,785	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot), Great Yorkshire Stakes.
FRONTIER (1898-9)	2	2,717	Dewhurst Plate, Ascot Derby.
MON DROIT (1887)	5	2,657	Rous Memorial (Goodwood).
FRIAR TUCK (1902)	4	2,583	May Plate (Kempton), Duchess of York Plate (Hurst Park).
PAMFLETE (1904)	4	2,564	British Dominion Two-Year-Old Race (Sandown), Ham Stakes (Goodwood).
RIGHT-AWAY (1889-90)	6	2,554	Clearwell Stakes.
GREY PLUME (1903-4)	4	2,055	Trial Stakes and Biennial (Ascot).
GOLDFINCH (1891)	2	2,464	New Stakes.
SIDEROLITE (1869-70)	9	2,250	Gratwicke Stakes, Ascot Vase, Goodwood Cup.
THROWAWAY (1901-2)	4	2,169	Liverpool Autumn Cup.
GREATOREX (1902)	2	2,150	Hurst Park Foal Plate, Champion Breeders' Stakes (Derby).
BUTTER (1897)	3	2,133	Ascot Biennial.
DUKE OF RICHMOND (1883-4)	4	2,082	Richmond Stakes (Goodwood).
GONSALVO (1890-1)	4	2,065	Alexandra Plate, Goodwood Cup.
PLUM CENTRE (1905)	2	2,025	Prince of Wales's Stakes (Ascot).
SON OF A GUN (1894)	2	2,000	Liverpool Summer and Autumn Cups.

IMPORTANT RACES WON BY HORSES TRAINED BY JOHN PORTER

CLASSIC AND OTHER THREE-YEAR-OLD RACES

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS

- 1882. Shotover.
- 1885. Paradox.
- 1886. Ormonde.
- 1891. Common.
- 1899. Flying Fox.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS

- 1885. Farewell.
- 1892. La Flèche.

THE DERBY

- 1868. Blue Gown.
- 1882. Shotover.
- 1883. St. Blaise.
- 1886. Ormonde.
- 1890. Sainfoin.
- 1891. Common.
- 1899. Flying Fox.

THE OAKS

- 1882. Geheimniss.
- 1892. La Flèche.
- 1900. La Roche.

ST. LEGER

- 1869. Pero Gomez.

- 1886. Ormonde.
- 1891. Common.
- 1892. La Flèche.
- 1894. Throstle.
- 1899. Flying Fox.

NEWMARKET STAKES

- 1901. William the Third.

GRAND PRIX DE PARIS

- 1885. Paradox.

PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES, ASCOT

- 1888. Ossory.
- 1892. Watercress.
- 1895. Matchmaker.
- 1896. Shaddock.
- 1899. Manners.
- 1900. Simon Dale.
- 1904. Rydal Head.
- 1905. Plum Centre.

CORONATION STAKES, ASCOT

- 1884. Sandiway.
- 1894. Throstle.
- 1896. Helm.

WEIGHT-FOR-AGE RACES

ASCOT CUP

- 1868. Blue Gown.
- 1879. Isonomy.
- 1880. Isonomy.
- 1902. William the Third.

ALEXANDRA PLATE, ASCOT

- 1871. Rosicrucian.
- 1891. Gonsalvo.
- 1892. Blue-Green.
- 1897. St. Bris.
- 1902. William the Third.

ASCOT GOLD VASE

- 1870. Siderolite.
- 1879. Isonomy.
- 1902. Ice Maiden.

HARDWICKE STAKES, ASCOT

- 1886. Ormonde.
- 1887. Ormonde.
- 1896. Shaddock.
- 1898. Collar.

GOODWOOD CUP

- 1870. Siderolite.
- 1879. Isonomy.
- 1891. Gonsalvo.

DONCASTER CUP

- 1878. Pageant.

- 1879. Isonomy.
- 1899. Calveley.
- 1902. William the Third.

PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES,
NEWMARKET

- 1895. Le Var.
- 1899. Flying Fox.

ECLIPSE STAKES, SANDOWN
PARK

- 1888. Orbit.
- 1892. Orme.
- 1893. Orme.
- 1899. Flying Fox.
- 1904. Darley Dale.

JOCKEY CLUB STAKES,
NEWMARKET

- 1899. Flying Fox.
- 1901. Pietermaritzburg.

CHAMPION STAKES,
NEWMARKET

- 1885. Paradox.
- 1886. Ormonde.
- 1888. Friar's Balsam.
- 1891. Orion.
- 1892. Orme.
- 1896. Labrador.

TWO-YEAR-OLD RACES

NEW STAKES, ASCOT

- 1887. Friar's Balsam.
- 1891. Goldfinch.
- 1894. Kissing Cup.
- 1898. Flying Fox.

JULY STAKES, NEWMARKET

- 1884. Luminary.
- 1885. Kendal.
- 1887. Friar's Balsam.
- 1895. Labrador.

CHESTERFIELD STAKES,
NEWMARKET

- 1891. La Flèche.

NATIONAL BREEDERS'
PRODUCE STAKES

- 1883. Reprieve.

RICHMOND STAKES,
GOODWOOD

- 1883. Duke of Richmond.
- 1887. Friar's Balsam.
- 1891. Orme.
- 1904. Polymelus.

PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES,
GOODWOOD

- 1890. Orion.
- 1891. Orme.
- 1893. Bullingdon.
- 1894. Tarporley.
- 1901. Loveite.

CHAMPAGNE STAKES,
DONCASTER

- 1868. Moira.
- 1891. La Flèche.
- 1895. Omladina.
- 1898. Mark For'ard.

MIDDLE PARK PLATE,
NEWMARKET

- 1867. Green Sleeve.
- 1868. Pero Gomez.
- 1887. Friar's Balsam.
- 1891. Orme.

CRITERION STAKES

- 1867. Rosicrucian.
- 1868. Pero Gomez.
- 1885. Ormonde.
- 1887. Ossory.
- 1889. Blue-Green.
- 1893. Matchbox.
- 1894. Cayenne.
- 1897. Batt.
- 1898. Flying Fox.
- 1904. Polymelus.

DEWHURST PLATE,
NEWMARKET

- 1884. Paradox.
- 1885. Ormonde.
- 1887. Friar's Balsam.
- 1891. Orme.
- 1893. Matchbox.
- 1896. Vesuvian.
- 1897. Hawfinch.
- 1898. Frontier.

HANDICAPS

CITY AND SUBURBAN,
EPSOM

1865. Argonaut.

CHESTER CUP

1877. Pageant.

1878. Pageant.

1891. Vasistas.

KEMPTON "JUBILEE"

1890. The Imp.

ASCOT STAKES

1871. Rosicrucian.

ROYAL HUNT CUP,
ASCOT

1868. Satyr.

MANCHESTER CUP

1880. Isonomy.

1900. La Roche.

LIVERPOOL SUMMER CUP

1885. Sandiway.

1894. Son of a Gun.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP

1868. The Palmer.

1869. Lictor.

1880. Prestonpans.

1887. St. Mirin.

1892. Windgall.

1894. Son of a Gun.

1902. Throwaway.

STEWARDS' CUP,
GOODWOOD

1887. Upset.

EBOR HANDICAP, YORK

1879. Isonomy.

THE CESAREWITCH STAKES,
NEWMARKET

1896. St. Bris.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES,
NEWMARKET

1878. Isonomy.

1892. La Flèche.

DERBY GOLD CUP

1903. Littleton.

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